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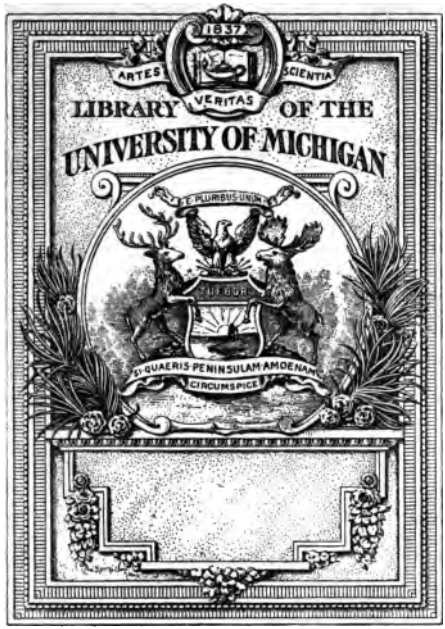
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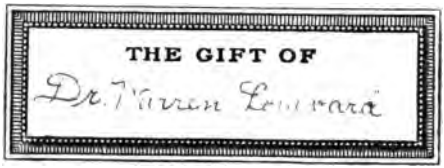
THE GIFT OF
Dr. Warren Leonard

'As he sat with Careless in the tree, they not only got occasi
glimpses of the red-coats passing in all quarters on the search,
also securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to
after them.'—VOL. XVII., *page* 121.

CHAMBERS'S

POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S
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YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THE story of this youth's brief and uneventful existence possesses a deep, though in some degree painful, interest. A course of policy over which he had no control, and the propriety of which it is no part of our present purpose to discuss, confined him through life to a strange and unnatural position, and exerted a blighting influence on his fate. From this the chief interest of the young Napoleon's history arises, and not from any incidents by which it was distinguished.

Young Napoleon was born in Paris on the 20th March 1811. His birth was attended with danger both to the mother and the offspring, insomuch that the medical attendant, a man of the first celebrity in his profession, lost courage, and was afraid to do what was necessary. At this juncture, the Emperor Napoleon appeared in the apartment, and commanded him to proceed as if the patient were the wife of an ordinary burgess. Everything subsequently went on well, and the Emperor in a short time had the satisfaction of presenting his infant son to the assembled officers of the imperial court, by

whom the child was hailed 'King of Rome'—the title which had been destined for him. At the same moment, the citizens of Paris were informed of the birth of an heir to the empire, by the reverberations of 100 cannon, which was the signal pre-appointed.

When this event took place, the power of Napoleon was at its height, and the empire, of which the newly-born infant was the undisputed heir-apparent, was the mightiest, certainly, to which any human being had ever had the prospect of succeeding. Reverses, however, one after another, began to shake this great power, even while the unconscious heir to it was passing his infant days in the lap of pomp and adulation. In 1814, the Empress Maria Louisa, who had been left in Paris, while the Emperor was engaged against the allied armies, conceived it necessary to leave the capital with her son, then three years old, on account of the approach of the enemy. This was the first time that the changes of the period had affected the boy, and he, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'is said to have shewn an unwillingness to depart, which, in a child, seemed to have something ominous in it;' as if he foreboded, young as he was, that there would be no return. Such was indeed the case; he never saw his father again. On Napoleon's abdication, and removal to Elba, Maria Louisa was not permitted to go with him, but was taken, along with her child, to the court of her father, the emperor of Austria. Neither by negotiation nor by stratagem could Napoleon ever afterwards procure the restoration of his wife and child.

Though carried to Austria when little more than four years old, the previous life of the young Napoleon had been passed amid scenes of too striking a nature not to leave on his mind some deep impressions. His intelligence, moreover, was precocious, and his manners so grave and reflective, that it was a remark of the people about him, that he 'never was a child.' Not being of a communicative disposition, he did not talk himself, as ordinary children would have done, out of the recollections of former days. They lay treasured in the heart of the

forlorn, and only saw the light in a moment of excitement. One day, for example, when in the midst of the imperial family, one of the Austrian archdukes shewed him a silver medal that had been struck in honour of himself, and asked him if he knew whose image was impressed on it. 'It is I,' said the boy proudly, 'when I was king of Rome.' The remembrance of his own former consequence, and the greatness of his father, says his early tutor M. Foresti, were constantly present to his mind. From his infancy a love of truth distinguished him, and he used to pronounce the very word *truth* with an air and gesture of solemnity, which frequently made those about him smile. On observing this, he shewed his self-command by silently desisting from the use of the word.

In another particular, he evinced the remarkable strength of his early impressions. No entreaties, advices, or commands, could at first prevail upon him to begin the study of the German tongue, which was the first instruction attempted to be communicated to him. He would not even pronounce a word of the language, and maintained this resolution a long time for one so young. When prevailed on at last to begin, he mastered the tongue with uncommon ease and rapidity. M. Foresti, the tutor who remained with him for many years, informs us that the reasoning powers of young Napoleon were strongly developed even at this period. He yielded a point always on conviction, but only on conviction. He was good-natured to his inferiors, and friendly to his tutors, though without any lively expression of his feelings, 'thinking always a great deal more than he said.' He received reprimands with firmness, and soon acknowledged their justice, though perhaps annoyed at the time.

Such was the character in boyhood of young Napoleon, as described by M. Foresti, who, along with M. Collins, a German writer of talent, had the charge of his early instruction at Schönbrunn. As the boy's mind opened, a difficulty came in the way, which kept his tutors, says M. Foresti, 'in a species of torture.' This was the

incessant interrogation of them by the youth respecting his father. The emperor of Austria, on learning the state of matters, gave the teachers permission to speak freely—a wise step, as the event shewed. For a short time, the boy drank from the newly-opened fountain, as if his thirst was insatiable. 'He overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited an affluence of ideas perfectly surprising. After a few days, he seemed satiated with what he had heard, and became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter one word of regret in connection with his father's fall.' When he was ten years of age, the news of his father's death reached Schönbrunn. The boy wept bitterly when the intelligence was communicated to him, and his sadness endured for several days.

After his elementary education was completed, and studies of a higher nature entered upon, the bent of young Napoleon's mind began to develop itself. Of all the classical works in the dead languages laid before him, he took heartily only to the warlike commentaries of Cæsar. Indeed, so early as the age of seven, this bias to military pursuits had been shewn; and the emperor, though intending him originally for the Church, had indulged him with the uniform of a private. He afterwards went through every other rank, and learned the duties of each in its minutest details. Before the commissions appointed to watch over his educational progress, he shewed extraordinary aptitude, and many of the performances and essays which he prepared for these examinations, are said to have presented tokens of remarkable genius. They are written in Italian and other modern tongues—which he spoke and wrote with ease—and now lie in the imperial archives at Vienna.

At the age of fifteen, young Napoleon's school-boy days may be said to have closed. After that period he was permitted access to every book without exception, relative to the history of his father and the French Revolution,

He read them with inconceivable avidity, and became a more perfect master of everything that has been written on these subjects than the best-informed persons around him. His collections, in French, on history and other useful subjects, are said to be immense. The liberality of the emperor furnished the pecuniary means of indulging these tastes. By an imperial decree, he was created Duke of Reichstadt, and endowed with Bohemian estates yielding L.20,000 sterling yearly; and latterly, he had a separate household, with the rank of an Austrian prince. But though his slightest wish was gratified; though he was supplied to excess with books, horses, and equipages; though he was surrounded with attendants and instructors—he was still, in a social sense, in solitude. This was the product of policy, not unkindness; for his grandfather, the emperor, shewed always a strong affection for him. In fact, the youth may be said to have given his own assent to the mode of life we have described. After he had reached what was considered a fit age, the minister Metternich, at the emperor's request, gave the son of Napoleon, in a series of interviews, the Austrian version of the history of his father, which had the anticipated effect on the youth's noble and ingenuous mind. His confidence was entirely won, and this had the practical result of rendering all those attempts abortive, which were frequently made by adventurers desirous of engaging the youth in political schemes. He is reported to have said to the emperor and Metternich: 'The essential object of my life ought to be, to make myself not unworthy of the glory of my father. I shall hope to reach this point of my ambition, if I can appropriate to myself any of his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on which he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of his memory, if I became the plaything of faction, and the instrument of intrigue. Never ought the son of Napoleon to condescend to play the miserable part of an adventurer!' The example of Prince Eugene, who won high military fame without the stain of ambition, was that set before the young Napoleon.

A deserving young officer, M. Prokesch, author of several military works, has given some interesting notices of the subject of our memoir, to whom he was introduced at the emperor's table. This introduction was followed by an intimacy, permitted by the emperor, which appears to have afforded a vast degree of pleasure to the prince. To have a friend, not of his suite, seemed like putting one foot into the world. In all their conversations, M. Prokesch tells us, the theme of the youth was the career of his father, of whom he spoke with deep and passionate admiration. Speaking of his parent's achievements, the prince warmed into eloquence and enthusiasm, and took on all occasions grand and comprehensive views of the subjects of his discourse. To M. Prokesch the prince appeared devoured by the desire of military fame. In the *Letters on the Duke of Reichstadt*, of which, though they are anonymous, M. Prokesch is understood to be the writer, we are told that this military ardour was not without an object—that the hope and aim of young Napoleon was the throne of France, on which he expected to be placed, not by a party in France, but by the general demand of the country, backed by the consent of the monarchs of Europe. To this secret idea, working in the recesses of his heart, must be attributed all his restless labours, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his rage for riding, and his passion for military information. He dreaded that the call would come, and find him unprepared; he, as it were, slept under arms. The revolution of the Three Days in France stimulated the prince to fresh ardour in his military studies, by opening a prospect of war in Europe. It was about this period that he gave a manuscript of singular interest to M. Prokesch to read. In this composition, says that officer, interspersed with shrewd general views, he considered his position in relation to France and Austria; he pointed out the rocks which surrounded him, the means of avoiding those dangers, his own character, its defects, and the remedy for them; in short, he shewed the clearest comprehension of his own circumstances, and

how deeply he had weighed all the contingencies which it might be his lot to encounter.

The prince made his first appearance in general society at the house of Lord Cowley, the British ambassador, on the 25th January 1831. But the review, not the ball, was the stage for him. Next morning, he said to a friend: 'How painful and wearisome such a party is to me! What striking contrasts were assembled in that apartment! I saw about me (himself a monument of political change) two princes of the house of Bourbon; Baron Kentzinger, the representative of Charles X.; Marshal Maison, the ambassador of Louis-Philippe; the Prince Gustavus Vasa, natural heir of the throne of Sweden; and Count Lowenheilm, minister of Bernadotte. For the first time, I spoke with Marshal Marmont; my father quoted him as a man of talent, and I found his conversation accord with his character. I am to receive him to-day. I am glad to find myself in communication with Frenchmen.' The interview with Marmont, the only survivor of his father's early aides-de-camp, was a source of deep pleasure to the son of the marshal's ancient master. With consent of the emperor, Marmont saw the prince frequently, and read over with him, or rather, read him a series of lectures on Napoleon's campaigns.

In June 1831, the prince was named lieutenant-colonel, and took command of a battalion in garrison at Vienna. His appearance about this period is thus described by the author of *Austria as It Is*:—'The young Napoleon is an interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the countenance and the fine-cut lips of his father, and the blue eyes of his mother. One cannot see this blooming youth, with his inexpressible tint of melancholy and thoughtfulness, without deep emotion. He has not that marked, plain, and familiar ease of the Austrian princes, who seem to be everywhere at home; but his demeanour is more dignified, and noble in the extreme. He has an Arabian steed, which he bestrides with a nobleness which gives the promise of as good horsemanship as that for

which his father was so celebrated. His soldiers almost adore him, and he commands with a precision and a military eye which prognosticate a future general.' The bloom did not continue long on the cheek of this interesting being. His indefatigable exertions in discharge of his duties, as well as his continued studies, made the malady visible under which he was destined to sink. He had shot up to a great height, and was seized with cough, hoarseness, and other symptoms of pulmonary disease. He was frequently found in a state of extreme lassitude, after returning from his military duties, though he almost hid himself, to prevent its being known, fearing that the comparative frequency of intercourse with his fellow-men, which his military appointment had brought about, would terminate, by his being sent again into retirement. One day his physician, Dr Malfatti, entered, and found him lying on a sofa, completely exhausted; the prince exclaimed: 'I abominate this wretched body, that sinks under my will in this manner.'

'You have set, monseigneur,' replied the physician, 'a will of iron in a body of glass, and the indulgence of your will must be fatal.'

'The life of the prince was at that time, in fact,' says the physician, 'undergoing a process of combustion. He slept scarcely four hours, though, by nature, he required a great quantity of sleep; he scarcely ate at all. His soul was entirely concentrated in the routine of the *ménage*, and the different military exercises; he was, in truth, never at rest: he continued to increase in height, grew wretchedly thin, and his complexion gradually became livid. To all my questions, he answered: "I am perfectly well."' The emperor was at length applied to by the physician, and the prince was sent, much against his wish, to Schönbrunn, where he rallied surprisingly. No sooner was he better, however, than he began to visit the nearest military stations, and to hunt, as the next best thing to war. Consumptive symptoms returned with increased force, and after severe suffering, he died on the 22d of July 1832, in the bed at Schönbrunn

which his father had occupied as the conqueror of Vienna. On opening his body, his lungs were found almost entirely wasted away.

The prince enjoyed on his death-bed the kind attentions of a mother. When laid on his bier, his resemblance to his father became much more striking than in life, though at all times it was obvious at a glance. On considering the history of this youth, it is impossible not to feel a degree of melancholy and regret. From what has been recorded of him, it is clear that he possessed great talents—energies but too mighty for the weak frame which contained them. On his birth hung apparently the destinies of an empire, and the event was announced by the thunder of a hundred cannon, and greeted with the acclamations of millions. Though in one sense not ungently dealt with, the development both of his mind and body, at the period when nature most demands freedom of growth, was cribbed and confined; and he lived and died, under the crushing pressure of a cold policy, little better than a captive in a foreign land. Under different circumstances, and a rational system of education capable of shewing the criminality of warfare, this young man, had he been spared, would have shone forth one of the most eminent of men.

THE TWO BLIND FIDDLERS.

WILLIE HODGE was a quiet inoffensive man, moving in a very humble walk of life, which he filled with great credit to himself, and with great satisfaction to everybody else. His calling was not, perhaps, a very dignified, but it was at least a very honest one. Willie was by profession an itinerant fiddler. He had the misfortune at an early age to lose his eyesight by the small-pox; and as this calamity, aggravated as it was by poverty, precluded

him from competing with the world in any of its more ordinary occupations, he turned his attention to music as a means of earning a livelihood; and he could not, perhaps, even although he had had his eyesight, have made a better choice, or one more suited to his genius, for he possessed a natural talent for the musical art, had a correct ear, and an excellent taste.

Thus qualified by nature for the profession which necessity had compelled him to adopt, Willie made rapid progress in the art of handling the bow, and soon became an expert and skilful fiddler. Having attained such a degree of proficiency as he thought might warrant him in making a public appearance, Willie, one evening, fiddle in hand, sought a quiet retired street, where he believed he should not be known, and there made his début. It was a successful one. He bagged a brace of sixpences, six brace of penny-pieces, and somewhere about a score of half-pence. Willie went home rejoicing; and enthusiast as he was in his profession, he thought the music of the clink in his pocket that night far surpassed the finest tones of his fiddle. From this hour, Willie became a regular public performer, and soon after, a well-known and much admired public character. Besides his street-practice, Willie enjoyed a fair share of private employment. He was very frequently engaged for weddings, balls, and other festive meetings in the environs of Edinburgh; and it was on one of these occasions, that Willie became acquainted with Jamie Dowie, a brother in trade and in misfortune—Jamie being also blind, and a fiddler.

The acquaintance of these two worthies first began by Willie borrowing Jamie's rosin, which was given with a frankness and cordiality that at once won Willie's heart. Their intimacy thus begun, soon ripened into a sincere and ardent friendship. They became inseparable companions, and finally went into a partnership, playing together in the streets, and dividing the benevolence of the public between them. Their fiddles were not more in unison than were the sentiments and dispositions of the fiddlers.

In all respects, the harmony between them was perfect, and was most pleasant to behold. If Willie got an invitation in his professional capacity to a merry-making, he was sure, if the thing was at all practicable, to lug in Jamie along with him; and Jamie, when he happened to be the person who was preferred, did the same kind office by Willie. In short, no friendship between two mortal men could be more disinterested or more intense. There was no rivalry, no feeling of jealousy between them. Willie rejoiced at Jamie's jobs, and Jamie felt no less happiness in Willie's. They assisted each other, too, with the greatest readiness and cordiality, on occasions when remuneration for one only was allowed, without fee or reward beyond the stray tumblers of porter, or half-tumblers of toddy, that were from time to time handed up to them, by way of increasing the energies of their elbows. It is true that on such occasions as those alluded to, the employed party invariably offered the other the half of his earnings; but equally true is it, that this offer was never accepted.

For many years this most exemplary friendship between Willie Hodge and Jamie Dowie continued with unabated fervour; nor, during all that time, had there ever been the slightest difference even of the most temporary nature between them. No quarrel, not an angry word. Some people thought it was too good to last; but those who thought so, knew nothing of the intensity of their feelings —knew nothing of the more than brotherly love that existed between the two blind fiddlers, and the test of years should have satisfied them of the groundlessness of their fears. The occurrence must have been an extraordinary one indeed, that could have divided two such fond hearts. Certes, however, such an occurrence *might* present itself.

Although the street and the dancing-room were the chief marts to which Willie and Jamie brought their music, yet they did not always confine themselves to these fields of operation. They were both possessed of an adventurous and enterprising spirit, and given to

occasional speculations in steam and track boat excursions, when they sometimes picked up something considerable; but, as Willie often said: 'It was just a lottery, and couldna be depended on. I hae seen us,' he would add, when speaking confidentially to a friend, 'play frae Port Hopetoun to Lock 16 without turnin' a penny, and at anither time I've seen us bag half-a-croon before we got to Ratho.' This state of the case, Jamie, when present, always corroborated. Both Jamie and Willie, therefore, gave a decided preference, on the whole, to the regular, steady business of the street, where the average of their earnings was at once pretty regular, and fair in amount.

One little trait amongst many in the friendship of the two fiddlers, was their occasionally retiring after the labours of the evening, and taking a social gill together. No more, however—not a drop; and even this only on occasions of unwonted success.

We have said that there were those who doubted the uninterrupted duration of the love of Willie and Jamie; but we at the same time remarked, as the reader will recollect, that these persons had no good grounds to go upon for any such insinuation. We also admitted, however, that it was certainly quite possible, that something might occur to disturb the harmony between them, perfect and long continued as it had been. In truth, such a circumstance, sorry are we to say it, did occur. The demon of mischief, envious of their felicity, resolved to mar it, but, using no supernatural agency, he set about effecting his diabolical purpose by mere human means. We will explain.

One night as Willie and Jamie were performing together in a certain quiet street in the city, a person dressed like a gentleman, and in other respects, to all appearance, really such, came up to them, and after listening for a short time with evident satisfaction to their music, which was indeed very agreeable to hear, he requested them to play a particular air. They complied. The stranger bespoke another and another;

and when they had played somewhere about half-a-dozen tunes, he plunged his hand into his pocket, making a jingling noise with the silver it contained. Then withdrawing his hand: 'You play uncommonly well, my good fellows,' he said in a loud and kindly tone of voice; 'there's half-a-crown for you.' In the same instant both Willie's and Jamie's hands were at their hats in grateful and respectful acknowledgment of the generous donation. Nothing further passed at the moment. The donor departed, and the musicians resumed their occupation.

It is not known whether it was by accident or design —whether it was the natural emanation of a happy frame of mind, or proceeded from a sense of appropriateness; but the first tune Willie and his colleague played after the annunciation of 'there's half-a-crown for you,' was 'Money in both Pockets;' and it was remarked that all the tunes they played subsequently that night were of a lively character.

The stranger who had thus made the two street-minstrels so happy, had, in the meantime, as already noticed, departed; but it was some little time before the fiddlers ascertained this, and not knowing but he was still present, they refrained from making any remarks to each other on the windfall which had just come their way. On becoming aware of his absence, however, which they shortly did by that sort of intuitive tact for which the blind are remarkable, Jamie sidled towards his colleague, and whispered in his ear: 'You'll staun a gill the nicht, Willie, eh?' Willie smiled, and daresaid he might. 'A liberal gentleman yon,' remarked Jamie.

'Just uncommon,' said Willie.

'A guid judge o' music,' rejoined the former.

'Pays weel for't, at onyrate,' replied the latter.

'What wad ye think, then, o' our drinkin' his health?' inquired Jamie.

'Nae objection in the world,' replied his colleague; and the two blind musicians slipped their fiddles into

their green bags, and taking each other lovingly by the arm, they immediately proceeded to a certain tavern which they were in the habit of frequenting.

'Weel, what shall it be?' quoth Jamie.

'Ou, I fancy just the auld thing o'er again, Jamie,' replied Willie; 'a gill o' the best—real Ferintosh.'

'Exactly, so be it,' said his friend; and in a few seconds the liquor was before them.

Delighted with each other, and in high spirits with the good-luck of the evening, Jamie proposed what he called a repetition of the dose—that is, another gill. Willie at once assented, and another gill was accordingly ordered, and in due time discussed; the love and kindness of the parties for each other having in the meantime gradually advanced towards a climax.

Having finished the second gill, and some little desultory conversation after it, Willie proposed that they should 'be moving.'

'It's full time,' responded Jamie.

'We've had a lang sederunt, but it's been a happy ane. I'll pu' the bell, and ye'll settle the reckonin'.'

Willie sniggered and laughed, having reasons of his own for believing that his friend was trying his hand at a joke, and said: 'I'm thinkin' ye're better able to settle the reckonin' the nicht than I am, Jamie.'

Jamie now smiled in turn, for he also had reasons for thinking that his colleague was jesting with him. 'I dinna see how that can be, Willie,' he said, 'and you wi' half-a-croon in your pouch.'

'Me half-a-croon in my pouch!' exclaimed Willie with considerable earnestness, perceiving something serious in the tone of his friend's last remark; 'the deil a half-croon's in my pouch: but I'm thinking,' he added with a smile, 'I could fin't in yours, Jamie.'

'My word, but ye wad be clever if ye could,' said Jamie somewhat drily; a suspicion, for the first time, of his friend's perfect integrity crossing his mind.

'Ah, ye're a cunnin' shaver,' said Willie laughing. 'But come, man, Jamie, settle, for it's getting late.'

'Settle you, Willie,' replied Jamie, with decided impatience in his manner; 'are na ye the purse-bearer? Hae na ye the half-croon?'

'Me the half-croon!' exclaimed Willie in amazement. 'What do ye mean, Jamie? I suppose ye ken weel eneuch that I have na the half-croon, and as weel do ye ken, I'm thinkin', that you hae't yoursel'. It was to you he gied it.'

'Are ye in earnest, Willie?' said Jamie, gravely and emphatically. 'If no, it's a' weel eneuch between freens; but if ye are, and mean to deny that you got the half-croon, ye're no the man I took ye for, but nae better than ye should be—maybe no sae guid.'

'To be sure I do mean to deny that I got the half-croon,' replied Willie sternly, indignant at the hypothetical insinuation unfavourable to his honesty which his colleague had just made. '*You* got the half-croon, and it's a dirty trick o' you to deny't. I wadna hae expected it o' ye, Jamie.'

'What! wad ye mak' a rogue o' me?' shouted Jamie fiercely, and at the same time seizing Willie roughly by the collar.

'Ye've made a rogue o' yoursel', man,' roared out Willie, returning the hostile grasp of his late friend.

'*You* got the half-croon!'—'*You* got the half-croon!'—'It was *you* got the half-croon.'

'It was *you* got the half-croon,' was fiercely bandied from the one to the other for several seconds, while they stood in the belligerent attitude just described.

The choler of both being at length excited to fighting-pitch by the provoking iteration of the obnoxious accusation, and their reason being for the time blinded by the effects of the Ferintosh, a deadly struggle ensued. At the first roll of the combatants, the table, with all its furniture of glasses, jugs, and bottles, was sent over with a tremendous crash. At the next, down went Willie with all his weight, and some additional impetus besides, from the nervous arm of Jamie, on his own fiddle, crushing it into a thousand pieces. It had been lying on the seat

beside its owner, and down on it, as we have said, Willie had been vigorously planted by his antagonist. On ascertaining that it was his fiddle that had perished, Willie loosened his hold of the enemy, and groping about for an instant, got hold of Jamie's violin, which, having drawn from its receptacle, he grasped by the neck, and in a twinkling battered it to pieces about the ears of its owner.

The bread-winners demolished, the combatants again closed in deadly strife, and hugged and tugged each other with the most relentless ferocity. At this moment two gentlemen, who had witnessed the progress of the quarrel, and subsequent combat between the two musicians, from an adjacent part of the room, stepped up to them, and after separating them, inquired what was the cause of quarrel.

'That—that—man—there,' said Willie, breathless with agitation and exertion, and pointing to his colleague, 'has cheated me o' half-a-croon, or at least o' fifteen pence.'

'It's a lie, gentlemen—it's a barefaced lie,' shouted Jamie in great wrath, and as breathless as his antagonist; 'it's him that has cheated *me*. *He* got the half-croon.'

'What half-crown?' said one of the gentlemen.

The history of the half-crown was forthwith given by Jamie. 'But are you perfectly sure that *either* of you got it?' inquired the gentleman.

The question at once took Willie and Jamie all aback. It was a poser. A new light on the subject instantly and suddenly fell upon them, and the possibility of the real facts of the case for the first time crossed their minds, but they did not immediately admit it.

'Why, I suppose there can be nae doot that ane o' us got the half-croon,' said Jamie, rather sheepishly, and with an expression that plainly enough shewed that he did now very much doubt it. 'I heard the gentleman distinctly say: "There's half-a-croon for ye," so that ane o' us maun hae got it, I should think.'

'I should doubt it, however,' replied the gentleman. 'You are two honest-looking men, and would not, I am

sure, cheat each other out of a paltry half-crown. *I* rather think you have been tricked—made the subject of a hoax.'

The two unfortunate minstrels could no longer withstand the conviction that they had been regularly duped, and a deep sense of shame took possession of their hearts, for having, even for an instant, suspected each other's honesty. The truth, moreover, flashed upon them, that they had in their drunken folly destroyed their fiddles—the sole means of their support. The agony of the poor repentant wretches can hardly be described. Lamenting with bitter tears the folly of their conduct, they sat them down and cried over the shattered fragments of their instruments, declaring they should now have no other resource but in begging from door to door for their subsistence.

The case having attained this dismal juncture, the gentleman who first addressed them, spoke as follows:—'Now, my good fellows, since you have had your pipe out, and seen what a couple of fools you have made yourselves, I have to tell you that it was *I* who played you the trick that has caused all this mischief.'

'*You*, sir! and how could you do sic a cruel thing to us?' cried both the lachrymose fiddlers at once.

'That I shall tell you,' replied the gentleman. 'You must know I wished to perform an experiment upon you. Everybody told me that your friendship for each other was inviolable; but this I doubted; and so I executed the plan of pretending to give one of you half-a-crown, knowing that you would in all likelihood adjourn to a public-house, where, on this occasion, you would be certain to quarrel. If you had been persons who never took drams, I should not have thought of trying such a scheme. Take my advice, my good fellows; in future save your money, and have nothing more to do with gills—remember the auld Scots proverb, "When drink's in, wit's out."'

'That's owre true a tale,' answered Willie; 'but what are we to do noo? We'll just be twa objects without our

fiddles. Oh, dear sir, we canna stand it—canna stand it; you've been owre sair on us, sir; you shouldna have looten us gang this length.'

'Well, Willie, to shew you that it's all a piece of fun, though done to try if your friendship would stand the test of whisky, here is a crown-piece for each of you, by way of *solatium*, and call upon me to-morrow morning, when I will give each of you as good a fiddle as those you have demolished.' So saying, and putting the money into their hands respectively, along with a note of his address, the gentlemen departed, followed by the thanks of the now happy and reconciled friends.

This lesson was not thrown away upon Willie Hodge and Jamie Dowie. An understanding was established between the two fiddlers, that they should never in future take any one's word for giving them half-a-crown, or any other sum, so far as to suspect each other's integrity, far less to engage in mortal combat on such hypothetical grounds. And, moreover, what was best of all, they vowed they should henceforth abstain from tasting a drop of spirits, justly observing, that 'there was nae saying what might be the consequences; for drink was sure to lead to mischief ae way or anither.'

THE LITTLE FOWLER.

Francesco Michelo was the only son of a carpenter, who resided at Tempio, a town in the island of Sardinia: he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were left destitute on the world, and were forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of

each succeeding day. Every morning, little Francesco was despatched to seek relief from the numerous friends of his father; but, alas! it is but a weak resource, and an uncertain support which is founded on the commiseration of others.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in destitution before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with laths, and with some little difficulty, a cage of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task, and of great activity, he was not long before he became tolerably successful: he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, black-birds, wrens, ring-doves, and pigeons. Every week, Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sassari, and generally disposed of those which were most attractive and beautiful.

The object of their desires was to be able to support their helpless parent; but still all the assistance they were able to procure for her, was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma, Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little aviary, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, which he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her: she used to leap about and sport amongst them, while they would sometimes peck at and tease her; but

on all such occasions, she would merely stretch out her paw, and threaten them, but never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

He went even further; for, not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part; and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep: the cage was then opened, and the little tricksy birds rushed out upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times, she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and pur with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

To see a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was a sight so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sassari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bounds, when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with delight and alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers.

Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months. The next undertaking of the little Sardinian, was one of more enterprise and singularity still. He found one day a nest containing fifteen young partridges, which he brought to his aviary, and began to

educate. Five, however, died within a few days, but the remaining ten fully answered his highest expectations. After some weeks of previous training, he contrived to attach them to little cannons made of brass, which he taught them to draw leisurely along a table. He then drew them up in two files, each girt with a sabre, and the other appurtenances of a soldier of artillery; every bird was taught to stand motionless beside his gun, and at the word of command, the partridge to the right lit a match at a chafing-dish on the table, and courageously fired off his piece of ordnance. At the second command, the company to the left performed the same exercise: nor was either, after a little practice, in the least degree terrified at the noise which they had created. At a third signal, a few of the little warriors fell over on their sides, stretched out their stiffened limbs, and counterfeited death; while others flew off limping and screaming with the pain of their wounds. The commandant again beat a roll of the drum, and all flying to the ranks, resumed their order, and repeated their ingenious evolutions. Among the feathered pupils of Francesco, however, all were not endowed with equal sagacity and talent; some were intractable and stupid, whilst others betrayed an instinct almost amounting to reason. Of the latter class, was one partridge, which he named Rosoletta. She followed him with the attachment of a dog; she hopped after him from house to house when he walked the streets of Tempio, flew from tree to tree when he wandered in the woods, and rarely by night or day did she lose sight of her affectionate master.

With a docility by no means common in birds, Rosoletta not only obeyed her instructor herself, but seemed to penetrate his wishes with regard to her companions; and even sometimes ventured to assist him in the education of his more giddy pupils. If a chaffinch, more stupid or mutinous than the rest, put his comrades in disorder, or a thoughtless linnet wandered from the ranks, Rosoletta would instantly follow, and striking the offender with her wing, attempt to keep him in order. Francesco

had once been at great pains to train a beautiful goldfinch, but one morning the ungrateful little bird escaped from his cage, flew to an open window, and reaching the adjoining garden, was seen no more. The little merchant was in despair at his loss; the more so, because he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. Five days elapsed, and the little wanderer returned not; he had given him over for lost, when, on the sixth morning, Rosoletta was seen chasing before her along the linden-trees, a bird which was screaming at the top of its voice, and attempting by every means to escape from her. Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length seated him in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph at her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the southern countries of Europe; but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed! 'Some,' says the Abbé Reperonei (an Italian, who recounts his story), 'lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all, in fact, taking scarcely any nourishment during his sickness.' None of his feathered favourites manifested on his decease such real and disconsolate grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his

interment, she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel, which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here she died, about four months after the death of her beloved master. The tomb of Francesco is yet to be seen in Sassari; and the burial-place where he lies is still called 'the Cemetery of the Little Fowler.' *

STATE OF CRIME IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

THERE are people who are continually exclaiming, that the world is becoming daily worse, that there is now far more crime than ever there was. Those who are thus affected, will find some useful statistical facts on the 'progress of crime' in the following statement, which we quote from the *London Magazine and Journal of Educational Institutions* for February 1837:—

In the earlier periods of our history, during the times of the Saxons, the predominant crimes of the age were of an atrocious character. Assassinations, the plundering of whole towns and districts, and bare-faced perjuries, were offences of ordinary occurrence by persons of condition. The punishment of delinquents was either shockingly cruel, or strangely inconsistent with modern notions of penal justice. The horrible torture of burning out the eyes was not only inflicted for delinquency, but sometimes merely to incapacitate a rival. Although theft to the amount of twelve pence was a capital offence, yet the taking away life might be commuted for a pecuniary penalty. This varied with the rank of the sufferer. For

* We have found the above story in a New York newspaper.

the murder of the king, the penalty was 30,000 thrymsas —about L.800; for a prince, one-half; for an alderman, an earl, or a bishop, 8000 thrymsas; for a thane, 2000; and for a ceorl, or churl, supposed by some writers to have been a slave, 260. This account, given by Wade in his *History of the Middle and Working-classes*, may appear somewhat at variance with the generally-received opinion of the Saxon character; but the statement is supported by Turner. Some of the Saxon monarchs maintained better order—Alfred, for instance; but these were exceptions to the general character of the Saxon kings, who were generally too much engaged in war to attend to the domestic government of the country. After the Conquest, this state of things was somewhat improved; but in 1425, an act of parliament was passed, in which it is recited that 'many evils, as murders, robberies, and man-slaughters, have been committed heretofore in the city, by night and by day, and people have been beaten and evil entreated, and divers other mischances have befallen, against the king's peace; it is therefore enjoined, that none be so hardy as to be found going or wandering about the streets of the city after curfew tolled at St Martin's le Grand, with sword or buckler, or other arms, for doing mischief, or whereof evil suspicion might arise; nor any in any other manner, unless he be a great man, or other lawful person of good repute, or their certain messenger, having their warrants to go from one to another, with lanthorn in hand.' How far this statute was effectual, we have no means of determining with certainty; but this and similar provisions could have had but little effect in checking the disorders they were intended to prevent, since we read continually, about this period, of the disturbances that took place in the city, occasioned generally, it appears, by the 'apprentices and serving-men.' Sir Walter Scott, in his *Fortunes of Nigel*, has given an excellent description of the manner in which a riot frequently commenced; the following account of one of the many that really occurred, and frequently too, is taken from Lambert's *History of London*, and will give

the reader a good idea of the state of the metropolis at this period :—

'A serious commotion broke out in London, in the year 1517. The rioters consisted of the apprentices, servants, watermen, and priests, and the foreigners were the objects of their illegal proceeding. The complaints against these men, as set forth in Hall's *Life of Henry VIII.*, were "that there were such numbers of them employed as artificers, that the English could get no work. That the English merchants had little to do, by reason the merchant-strangers bring in all silks, cloths of gold, wine, oil, iron, &c., that no man almost buyeth of an Englishman. They also export so much wool, tin, and lead, that English adventurers can have no living. That foreigners compass the city round about, in Southwark, Westminster, Temple-Bar, Holborn, St Martin's le Grand, St John's Street, Aldgate, Tower Hill, and St Catherine's; and they forestall the market, so that no good thing, for them, cometh to the market, which are the causes that Englishmen want and starve, whilst foreigners live in abundance and pleasure. That the Dutchmen bring over iron, timber, and leather, ready manufactured, and nails, locks, baskets, cupboards, stools, tables, chests, girdles, saddles, and painted cloths." These accusations throw some light on the commercial condition at this time. Preparatory to this commotion, one John Lincoln, a broker, engaged Dr Bell, who preached the Spital-sermon on Easter Tuesday, to inflame the people by magnifying the grievances under which they laboured. The doctor complied, and took these words for his text: "The heavens to the Lord of heaven; but the earth is given to the children of men." From whence the doctor shewed, that as this land was given to Englishmen, and as birds defend their nests, so ought Englishmen to cherish and maintain themselves, and to hunt and drive out aliens, for the good of the commonwealth. And from another text, "Fight for your country," that by the laws of God they were justified, and therefore it was their duty to clear the city of strangers. This sermon had such an effect on many

weak minds, that they assaulted foreigners as they passed along the streets; for which offence, on the 28th of April, Stephen Studley, Stephen Betts, and some others, who were principals, were committed by the lord mayor to prison. Soon after which, a report was spread that the citizens intended, on May-day following, to destroy all strangers that should be found in the city or its liberties. The king's council hearing of this rumour, Cardinal Wolsey sent for the mayor, and advised him to be on his guard, and prevent the like disturbances for the future. To effect which, he summoned the aldermen, about four o'clock in the afternoon preceding May-day, to meet him at Guildhall immediately. The assembly being met, they, with the approbation of the cardinal, came to the following resolution :—That every man should be commanded to shut up his doors, and keep his servants within. In consequence of which, an order was made and published, by the alderman of each respective ward, that no man, after nine o'clock, should stir out of his house, but keep his doors shut and his servants within till nine o'clock in the morning. Before this order was properly dispersed, it unluckily happened that Sir John Mundy, in his way home, was rudely treated by two young men, playing at bucklers in Cheap, one of whom he ordered to be sent to the Compter. Many 'prentices who were by, rescued the young man from the alderman, crying out: "'Prentices—'Prentices! Clubs—Clubs!" on which so great a body assembled with clubs and other weapons, that the alderman was put to flight. These were increased by a number of serving-men, watermen, and others; and by eleven o'clock at night, there assembled in Cheap about 700, and in St Paul's Churchyard 300. They proceeded in a body to the Compter, which they broke open, and released the rioters, who had been committed there by the mayor for assaulting foreigners; after which they went to Newgate, and took out Studley and Betts, committed for the like offence. A proclamation was issued by the mayor and sheriffs, in the king's name, but without effect. The mob increasing,

they threw sticks and stones at many strangers as they passed, particularly one Nicholas Dennis, a serjeant-at-arms, who, being much wounded, cried out: "Down with them." This heightening their resentment, they broke the windows and doors of the houses in St Martin's le Grand, and plundered the house of one Mewtas, a Frenchman, in Leadenhall Street, whom they intended, had they met with him, to have destroyed. Early in the morning they dispersed, from an apprehension of being overpowered by the forces preparing to march into the city, under the command of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey. In this time, by the diligence of the mayor, 300 of them were taken and committed to the Tower, Newgate, and the Compters; and about five o'clock in the morning the riot subsided. Among those committed to the Tower was Dr Bell, for preaching his seditious sermon. A commission of oyer and terminer was immediately made out for the trials of the offenders. On their arraignment, they pleaded not guilty, and their trials were postponed. The commissioners appointed for this purpose were the lord mayor, the Earl of Surrey, and the Duke of Norfolk, who came into the city escorted by 1300 men; and the prisoners, to the amount of 278, some men, some lads not exceeding fourteen years of age, were brought through the city, tied with ropes. On the first day, John Lincoln and several others were indicted, and found guilty; and the next day thirteen were condemned to be drawn, hanged, and quartered. For this purpose, and to strike a greater terror, ten pair of gallows were set up at the following places:—Aldgate, Blanchapelton, Grass Street, Leadenhall, opposite each Compter, Newgate, St Martin's, Aldersgate, and Bishopsgate. They were made to run on wheels, for the better convenience of removing them to such places as might be properly adapted for the execution of so many rioters. Some little time after sentence was passed, Lincoln, Sherwin, and the two brothers named Betts, were drawn upon hurdles to the standard in Cheapside. The first was executed; but as the others were near being turned off, a reprieve

came from the king, to the universal joy of the populace.'

The police of the country, says Wade, was also extremely defective, and shews that the community was far from having attained a general state of order and security. This, however, did not result from a lenient infliction of criminal punishment; for never were severe laws issued in greater profusion, nor executed more rigorously, and never did the unrelenting vengeance of justice prove more ineffectual. Harrison assures us, that Henry VIII. executed his laws with such severity, that 72,000 'great and petty thieves were put to death during his reign.' He adds, that even in Elizabeth's reign, 'rogues were trussed up apace;' and that there was not 'one year commonly wherein 300 or 400 of them were not devoured and eaten up by the gallows in one place and another.' In spite of these sanguinary punishments, the country continued in a dreadful state of disorder. Every part of the kingdom was infested with robbers and idle vagabonds, who, refusing to labour, lived by plundering the peaceable inhabitants; and often strolling about the country in bodies of 300 or 400, they attacked with impunity the sheepfolds and dwellings of the people. The laws and police were totally inadequate to control these ruthless spirits, who, by rendering both property and persons insecure, checked the rising prosperity of the country. The cause of these outrages may be partly traced to the changes which had just then taken place in society: the abolition of villanage was undoubtedly both just and beneficial; but the transition of a large body of people, still comparatively barbarous and uninstructed, from bondage to free labour, was naturally attended with transitory outrage and confusion. These statements will enable the reader to make a comparison between the state of crime at former periods and its state at present.

TALE OF THE PATIENT GRISELDA.

[Few things in literature are better known to the learned world, than the Tale of the *Patient Griselda*. Yet it is necessary, for the sake of the many unlearned readers whom we address, to mention, that it is a composition of the fourteenth century, having been published, about the year 1358, in the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. We are induced to reprint the *Griselda*, by a consideration of the limited number of those who possess the work of the illustrious Italian, either in the original or in an English translation: probably not one in twenty of those who see the tale in these pages, ever saw it any where else. Yet the anecdotes which are told of the admiration excited by this beautiful romance, form in themselves a kind of history. When Petrarch, at the conclusion of his life, read the *Decameron*, he was most struck with the *Griselda*, which he in the first place learned by heart, in order to repeat it to his friends, and then translated into Latin. On reading the translation to a gentleman at Padua, the latter, touched with the tenderness of the story, burst into such frequent and violent fits of tears, that Petrarch could not read to the end. A Veronese, hearing of this, resolved to try the experiment; he read the whole aloud, from the beginning to the end, without the least change of voice or countenance; but, on returning the book to Petrarch, confessed that it was an affecting story. 'I should have wept,' he added, 'like the Paduan, had I thought the story true; but the whole is a manifest fiction; there never was, nor never will be, such a wife as Griselda.' The tale was translated, almost within the lifetime of the author, by our own Chaucer, and represented on the French stage so early as the year 1393. At least two modern works—the *Griselda* of Miss Edgeworth, and the delightful tale by Mrs Hofland, entitled *The Son of a Genius*—appear to bear reference to the story of Boccaccio; and, lastly, the Scottish ballad of *Fair Annie*, may be considered as a paraphrase of it. The tale is here copied, with a few trifling alterations, from the translation of the *Decameron*, published by Dodsley in 1741.]

It is a long time ago, that, amongst the marquises of Saluzzo, the principal or head of the family was a youth, called Gualtieri, who, as he was a bachelor, spent his whole time in hawking and hunting, without any thought of ever being encumbered with a wife and children; in which respect, no doubt, he was very wise. But this being disagreeable to his subjects, they often pressed him to marry, to the end he might neither die without an heir nor they be left without a lord; offering themselves to provide such a lady for him, and of such a family, that

they should have great hopes from her, and he reason enough to be satisfied. 'Worthy friends,' he replied, 'you urge me to do a thing which I was fully resolved against, considering what a difficult matter it is to find a person of a suitable temper, with the great abundance everywhere of such as are otherwise, and how miserable also the man's life must be who is tied to a disagreeable woman. Nevertheless, as you are so fond of having me married, I will agree to be so. Therefore, that I may have nobody to blame but myself, should it happen amiss, I will make my own choice; and I protest, let me marry who I will, that unless you shew her the respect that is due to her as my lady, you shall know, to your cost, how grievous it is to me to have taken a wife at your request, contrary to my own inclination.' The honest men replied, that they were well satisfied, provided he would but make the trial.

Now he had taken a fancy, some time before, to the behaviour of a poor country-girl, who lived in a village not far from his palace; and thinking that he might live comfortably enough with her, he determined, without seeking any further, to marry her. Accordingly he sent for her father, who was a very poor man, and acquainted him with it. Afterwards he summoned all his subjects together, and said to them: 'Gentlemen, it was and is your desire that I take a wife: I do it rather to please you, than out of any liking I have to matrimony. You know that you promised me to be satisfied, and to pay her due honour, whoever she is that I shall make choice of. The time is now come when I shall fulfil my promise to you, and I expect you to do the like to me: I have found a young woman in the neighbourhood after my own heart, whom I intend to espouse, and bring home in a very few days. Let it be your care, then, to do honour to my nuptials, and to respect her as your sovereign lady; so that I may be satisfied with the performance of your promise, even as you are with that of mine.' The people all declared themselves pleased, and promised to regard her in all things as their mistress. Afterwards they made

preparations for a most noble feast, and the like did the prince, inviting all his relations, and the great lords in all parts and provinces about him: he had also most rich and costly robes made, shaped by a person that seemed to be of the same size with his intended spouse; and provided a girdle, ring, and fine coronet, with everything requisite for a bride. And when the day appointed was come, about the third hour he mounted his horse, attended by all his friends and vassals; and having everything in readiness, he said: 'My lords and gentlemen, it is now time to go for my new spouse.' So on they rode to the village; and when he was come near the father's house, he saw her carrying some water from the well, in great haste, to go afterwards with some of her acquaintance to see the new marchioness; when he called her by name, which was Griselda, and inquired where her father was. She modestly replied: 'My gracious lord, he is in the house.' He then alighted from his horse, commanding them all to wait for him, and went alone into the cottage, where he found the father, who was called Giannucolo, and said to him: 'Honest man, I am come to espouse thy daughter, but would first ask her some questions before thee.' He then inquired, whether she would make it her study to please him, and not be uneasy at any time, whatever he should do or say, and whether she would always be obedient; with more to that purpose. To which she answered, 'Yes.' He then led her out by the hand, and made her strip before them all; and ordering the rich apparel to be brought which he had provided, he had her clothed completely, and a coronet set upon her head, all disordered as her hair was; after which, every one being in amaze, he said: 'Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband.' Then, turning towards her, who stood quite abashed, 'Will you,' said he, 'have me for your husband?' She replied: 'Yes, if it so please your lordship.' 'Well,' he replied, 'and I take you for my wife.'

So he espoused her in that public manner, and mounting her on a palfrey, conducted her honourably to his palace,

celebrating the nuptials with as much pomp and grandeur as though he had been married to the daughter of the king of France; and the young bride shewed, apparently, that with her garments she had changed both her mind and behaviour. She had a most agreeable person, and was so amiable, so good-natured withal, that she seemed rather a lord's daughter than that of a poor shepherd; at which every one that knew her before was greatly surprised. She was also so obedient to her husband, and so obliging in all respects, that he thought himself the happiest man in the world; and to her subjects likewise so gracious and condescending, that they all honoured and loved her as their own lives, praying for her health and prosperity, and declaring, contrary to their former opinion, that Gualtieri was the most prudent and sharp-sighted prince in the whole world, for that no one could have discerned such virtues under a mean habit and country disguise but himself.

In a very short time, her discreet behaviour and good works were the common subject of discourse, not in that country only, but everywhere else; and what had been objected to the prince, with regard to his marrying her, now took a contrary turn. They had not lived long together, before she brought forth a daughter, for which he made great rejoicings. But soon afterwards a new fancy came into his head, and that was, to make trial of her patience by long and intolerable sufferings: so he began with harsh words, and an appearance of great uneasiness; telling her that his subjects were greatly displeased with her for her mean parentage, especially as they saw she bore children, and that they did nothing but murmur at the daughter already born. Which, when she heard, without changing countenance, or her resolution in any respect, she replied: 'My lord, pray dispose of me as you think most for your honour and happiness: I shall entirely acquiesce, knowing myself to be meaner than the meanest of the people, and that I was altogether unworthy of that dignity to which your favour was pleased to advance me.' This was very agreeable to the prince,

seeing that she was noway elevated with the honour he had conferred upon her. Afterwards, having often told her, in general terms, that his subjects could not bear with the daughter that was born of her, he sent one of his servants, whom he had instructed what to do, who, with a very sorrowful countenance, said to her: 'Madame, I must either lose my own life or obey my lord's commands: now he has ordered me to take your daughter, and'—— without saying anything more. She, hearing these words, and noting the fellow's looks, remembering also what she had heard before from her lord, concluded that he had orders to destroy the child. So she took it out of the cradle, kissed it, and gave it her blessing; when, without changing countenance, though her heart throbbed with maternal affection, she tenderly laid it in the servant's arms, and said: 'Take it, and do what thy lord and mine has commanded; but, prithee, leave it not to be devoured by the fowls or wild beasts, unless that be his will.' Taking the child, he acquainted the prince with what she said, who was greatly surprised at her constancy, and he sent the same person with it to a relation at Bologna, desiring her, without revealing whose child it was, to see it carefully brought up and educated.

Afterwards the lady was delivered of a son, at which she was extremely pleased. But, not satisfied with what he had already done, he began to grieve and persecute her still more; saying one day to her, seemingly much out of temper: 'Since thou hast brought me this son, I am able to live no longer with my people; for they mutiny to that degree, that a poor shepherd's grandson is to succeed, and be their lord after me, that, unless I would run the risk of being driven out of my dominions, I must be obliged to dispose of this child as I did the other, and then to send thee away, in order to take a wife more suitable to me.' She heard this with a great deal of resignation, making only this reply: 'My lord, study only your own ease and happiness, without the least care for me; for nothing is agreeable to me but what is pleasing to yourself.' Not many days after, he sent for the son in the

same manner as he had done for the daughter; and, seeming also as if he had procured him to be destroyed, had him conveyed to Bologna, to be taken care of with the daughter. This she bore with the same resolution as before, at which the prince wondered greatly, declaring to himself, that no other woman was capable of doing the like. And, were it not that he had observed her extremely fond of her children, whilst that was agreeable to him, he should have thought it want of affection in her; but he saw that it was only her entire obedience and condescension. The people, imagining that the children were both put to death, blamed him to the last degree, thinking him the most cruel of men, and shewing great compassion for the lady.

Several more years passed on, and the prince, resolving to make the last trial of her patience, declared, before many people, that he could no longer bear to keep Griselda as his wife, owning that he had done very foolishly, and like a young man, in marrying her, and that he meant to solicit the pope for a dispensation to take another, and send her away. For this he was much blamed by many worthy persons; but he said nothing in return, only that it should be so. His wife, hearing this, and expecting to go home to her father's, and possibly tend the cattle as she had done before, whilst she saw some other lady possessed of him whom she dearly loved and honoured, was perhaps secretly grieved; but as she had withstood other strokes of fortune, so she determined resolutely to do now. Soon afterwards, Gualtieri had counterfeit letters come to him, as from Rome, acquainting all his people that his holiness thereby dispensed with his marrying another; and turning away Griselda, he had her brought before them, when he said: 'Woman, by the pope's leave I may dispose of thee, and take another wife. As my ancestors, then, have been all sovereign princes of this country, and thine only peasants, I intend to keep thee no longer, but to send thee back to thy father's cottage, with the same portion which thou broughtest me, and afterwards to make choice of one

more suitable in quality to myself.' It was with the utmost difficulty she could now refrain from tears; and she replied: 'My lord, I was always sensible that my servile condition would noway accord with your high rank and descent. For what I have been, I own myself indebted to Providence and you; I considered it as a favour lent me: you are now pleased to demand it back; I therefore willingly restore it. Behold the ring with which you espoused me; I deliver it to you. You bid me take the dowry back which I brought you; you will have no need for a teller to count it, nor I for a purse to put it in, much less a sumpter-horse to carry it away; for I have not forgotten that you took me naked: and if you think it decent to expose me in that manner, I am contented; but I would entreat you, that you would please to let me have one shift over and above my dowry.' He, though ready to weep, yet put on a stern countenance, and said: 'Thou shalt have one only then.' And, notwithstanding the people all desired that she might have an old gown, to keep her from shame, who had been his wife thirteen years and upwards, yet it was all in vain; so she left his palace in that manner, and returned weeping to her father's, to the great grief of all who saw her. The poor man, never supposing that the prince would keep her long as his wife, and expecting this thing to happen every day, had safely laid up the garments of which she had been despoiled the day he espoused her. He now brought them to her, and she put them on, and went as usual about her father's little household affairs, bearing this fierce trial of adverse fortune with the greatest courage imaginable.

The prince then gave it out that he was to espouse a daughter to one of the Counts of Panago; and, seeming as if he made great preparations for his nuptials, he sent for Griselda to come to him, and said to her: 'I am going to bring this lady home whom I have just married, and intend to shew her all possible respect at her first coming: thou knowest that I have no women with me able to set out the *rooms*, and do many other things which are

requisite on so solemn an occasion. As, therefore, thou art best acquainted with the state of the house, I would have thee make such provision as thou shalt judge proper, and invite what ladies thou wilt, even as though thou wert mistress of the house; and when the marriage is ended, return thee home to thy father's again.' Though these words pierced like daggers to the heart of Griselda, who was unable to part with her love for the prince so easily as she had done her great fortune, yet she replied: 'My lord, I am ready to fulfil all your commands.' She then went into the palace, in her coarse attire, whence she had but just before departed in her shift, and with her own hands did she begin to sweep, and set all the rooms to rights, cleaning the stools and benches in the hall like the meanest servant, and directing what was to be done in the kitchen, never giving over till everything was in order, and as it ought to be. After this was done, she invited, in the prince's name, all the ladies in the country to come to the feast. And on the day appointed for the marriage, meanly clad as she was, she received them in the most genteel and cheerful manner imaginable. Now, Gualtieri, who had his children carefully brought up at Bologna (the girl being about twelve years old, and one of the prettiest creatures that ever was seen, and the boy six), had sent to his kinswoman there, to desire she would bring them, with an honourable retinue, to Saluzzo; giving it out all the way she came, that she was bringing the young lady to be married to him, without letting any one know to the contrary. Accordingly, they all set forwards, attended by a goodly train of gentry; and after travelling some days, reached Saluzzo about dinner-time, when they found the whole country assembled, waiting to see their new lady. The young lady was most graciously received by all the women present, and being come into the hall where the tables were all covered, Griselda, meanly dressed as she was, went cheerfully to meet her, saying: 'Your ladyship is most kindly welcome.' The ladies, who had greatly importuned the prince, though to no purpose, to let Griselda be in a room by herself, or else that she

might have some of her own clothes, and not appear before strangers in that manner, were now seated, and going to be served round, whilst the young lady was universally admired, and every one said that the prince had made a good change; but Griselda, in particular, highly commended both her and her brother.

The marquis, now thinking that he had seen enough of his wife's patience, and perceiving that in all her trials she was still the same, being persuaded likewise that this proceeded from no want of understanding in her, because he knew her to be singularly prudent, he thought it time to relieve her from that anguish which he supposed she might conceal under her firm and constant deportment. So, making her come before all the company, he said, with a smile: 'What thinkest thou, Griselda, of my bride?' 'My lord,' she replied, 'I like her extremely well; and if she be as prudent as she is fair, you may be the happiest man in the world with her: but I most humbly beg you would not take those heart-breaking measures with this lady as you did with your last wife, because she is very young, and has been tenderly educated, whereas the other was inured to hardships from a child.' Gualtieri, perceiving that, though Griselda thought that person was to be his wife, she nevertheless answered him with great humility and sweetness of temper, he made her sit down by him, and said: 'Griselda, it is now time for you to reap the fruit of your long patience, and that they who have reputed me to be cruel, unjust, and a monster in nature, may know that what I have done has been all along with a view to teach you how to behave as a wife; to shew them how to choose and keep a wife; and, lastly, to secure my own ease and quiet as long as we live together, which I was apprehensive might have been endangered by my marrying. Therefore I had a mind to prove you by harsh and injurious treatment; and not being sensible that you have ever transgressed my will, either in word or deed, I now seem to have met with that happiness I desired: I intend, then, to restore in one hour what I have taken away from you in many, and to make you the

sweetest recompense for the many bitter pangs I have caused you to suffer. Accept, therefore, this young lady, whom you thought my spouse, and her brother, as your children and mine. They are the same which you and many others believed I had been the means of cruelly murdering: and I am your husband, who love and value you above all things; assuring myself that no person in the world can be happier in a wife than I am.' With this he embraced her most affectionately, when, rising up together (she weeping for joy), they went where their daughter was sitting, quite astonished with these things, and tenderly saluted both her and her brother, undeceiving them and the whole company. At this the women all arose, overjoyed, from the tables, and taking Griselda into the chamber, they clothed her with her own noble apparel, and as a marchioness, resembling such an one even in rags, and brought her into the hall. And being extremely rejoiced with her son and daughter, and every one expressing the utmost satisfaction at what had come to pass, the feasting was prolonged many days. The marquis was judged a very wise man, though abundantly too severe, and the trial of his lady most intolerable; but as for Griselda, she was beyond compare. In a few days the Count de Panago returned to Bologna, and the marquis took Giannucolo from his drudgery, and maintained him as his father-in-law, and so he lived very comfortably to a good old age. Gualtieri afterwards married his daughter to one of equal nobility, continuing the rest of his life with Griselda, and shewing her all the respect and honour that was possible. What can we say, then, but that divine spirits may descend from heaven into the meanest cottages; whilst royal palaces shall produce such as seem rather adapted to have the care of hogs, than the government of men. Who but Griselda could, not only without a tear, but even with seeming satisfaction, undergo the most rigid and unheard-of trials of her husband!

NATURE'S HAUNTS.

STRANGER, if thou hast learned a truth, which needs
Experience more than reason, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast known
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood,
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life.
And hence these shades are still the abodes
Of undissembled gladness: the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while, below,
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the glade
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment: as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
The old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them; twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and, tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice

In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

BRYANT.

WILLIAM TELL.

About the period at which Edward, king of England, set up a false claim of right to the sovereignty of Scotland, and thus roused the patriotism of Wallace to vindicate his country's independence, a claim of a very similar nature was put forward (1273) by Albert I., Duke of Austria, to certain districts or cantons in Switzerland, which had hitherto belonged to the confederation of states composing the German Empire. Never, except perhaps in the parallel case of Edward, had there been a claim more unjust and tyrannical. Albert, however, was a man of violent and haughty disposition; and possessing large armies, he soon secured the cantons which were the objects of his ambition, and placed them under the oppressive sway of local governors. Those whom he appointed to govern the cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, were Herman Gessler of Bruneck and Berenger de Landenberg, whose extortions and proceedings were in accordance with the resolution of the emperor—as he was entitled from his connection with Germany—to break the independent spirit of the Swiss by oppression. Landenberg fixed his residence in Unterwalden, and Gessler built himself a castle near Altdorf, in Uri, whence he overawed that canton and its neighbour Schwytz. It was impossible for Albert to have selected two more brutal instruments of his will than these two men. Not satisfied with exercising their power to the

injury of the people, they added to the wrong by bitter taunts. To Werner de Stauffacher, one of the principal inhabitants of Schwytz, Gessler remarked in an insulting tone: 'That his house was too good for a slavish peasant.' The observation was treasured up, and yielded bitter fruits to the utterer. Nor was Landenberg behind his coadjutor. When he had wrested from some unfortunate farmers their oxen and beasts of burden, he replied to their remonstrances by telling them, 'That if they wanted to grow corn and till their lands, they might draw the plough themselves!'

The minds of the Swiss were exasperated at this treatment, but still their spirit was kept down by reflecting upon the enormous power wielded by their oppressor. But Werner Stauffacher, stung by his country's wrongs and his individual degradation, secretly visited Walter Fürst, of the canton of Uri, who, calling to their counsel Arnold de Melchthald of Unterwalden, the patriotism of each was influenced by mutual exhortations, and an agreement entered into, to vindicate their country's rights, or perish in the attempt. The future meetings of these resolute men were held in the field of Rutli, a desolate spot on the borders of the Waldstatter Lake, and near the confines of Uri and Unterwalden. Here, Fürst and Melchthald repaired by unfrequented paths, whilst Stauffacher kept the rendezvous in a little boat, which he rowed across the lake in the gloom of night. Each imparted the design to his most intimate friends; and upon an appointed night, the three patriots conducted to Rutli thirty confederates, who joined in a solemn covenant to devote themselves to the emancipation of their country. Their generous resolution was fortified by an oath, taken in the name of 'that God who has created, out of the same clay, the peasant and the emperor, and gifted every rational being with the same inalienable rights.' This important compact, the germ of Helvetian freedom, was made on the night of Thursday preceding the feast of Martinmas 1307.

The suspicion of a brutal despot is easily aroused.

Whether Gessler had information of the conspiracy that was hatching, or was influenced by that incessant doubting which haunts the breast of a tyrant, his proceedings became more outrageous than before. As he joined a singular ignorance and infatuation to the natural cruelty of his disposition, he hit upon the notable expedient of testing the loyalty of the people, by erecting a pole, and placing on it a cap, to which all were ordered to pay the reverence that was due to the emperor himself. To this degrading ceremony, the free and noble spirit of one man instantly and openly announced its intention not to submit. This man was William Tell. He was a native of Bürglen, one of the ten districts which compose the canton of Uri, and the son-in-law of Walter Fürst. He had been present at the compact of Rutli. His reputation amongst his countrymen for undaunted energy and skill in arms, had rendered his accession to the league a primary object with the first devisers of the plot. His bold promptitude now accelerated the movement for which the associated patriots were more slowly preparing.

Gessler summoned before him the intrepid peasant of Bürglen. His traitorous neglect of the ordained ceremonial to the phantom representative of sovereignty was objected to him. The reply of Tell was unyielding and defying. The rage of the furious Gessler was roused to madness at the calm courage of the simple peasant. Any ordinary punishment was too meagre for such a crime. His invention was fertile in malignancy; and knowing his prisoner to be a father, he determined to make the warm and sacred feelings of a parent his sport and scorn. The young and first-born son of Tell was ordered to be torn from its mother's arms, and brought before the tyrant and his murderous band. The ordeal seems too severe for human nerves, yet Tell passed through it. The wretch in whose power he was, informed him that his only chance of life was to shoot an apple from the head of his own child at a distance to which only the most vigorous arm could send an arrow from the bow, and the most skilful and unmoved marksman

take a fixed aim. It was useless for the wretched parent to beg some other trial, however onerous or painful. The monster would have his revenge amply glutted, and the mode he had resolved upon promised a piquancy which no other punishment could supply.

At the appointed hour, the fair and weeping child was placed at a measured distance from the father—the apple was put upon its head, and Tell ordered to level his weapon at the mark. What were his feelings at that moment it would be vain to describe. The arrow flew and pierced the apple, leaving unscathed the tender infant. As the conditions of the trial had been, that Tell should have only one shot for his life, Gessler, seeing another arrow in his quiver, asked him to what use he had destined it. 'For your heart,' answered the iron-nerved hero, 'if my first aim had swerved!' The wretch, already infuriated that his victim had escaped him, again commanded his guards to seize the courageous peasant, and immure him in a dungeon.

A scene at once so affecting and so revolting must needs have roused the indignation of the Swiss to some visible commotion. The tyrant feared his prisoner would be wrested from him by a popular and general movement if he kept him within the bounds of Uri. Contrary to the fundamental laws, which prohibited a citizen from being imprisoned out of his own canton, he therefore hurried Tell on board a boat, and pushing off into the lake, he ordered the boatmen to steer for Kussnacht, in Schwytz. Eager to gratify the vengeance which had been hitherto balked, Gessler himself accompanied the prisoner, who was loaded with chains. As they approached the famous plain of Rutli, one of those violent gusts of wind which are common in those wild regions, burst from a gorge in the lofty St Gothard, and, rousing the lake into awful turbulence, threatened the party with destruction. In this crisis the self-possession of the tyrant failed him. The horrors of a sudden and fearful death overcame his hatred of Tell, and with an abjectness of spirit congenial to cruelty, he solicited his injured prisoner to exert his

well-known skill as a mariner in extricating him from danger. The irons of the captive were loosened, and his vigorous arm applied to the oar. The boat neared a rock jutting out from the shore. Tell, darting from his seat, sprang with a powerful effort upon its level surface, and by the same motion with which he reached the rock, he forced back into the foaming waves Gessler and his crew. Then hurrying with all speed to the intended point of debarkation, and having provided himself with his unerring weapon, he quietly waited to see whether the waves or his arrow should rid the world of his oppressor. Gessler escaped the fury of the storm; but as he was proceeding from his landing-place, a shaft from Tell's bow pierced his heart, and he fell dead. This was the first victim to the independence of the Waldstat; and whatever merit may be assigned to the original patriots of Rutli, it is undoubted that the actions of Tell first roused the slumbering spirit of his countrymen, and encouraged them to the noble enterprises which have covered their name with glory.

The death of Gessler was the signal for energetic measures. On the first day of the year 1308, the fortress of the other governor, Landenberg, was taken by an ingenious stratagem. He himself fled, but was overtaken. He purchased his life by resigning all the castles held by the Austrians, and withdrawing the troops. Thus the three cantons were simultaneously freed from their oppressors, without any blood being shed, save that of the infamous Gessler. A formal league and treaty was entered into by them, to defend each other against all aggression; and, thus united in concord and determination, they awaited the storm that was lowering upon them.

The Emperor Albert was not a man to receive with resignation the news of the revolt and emancipation of three cantons, which he had vowed to grind to the dust. His indignation rose to a furious pitch, and if the season of the year had permitted, he would have instantly proceeded to execute his projects of vengeance. But whilst

the mind of this imperious mortal was intent only on spoliation and aggrandisement—for his covetous eye was fixed on the tempting kingdom of Bohemia—and brooding over his scheme of merciless revenge, a miserable death was preparing for him. Amongst the acts of injustice which he had perpetrated, a refusal to restore his rightful possessions to his nephew John of Austria, was one of the most indefensible. The young prince became irritated at his uncle's perfidy, and there were not wanting persons to insinuate in his ear, that it was lawful to remove the obstacle to the possession of his rights. Four noblemen especially, who had all grounds of complaint against the emperor, fortified his resolution, and a plan for the assassination of the common enemy was resolved upon. An opportunity presented itself on the 1st of May 1308, as Albert was proceeding from Stein to Baden. The conspirators contrived to isolate him from his retinue as he was winding round the foot of the hill on the acclivity of which stood the castle of Hapsburg, the original seat of his family before its great and sudden elevation. His nephew struck the first blow, and as he pierced his breast with a lance, he cried out: 'Receive the reward of thy injustice.' The others pressed around, and passed their swords through his body. They then left him weltering in his gore. An old woman saw him, and came to his assistance. The emperor was yet struggling with death, but on attempting to raise him in her arms, he expired. This murder of the oppressor did not emancipate Switzerland. Civil discord ensued in Austria; a new ruler, fully as despotic as Albert, sprang up; and in 1315, seven years after the revolt, Leopold, the brother of the lately declared duke, was despatched with an army into the rebellious cantons, for the purpose of wreaking the vengeance of his family on the unfortunate mountaineers. With the blind confidence that the Swiss would never venture to oppose him, Leopold led his army into a defile commanded by surrounding heights. His forces amounted to 10,000 men. The Swiss were posted at the end of the defile, to the

number of 1300. Fifty citizens of the canton of Schwytz, who had been banished their country, resolved to win back their restoration by effective service. Pouring down from the hills loose rocks and stones upon the Austrian army, they caused a confusion in the ranks, which, on such narrow ground, was irremediable. The main body of the Swiss charged at the critical moment, and their enemies fell before them powerless and unresistingly. A precipitate flight saved Duke Leopold and his rear body; the rest either fell or were captured. The scene of this glorious exploit was Morgarten, and the date of its achievement the 15th of November 1315. It secured the independence of the Waldstat, and eventually of all Helvetia. The other divisions of the army which were advancing upon Unterwalden, retreated upon learning the fate of the battle of Morgarten. Thus the three cantons once more drew the breath of liberty, and they testified their gratitude to a gracious Providence, by a solemn thanksgiving, and ordaining an annual festival in honour of the day. So unbroken have the customs of these simple but heroic communities continued, that after a lapse of more than five centuries, the anniversary of Morgarten continues to be celebrated in the same form and in the same costume in which the original heroes of the day went through its ceremonies.

Thus did the happy valour and indomitable energy of William Tell lead on his countrymen to a successful vindication of their rights. He is, therefore, justly considered as the champion of Swiss independence, for the bravery which emancipated the three cantons, gradually attracted the other states to partake the benefit of the union, and thus the great Helvetic confederacy was ultimately consolidated. In the country which was the immediate scene of his exploits, his name is venerated as that of its great benefactor. Two chapels yet survive to commemorate the place of his residence, and the spot to which he sprang from the boat in which Gessler was conveying him to Kussnacht. The peasants yet celebrate *his praises in* national ballads, or relate with exultation

the stories concerning him, which tradition has handed down through the lapse of ages.

Nothing more is certainly known of William Tell than has been here related. That he took an active part in the conflicts by which the freedom of the cantons was secured, may be safely concluded from the intrepidity of his character and his proficiency in arms. After the cessation of hostilities, he retired to the spot on which he had first drawn breath, Burglen, and there he lived happy and retired in the exercise of husbandry for forty-seven years. He left two sons, William and Walter, who cultivated their father's farm, and propagated his name. But in 1684, his last male descendant died, and in 1720, the female branch becoming also extinct, there is now no one left to claim so illustrious an ancestor.

COLTER'S ADVENTURE.

In Bradbury's *Travels in the Interior of America*, a work now seldom seen, there occurs the following singular adventure of a man named John Colter, who had been traversing the Indian hunting-grounds in the great western prairies :—

Colter came to St Louis in May 1810, in a small canoe, from the head-waters of the Missouri, a distance of 3000 miles, which he traversed in thirty days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clark's party. I shall relate one anecdote for its singularity. On the arrival of the party at the head-waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing an appearance of abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St Louis to the head-waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and

trapped in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfeet Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri called Jefferson Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes; and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of 500 or 600, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out: 'Colter, I am wounded!' Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning, for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, 'he was made a riddle of.' They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put *to death.* They were at first inclined to set him up as a

mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast. Colter, who had been some time amongst the Kee-katso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs: he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of 500 or 600 against him, and those armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie 300 or 400 yards, and released him, bidding him save himself if he could. At this instant, the horrid war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he himself was surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly-pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half-way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than 100 yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter: he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the forepart of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action,

and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop, but, exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the Cotton-tree Wood, on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which a raft of drift-timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, 'like so many devils.' They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense, he remained until night, when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft, and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed, and travelled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked, under a burning sun—the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly-pear —he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him, and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Bighorn branch of the Roche Jaune River. These were circumstances under which almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired. He arrived at the fort in seven days, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri.

THE MYRIADS OF CREATION.

ONE of the most remarkable features of animated nature, is the vast multitudes in which certain species exist. Nature has invested several of the lower orders of her children with a fruitfulness which, when contrasted with that of the more complicated and perfect animals, seems truly wonderful. When it is stated that a single pair of corn-weevils—a grub well known for its ravages amongst grain—is supposed to produce 6000 descendants in one season, we have comparatively an ordinary fact in insect generation. It has been calculated that the queen of the domestic bee lays in spring 12,000,000 eggs within the space of twenty days. More wonderful still, the female ant lays 80,000 eggs per day. And yet nature has been ascertained to give to certain creatures a much greater power of production. An eminent naturalist has proved that, in five generations, the aphis, or plant-louse, may be the mother of nearly 6,000,000,000 of descendants. The females of this species may be isolated under a tumbler, and yet they will continue to breed: females descended from them, if taken at their birth, and also isolated, will breed in like manner; and this phenomenon will go on for many generations.

It is not often that the atmosphere of our temperate clime allows the eggs of the aphis to be developed in inordinately great quantities; but such an event sometimes takes place. The morning of Saturday the 24th of September 1836, was, in England, one of singular warmth and geniality, succeeding a few weeks of uncommonly cheerless weather. The wind blew from the south, and the sun shone with the vigour of July. The air during the week had denoted considerable electric action, and on Wednesday there had been much thunder and lightning. On Sunday the 25th, and part of the ensuing day, the air was filled, throughout a large district in

Yorkshire, if not more extensively, by myriads of winged insects of the aphis kind. An observer who ascertained the particular appearances of this cloud of new life over a district measuring twelve miles by four, or nearly fifty square miles, calculated that, allowing six insects for every square foot, there must have been 1,700,000,000 within that district, or nearly twenty times the whole human population of the globe. The insect was a hitherto unobserved species of the aphis, with four wings, the eyes globular and prominent, a bent proboscis, six legs of a tawny colour, and a short tubular horn at the extremity of the abdomen. It was one, in short, of those which occasionally appear in warmer countries than ours, and produce a universal *blight*. There can be little doubt that, if the heat which produced this phenomenon had continued a little longer, such a result would have ensued as far as the district was concerned. But after they had existed a day and a half, the weather once more became cold, and the 1,700,000,000 of living creatures perished in an hour.*

The cock-chaffers and grubs, which prove so destructive to growing victual, are also remarkable for being generated in overpowering multitudes. The cock-chaffer first came into Ireland in the year 1688. A vast cloud, formed by them, was blown upon the coast of Galway, by a south-west wind, and they soon spread over the country. In some places they so thickened the air, that it was difficult to make way through them. Whole districts in England and Ireland are occasionally laid waste by these creatures, or by weevils or grubs. Yet our sufferings from such causes are as nothing to the devastations produced by the locusts of warmer regions. In Southern Africa, they occasionally appear in such vast hordes, that the vegetation of the earth disappears before them. In 1797, Mr Barrow saw a piece of country containing 2000 square miles, which was entirely covered by them. They march

* We are indebted for these particulars to an article in the 18th number of the *Analyst, a Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, Natural History, and the Fine Arts*. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

on in the direction of the wind, and when any trench or rivulet occurs in their course, stop not for it, but fill it up with their own bodies, the general mass passing over their drowned or smothered companions without compunction. This plague had been, at the time of Mr Barrow's visit, in constant operation in Africa for three years. Russia and Poland were visited by locusts in 1650, on which occasion the air was darkened by them, and the ground covered to the depth of four feet: the trees were bent with their weight, and the amount of damage produced by them exceeded computation. In the sixth century, Italy was ravaged in a similar manner, and not relieved till a wind blew the invading myriads into the sea, when the smell of their bodies on the coast produced a plague, which carried off 1,000,000 of men and beasts. The prophet Joel expressively describes the locust as a devouring flame, before which the land is an Eden, and behind a desolate wilderness.

When we consider the vast amount of mischief produced by various insects, it seems surprising that they should have been gifted with such extraordinary powers of multiplication. When we inquire, however, into this, as into all other evils, we find that it is only an exception from a general good—the *chief* end of voracious insects being to remove animal and vegetable matters, which would otherwise be noxious. In the design of the world, only general results have been contemplated, and only general powers given. It is enough for nature if the grand end be accomplished.

We shall conclude with an extract from Latrobe's *Travels in North America*, respecting an insect of the grasshopper kind, named the *Cicada Septendecim*:—

'The observation of a past century had shewn the inhabitants of Maryland and Pennsylvania, that every seventeenth year they were visited by a countless horde of insects of the cicada tribe, hence called *Septendecim*; distinct in aspect and habits from those whose annual appearance and mode of life were understood. Its last appearance had been in 1817, and its reappearance was

thus confidently predicted for the third or fourth week in May this year (1834). Nature, true to her impulses, and the laws by which she is so mysteriously governed, did not fail to fulfil the prediction. On the 24th May and following day, the whole surface of the country in and about the city of Philadelphia suddenly teemed with this singular insect. The subject interested me, and as during those days I had every opportunity of being daily, nay, hourly, attentive to the phenomena connected with it, both here and in Maryland, I send you the result of my observations. The first day of their appearance, their numbers were comparatively few; the second, they came by myriads; and yet a day or two might pass before they reached their full number. I happened to be abroad on the bright sunny morning which might be called the day of their birth. At early morning the insect, in the pupa state, may be observed issuing from the earth in every direction, by the help of a set of strongly barbed claws on the fore-legs. Its colour, then, is of a uniform dull brown, and it strongly resembles the perfect insect in form, excepting the absence of wings, ornaments, and antennæ. The first impulse of the imperfect insect on detaching itself from its 'grave, is to ascend a few inches, or even feet, up the trunks of trees, at the foot of which their holes appear in the greatest number, or upon the rail-fences, which are soon thickly sprinkled with them. In these positions they straightway fix themselves firmly by their barbed claws. Half an hour's observation will then shew you the next change which is to be undergone. A split takes place upon the shell down from the back of the head to the commencement of the rings of the abdomen, and the labour of self-extrication follows. With many a throe and many a strain you see the tail and hind-legs appear through the rent, then the wings extricate themselves painfully from a little case in the outer shell, in which they lie exquisitely folded up, but do not yet unfurl themselves; and, lastly, the head, with its antennæ, disengages itself, and you behold before you the new-born insect freed from its prison. The slough is not disengaged,

but remains firmly fixed in the fibres of the wood, and the insect languidly crawling a few inches, remains as it were in a doze of wonder and astonishment. It is rather under an inch in length, and appears humid and tender; the colours are dull, the eye glazed, the legs feeble, and the wings for awhile after they are opened, appear crumpled and inelastic. All this passes before the sun has gained his full strength. As the day advances, the colours of the insect become more lively, the wings attain their full stretch, and the body dries and is braced up for its future little life of activity and enjoyment.

'Between ten and eleven, the newly-risen tribes begin to tune their instruments. You become conscious of a sound filling the air far and wide, different from the ordinary ones which may meet your ear. A low distinct hum salutes you, turn where you will. It may be compared to the simmering of an enormous caldron; it swells imperceptibly, changes its character, and becomes fuller and sharper. Thousands seem to join in; and by an hour after mid-day, the whole country, far and wide, rings with the unwonted sound. The insects are now seen lodged in or flying about the foliage above, a few hours having been thus sufficient to give them full strength and activity, and bring them into full voice. Well may the school-boy and curly-headed negro rejoice at the sound, for their hands will never want a plaything for many days to come. Well may the birds of the forest rejoice, for this is the season of plenty for them. The pigs and poultry, too, they fatten on the innumerable swarms which before many days will cover the ground in the decline of their strength. The pretty insect—for it is truly such—with its dark body, red eyes, and its glossy wings, interlaced by bright-yellow fibres, enjoys but a little week; and that merry harping which pervades creation from sunrise till sundown for the time of its continuance, is but of some six days' duration. Its character would be almost impossible to describe, though it rings in my ears every time I think of the insect. Like all those of its tribe, the sound produced is not a voice, but a strong vibration of

musical chords, produced by the action of internal muscles upon a species of lyre or elastic membrane covered with net-work, and situated under the wings, the action of which I have often witnessed. The female insect may utter a faint sound, but how, I do not know; it is the male who is endowed with the powerful means of instrumentation which I have described. Though the sound is generally even and continuous as long as the insect is uninterrupted, yet there is a droll variety observable at times; but what it expresses, whether peculiar satisfaction or jealousy, or what other passion, I cannot divine. It has been well described by the word *Pha—ro!* the first syllable being long and sustained, and connected with the second, which is pitched nearly an octave lower by a drawling *smorzando* descent. During the whole period of their existence, the closest attention does not detect their eating anything; and with the exception of the trifling injury received by trees consequent upon the process observed by the female in laying her eggs, they are perfectly innoxious. The end to which they seem to be sent to the upper day, is purely confined to the propagation of their species. A few days after their first appearance, the female begins to lay her eggs. She is furnished with an ovipositor situated in a sheath on the abdomen, composed of two serrated hard parallel spines, which she has the power of working with an alternate perpendicular motion. When her time comes, she selects one of the outermost twigs of the forest trees or shrubs, and sets to work, and makes a series of longitudinal jagged incisions in the tender bark and wood. In each of these she lays a row of tiny eggs, and then goes to work again. Having deposited to the heart's content, she crawls up the twig a few inches yet further from the termination, and placing herself in a fitting position, makes two or three perpendicular casts into the very pith. The duty is now terminated. Both male and female become weak, the former ceases to be tuneful: the charm of their existence is at an end; they pine away, become blind, fall to the ground by myriads, and in ten or fifteen days *after their* first appearance, they all perish. Not so,

however, their seeds. The perforated twigs die; the first wind breaks them from the tree, and scatters them upon the ground. The eggs give birth to a number of small grubs, which are thus enabled to attain the mould without injury; and in it they disappear, digging their way down into the bosom of the earth. Year goes after year—summer after summer; the sun shines in vain to them—they "bide their time!" The recollection of their existence begins to fade—a generation passes away; the surface of the country is altered, lands are reclaimed from the forest, streets are laid out and trampled on for years, houses are built, and pavements hide the soil—still, though man may almost forget their existence, God does not. What their life is in the long interval, none can divine. Traces of them have been found in digging wells and foundations eight and ten feet under the surface. When seventeen years have gone by, the memory of them returns, and they are expected. A cold wet spring may retard their appearance, but never since the attention of man has been directed to them, have they failed; but at the appointed time, by one common impulse, they rise from the earth, piercing their way through the matted sod, through the hard trampled clay of the pathways, through the gravel, between the joints of the stones and pavements, and into the very cellars of the houses, like their predecessors, to be a marvel in the land, to sing their blithe song of love and enjoyment under the bright sun, and amidst the verdant landscape—like them, to fulfil the brief duties of their species, and close their mysterious existence by death. We are still children in the small measure of our knowledge and comprehension with regard to the phenomena of the natural world! All things considered, we may venture to prophesy the reappearance of the *Cicada Septendecim* on the coasts of Maryland and Virginia for the year 1851.'

STORY OF EGYPTIAN OPPRESSION.

Mr Lane, in his *Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, gives the following story as an illustration of the nature of the local government to which the people of Egypt are subjected:—

The nazir, or governor of the southernmost district of the Delta, a short time before my present visit to the country, in collecting the taxes at a village, demanded of a poor peasant the sum of sixty rials, which was then equivalent to about thirty shillings. The poor man urged that he possessed nothing but a cow, which barely afforded sustenance to himself and his family. Instead of pursuing the method usually followed when a fellah or peasant declares himself unable to pay the tax demanded of him, which is to give him a severe bastinading, the nazir in this case sent the Sheik el-Beled to bring the poor peasant's cow, and desired some of the fellaheen or peasantry to buy it. They saying that they had not sufficient money, he sent for a butcher, and desired him to kill the cow, which was done: he then told him to divide it into sixty pieces. The butcher asked for his pay, and was given the head of the cow. Sixty fellaheen were then called together, and each of them was compelled to purchase, for a rial, a piece of the cow. The owner of the cow went, weeping and complaining, to the nazir's superior, the late Mohammed Bey, defturdar. 'My master,' said he, 'I am oppressed and in misery: I had no property but one cow—a milch cow: I and my family lived upon her milk, and she ploughed for me, and thrashed my corn; and my whole subsistence was derived from her: the nazir has taken her, and killed her, and cut her up into sixty pieces, and sold the pieces to my neighbours—to each a piece, for one rial; so that he obtained but sixty rials for the whole, while the value of the cow was a hundred and twenty rials, or more.

I am oppressed and in misery, and a stranger in the place, for I came from another village; but the nazir had no pity on me. I and my family are become beggars, and have nothing left. Have mercy upon me, and give me justice: I implore it by the harem.'

The defturdar, having caused the nazir to be brought before him, asked him: 'Where is the cow of this fellah?'

'I have sold it,' said the nazir.

'For how much?'

'For sixty rials.'

'Why did you kill it and sell it?'

'He owed sixty rials for land; so I took his cow, and killed it, and sold it for the amount.'

'Where is the butcher that killed it?'

'In Menouf.'

The butcher was sent for, and brought. The defturdar said to him: 'Why did you kill this man's cow?'

'The nazir desired me,' he answered, 'and I could not oppose him; if I had attempted to do so, he would have beaten me, and destroyed my house. I killed it, and the nazir gave me the head as my reward.'

'Man,' said the defturdar, 'do you know the persons who bought the meat?'

The butcher replied that he did. The defturdar then desired his secretary to write the names of the sixty men, and an order to the sheik of their village, to bring them to Menouf, where this complaint was made.

The nazir and butcher were placed in confinement till the next morning, when the sheik of the village came, with the sixty fellaheen. The two prisoners were then brought again before the defturdar, who said to the sheik and the sixty peasants: 'Was the value of this man's cow sixty rials?'

'Oh, our master,' they answered, 'her value was greater.'

The defturdar sent for the cadi of Menouf, and said to him: 'Oh, cadi, here is a man oppressed by this nazir, who has taken his cow, and killed it, and sold its flesh for sixty rials; what is thy judgment?'

The cadi replied: 'He is a cruel tyrant, who oppresses every one under his authority. Is not a cow worth a hundred and twenty rials, or more? and he has sold this one for sixty rials: this is tyranny towards the owner.'

The defturdar then said to some of his soldiers: 'Take the nazir, and strip him, and bind him.' This done, he said to the butcher: 'Butcher, dost thou not fear God? Thou hast killed the cow unjustly.' The butcher again urged that he was obliged to obey the nazir. 'Then,' said the defturdar, 'if I order thee to do a thing, wilt thou do it?'

'I will do it,' answered the butcher.

'Kill the nazir!' said the defturdar.

Immediately several of the soldiers present seized the nazir, and threw him down; and the butcher cut his throat, in the regular orthodox manner of killing animals for food.

'Now, cut him up,' said the defturdar, 'into sixty pieces.'

This was done: the people concerned in the affair, and many others, looking on, but none daring to speak. The sixty peasants who had bought the meat of the cow were then called forward, one after another, and each was made to take a piece of the flesh of the nazir, and to pay for it two rials; so that a hundred and twenty rials were obtained from them: they were then dismissed; but the butcher remained. The cadi was asked what should be the reward of the butcher, and answered, that he should be paid as he had been paid by the nazir. The defturdar, therefore, ordered that the head of the nazir should be given to him; and the butcher went away with his worse than valueless burden, thanking God that he had not been more unfortunate, and scarcely believing himself to have so easily escaped until he arrived at his village. The money paid for the flesh of the nazir was given to the owner of the cow.

Most of the governors of provinces and districts, Mr

Lane adds, carry their oppressions, of which the above is an instance, far beyond the limits to which they are authorised to proceed by the ruler of Egypt.

SHIPWRECK OF THE ENGLAND OF NEWCASTLE.

WRITTEN BY ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

HAVING paid for a passage homeward from Quebec, on board the *England* of Newcastle, a vessel of 400 tons burden, laden with timber, and bound for Greenock, I lost no time in taking possession of my berth, and found that I was the only passenger. The vessel set sail with a pilot on board, on the 9th of November 1835. Nothing remarkable occurred while in the river, except that we had to come to anchor on account of a heavy snow-storm, and lay-to for about twenty-four hours, when we weighed anchor and set sail, our pilot leaving us the next day. In sailing through the Gulf of St Lawrence, we one night saw the aurora borealis of a splendid red colour, and both master and seamen remarked, that they had frequently seen it of a deep yellow or orange colour, inclining to red, but never before had seen it of such a blood-red hue. We all conjectured that the appearance portended a violent storm, but to our great delight the wind continued favourable, and the weather remarkably fine for several days. On the 20th, however, it began to blow fresh from the north-west, and up to the 23d it increased, till it amounted to a hurricane. Our ship was now obliged to run before the gale under close-reefed fore-top-sails. She also laboured much, and two men were placed at the wheel which governs the rudder. The sea had become tremendous, and our master was evidently under great trepidation, and a good deal alarmed. Being unable to go on deck

himself, he was constantly calling down the mate, and asking how matters looked. It was proposed to heave her to; but it was our captain's opinion, that in such a heavy gale, to do so would prove at once fatal: he advised them to stand firm by the wheel, and keep her scudding.

The night which now closed in upon us, will never be obliterated from my remembrance. I was sitting by the cabin fire, occasionally going up the companion-ladder or stair, to see how things looked, the master moving up and down the cabin, much discomposed, when a tremendous sea broke over the stern of the vessel, carrying destruction before it. The wheel came down with a crash through the cabin sky-light in broken fragments, and in an instant we were in total darkness. The floor of our cabin was almost immediately covered with water, and a scene of horror and confusion ensued which beggars description. The two men who had been at the wheel came down the companion, having fortunately caught hold of something as the water dashed them forward on the deck. In a few minutes all were down in the cabin; and having good tinder-boxes, we soon struck a light again, and getting a lantern, all hands went on deck except the captain. The state of the deck was terrible to look at: the hammocks swept overboard, with great part of the bulwarks; the water-casks broke loose, and going to pieces. After getting the helm lashed, and keeping the ship to, the wind moderating a little, we went to the pumps, and found she was leaking considerably. All hands at once yoked to the duty of pumping. We wrought incessantly all night, and found that, by doing so, we could keep the water from gaining. We all joined in the work except the captain, who was in a bad state of health, and had been so for a considerable time before. The one-half rested while the other pumped. When the morning came, to our utter consternation we found our rudder had been broken, and rendered quite useless. It only hung together, and kept flapping violently against the stern of the vessel, at every blow breaking, and opening the seams of the ship. At length the broken

part detached itself, leaving nothing but a small part of the stern hanging in the rudder-trunk, and the planks so shattered that the water was coming in in torrents. To stop the leak was now found to be impossible, and we discovered that all our pumping was of no avail. Our only comfort was, that we had a firm timber-laden ship under us, and of course were all aware, that though she filled, she would not sink. We had therefore no other alternative but to prepare with the utmost dispatch for taking refuge in the rigging, seeing that the water would soon be level with the deck.

We were at this time near the outer edge of the great bank of Newfoundland. The weather was excessively cold, blowing hard with snow and sleet, and we could only contemplate how difficult it would be for us to survive on the rigging of a ship in such a dismal situation at such an inclement season; at the same time, the sea was breaking over the decks, every moment threatening to overwhelm us. In a state bordering on despair, we packed up a few small bags of biscuit, a little beef and pork, and two casks of water, which we soon had in readiness; these we hoisted up under the main-top: then seizing our blankets, we all went aloft, some to the fore, some to the main top, while our ship was filling very fast. It was, however, thought advisable, previously to going aloft, and we had every reason afterwards to congratulate ourselves for having done so, to knock out the stern and bow ports, and open the hatches, so as to give the water ingress and egress: without this precaution, in all likelihood our decks would have burst by the working of the water beneath, and our timber have shifted, and the melancholy catastrophe that would have immediately ensued on this taking place, can easily be imagined; indeed, the shifting of a single log would have been the signal of our fate. The first night we stopped on the rigging was the second after the ship was struck, and most miserable quarters we had.

The ship, now thoroughly water-logged, was pitching and rolling, and we had to lash ourselves to the mast.

What a prospect lay before us, in such a cold latitude, at such a season, in the middle of the Western Ocean, and the long winter-nights, with neither rudder nor compass, and storms and tempests to encounter! The horrors of our situation can be imagined, but cannot be described. Our captain was a man up in years, with a broken constitution; and under present circumstances he became so ill, that he could take no command; fortunately, the mate and carpenter were active, and they immediately took charge, which was a fortunate circumstance. As may be supposed, we immediately had to go upon an allowance of bread and water, which were divided to us in a most just and impartial manner during the whole period of our sufferings. For the first four days we had a moderate allowance of about one biscuit and a half, a small slice of beef or pork, and nearly two pints of water. We suffered dreadfully from cold and wet, and, if we had not frequently shifted our position, would have become quite benumbed. I had the misfortune, the third night after I had gone to the main-top, to lose both greatcoat and blankets. I happened to have on two shirts, drawers, a pair of good stockings and shoes, with a black vest, a pair of good Canadian cloth trousers, and a blue cloth jacket, and this was my all; everything else was gone. I regretted the loss much; for although the blankets frequently got soaked with water, they still did something towards preserving the heat of the body. This unfortunate accident took place while I was asleep. Being overcome with cold and fatigue, I had fastened my great-coat on the rigging to dry, and rolled myself in the blankets; it happened to come on to blow, and, on turning myself, the wind caught the loose clothes, and swept them overboard. When I looked for my great-coat, the rope-yarn that made it fast was there, but the coat was gone. This would have been a fatal circumstance to me if we had drifted to the northward, or continued much longer in this cold climate. The sleep we enjoyed in our insecure berth in the rigging was neither sound nor refreshing, but we were thankful for it;

it passed the time, and no doubt was of some benefit to us. It was a kind of dog-sleep, and only lasted from fifteen minutes to half an hour at a time, and was generally disturbed with dreams about our friends and far-distant homes, which we had little or no expectation of ever again seeing. Sometimes we awoke in a dreadful fright, dreaming we were pitched overboard, and some of the monsters of the deep ready to snatch us in their terrible maws. When we opened our eyes, it was, alas! to perceive the signs of famine or a watery grave. Most fortunately, the wind began to prevail from the north-west, and we were drifted fast to the southward; it was therefore a considerable alleviation to our sufferings, to think that we were fast approaching a warmer and more genial climate. We then thought that, had we enough of bread and water, we might survive a long time under our present circumstances; and the only immediate cause of alarm, was the ship breaking up during some of the frequent and heavy squalls we had to encounter. For the purpose of standing it out as long as possible, on the sixth day after the ship was damaged, we put ourselves upon just so much provisions as would preserve the spark of life: this was scarcely three ounces of bread in a very wet and mouldy condition, a small slice of beef or pork, and two or three gills of water. We were so scarce of this last article, that we had to take every opportunity of securing as much as possible from the sails every time it happened to rain. This water drank very sweet: although tarry tasted, it was to us most delicious and refreshing; and I am certain that never did the most voluptuous gourmand enjoy his most favourite beverage with better gusto, than we did a drink of water squeezed from the dirty canvas. We had soon the satisfaction of getting into a milder atmosphere; however, till towards the end of December, we occasionally had very heavy weather, with a great number of thunder-storms. Having saved a quadrant, we found ourselves in the latitude of the Azores; but whether to the east or west, we could not tell, having drifted so many ways, and keeping no reckoning.

On Christmas-day, which happened to be fine, we proposed to make a feast as well as we were able. We dared not venture on the bread, but we got an extra slice of pork, which some of us ate raw—others roasted. When the weather was fine, we could remain on deck, where we kindled a fire for our cooking; but the sea was frequently breaking over the deck with such fury, that we were generally glad to remain on the rigging. Having by this time suffered nearly five weeks, some of us were excessively weak, and very much emaciated; so much so, that we could scarcely go up and down the shrouds. Hunger had brought on us a kind of burning fever, and if water had been in our power, we would have drunk incessantly. Instead of heaving overboard the rats which we catched, as we did at first, we now flayed, roasted, and ate them, and found them delicious! On every favourable opportunity, we assembled together for the purpose of devotion, praying to Him, with heartfelt earnestness, who can make the storm a calm, and still the raging of the mighty deep. We were also constantly on the look-out for ships, and when we saw any, hoisted signals of distress; they were, however, always at such a distance, that they certainly could not have seen us; at anyrate, none approached us. We also cut pieces off our cable, and made burning torches, which we hoisted in the dark nights at the mizen-top, in case of any vessel passing in the night. This was frequently done, but all was of no avail; and we determined, that the first vessel we saw, if she was on such a tact as there might be any probability of getting to her, we would launch the jolly-boat, and chase her. In a day or two we saw a vessel on what we thought a good tact, and immediately launching our little boat, six brave fellows jumped into it, and took to the oars, with the carpenter steering. We could afford them but a small allowance of bread and water. They gave us assurances, that should they get up with the ship, they would use all their endeavours to get its master to come after us; we, on the other hand, promised that, in the event of their missing her, we would keep large

torches burning all night, so that they might find their way back again. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when they left us, and we kept our eyes on them and the ship in breathless expectation till the shades of evening shut them from our view. About two o'clock in the morning, they all returned, poor fellows, much fatigued, led by the torch-lights which we had kept blazing. They had approached within two miles of the vessel about nightfall, when, to their grief and mortification, they saw her men squaring the yards, and setting off before the wind, leaving them far behind. Whether they had observed the boat, and suspected her to have piratical intentions, we could not tell. The men were all so much exhausted, that they said they would never leave the ship again under such circumstances.

The first day of the new year was approaching, and we could not but revert with melancholy recollection to the scenes of festivity and social enjoyment in which we had often participated during that happy season. Our dismal situation suggested the propriety of attending to the incoming of the new year in a manner befitting our prospects. On the evening of the 31st of December, which chanced to be more than ordinarily placid, at a quarter to twelve o'clock we lighted up the lantern, and having two or three Bibles, we proceeded to the quarter-deck, sang part of the 107th Psalm, read a portion of Scripture, and offered up an humble prayer, which, although not adorned in language like the homilies of the learned, was the sincere and fervent language of the heart, and derived an imposing sublimity from the situation in which we were placed. When our devotions were over, it was New-year's Day morning; and after shaking hands, and wishing each other a good new year, we retired to try if we could get a little sleep; and the weather being now fine, we did enjoy some refreshing repose.

On Saturday the 2d, a vessel hove in sight. Not waiting to try signals, having so long tried them in vain, we launched our little boat with a mast and sail; some of

the former crew volunteering, and some offering to go who had not gone before, there were seven ready, among whom were our first and second mates. Provided the same way as formerly, and making the same engagements to each other, they set sail, assisting the boat with their oars. There was no cheering this time when we parted; we were in too melancholy and uncertain a state for this expression of joy and triumph, so pleasing and natural to seamen. We spent that night keeping up torch-lights, expecting in the morning to see the vessel approaching us, or at least the boat in view; but, alas! there was not a speck seen in the horizon—both vessel and boat were out of sight. This was a painful result to our expectations, and our sole hope was, that the men had been rescued, though we could not well see how; and we had the consolatory prospect of being able to stand it out a little longer, by keeping ourselves still on the same allowance.

Another day passed; and no immediate prospect of relief. There was now an accurate examination into the state of the provisions which were left, and we ascertained that we could divide something for ten or twelve days longer. Our case grew more appalling. Day after day passed, and our stock of provisions was wearing to a close. Horrible feelings now took possession of us. No one gave utterance to his thoughts, but it was evident that we must either perish of famine, or that one of us must be slaughtered to furnish food for the remainder. Thus we stood upon the crisis of our fate.

While in this desperate physical and moral condition, we were again visited by a ray of hope. On Thursday the 7th of January, towards evening, and while trying to gather water, it being rainy, the carpenter went to the foretop, and immediately descried a brig to leeward; he watched her attentively, and observed that she put about. He now cried to us, and told us she was standing towards *us, for there* was sufficient light for her to see us. No *one can picture the* joy we now felt for this prospect of *deliverance; it* can be but faintly imagined. At twelve

o'clock, midnight, the vessel was alongside of us, and we were soon taken aboard. The ship was the *Blucher* of Boston, commanded by Captain Lourie; she was bound with a cargo of flour, &c., from New York to Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. Our happiness was increased by finding our fellow-sufferers with whom we had parted a few days ago, and who were ready to welcome us on deck.

I will briefly go over the circumstances that led to this extraordinary deliverance. As I have already mentioned, it was on the Saturday when our companions left us. That night they rowed till they lost sight of the vessel which they were chasing; and at the same time, all attempts to regain a sight of the wreck they had left proved unavailing, notwithstanding that we had kept up torch-lights all night, as on the former occasion. It appears we had drifted from each other, and the poor fellows found themselves, with a small boat on the trackless waves of the Atlantic, almost without food or water; a more helpless situation cannot well be conceived. They could do nothing for themselves, and drifted in their tiny vessel at the mercy of the winds and waves. On Monday morning, their slender supply of bread was exhausted; and of the remaining small quantity of fresh water, they got a little served out by the second-mate in his watch-case. In the course of Monday, when the fog cleared away, to their inexpressible joy they saw a brig at no great distance. She immediately bore down towards them, by which they saw they were observed; and in about an hour and a half from their first sight of each other, they were on board the *Blucher*, which vessel was nearly 1000 miles out of her course, driven by adverse winds, being then only from 300 to 400 miles to the south-west of Fayal, the nearest of the Azore islands. Our mate, an able sailor from South Shields, told the captain of our miserable situation, and the latitude they had left us in, and found that their boat *had drifted, from* Saturday till Monday, the extraordinary *distance of 140 miles.* With the utmost alacrity, the

good American went in search of us, and at length had the satisfaction to fall in with us, as I have described. Thus after suffering for a period of forty-five days, we were again in the midst of comforts and safety. Captain Lourie afforded us all the humane attentions which our situation required, giving us our food in very sparing quantities at first, but afterwards abundance of nourishing diet; and we began to recruit under his care. Resolving to land us on the Azores, he proceeded towards these lonely islands; and in four days' sailing, we stood off the island of Fayal. The wind proving unfavourable for landing there, and Captain Lourie being anxious to proceed on his voyage, in which he had been so much retarded by his exertions in our behalf, he desired us, the weather being fair, to get our boats launched, and go ashore at St John's, a small village on the island of Pico, where there was a landing-place for fishing-boats among the rocks. We bade our deliverers farewell, wishing them every blessing, and in about an hour we were landed at the foot of the Peak of Pico, a very lofty extinct volcanic mountain, covered nearly two-thirds of the way up with vines, orange, lemon, and fig trees, while the top or crater is crowned with eternal snow.

We were received at Pico by a great concourse of islanders, who belong to the Portuguese nation. We had the good-fortune to meet a Portuguese gentleman here who spoke English fluently, and who immediately told our situation to the vicar, who was likewise in attendance on the beach. We were under very great obligations to this gentleman, as he acted as interpreter. We were treated here with much kindness; bread, cheese, wine, and fruit being brought to us in abundance, and a place of shelter provided. The inhabitants, in general, are very poor in this island; nevertheless, they are extremely hospitable, and we recovered very fast. The vicar, who took the charge of us after we got some refreshment, sent *our captain's* dispatch over to the British vice-consul at *Fayal. In two* days our messenger returned with a reply, *thanking the* vicar for his attentions to us, and at the

same time stating the British government allowance of one shilling and sixpence per day for each individual in such cases. We remained here about a fortnight, the people all along treating us with much kindness; and we were given to understand that the vicar, after our arrival, had assembled his flock, and publicly returned thanks to Almighty God, who had so wonderfully saved us from a miserable death.

We were so much refreshed and invigorated here, that in a fortnight we considered ourselves able to proceed on our way homeward. For this purpose a large boat and a Portuguese crew were provided to take us over to Fayal, a distance of about thirty miles, where we saw the British vice-consul, and received every attention from him. At Fayal we met with part of the crew of the *John Miller* of Liverpool, which vessel had likewise foundered while on her way to some port of South America. From Fayal we were carried to St Michael's in a coasting schooner, and thence passages homeward were provided by the British consul-general, for the whole in different vessels, which were here lading with fruit for England.

DRAWERS OF THE LONGBOW.

It would be a matter of no small difficulty, we think, to form a perfectly philosophical view of the class of characters called, in popular language, drawers of the longbow. We have known several of these remarkable personages in our time, and yet never knew rightly what to make of them. Whether they lied on principle, by chance, or without a moral perception of their error, it would have been difficult to say. The curious thing is, that these habitual liars, in every other respect except their *fabulous story-telling*, are generally excellent members *of society, dutiful* sons, good husbands, spirited and

useful citizens, obliging neighbours, prime fellows; but, at the same time, laughing-stocks to the world, from an utter disregard to, or inability to speak the truth.

The main provocative to the handling of this dangerous instrument, is unquestionably an overwhelming love of the marvellous. This sentiment carries everything before it—all considerations sink before that of telling a story abounding in wonderful adventure; hence every distinguished shooter with the longbow, must be endowed with considerable powers of imagination to aid in the embellishment of stories which have the misfortune to be deficient in interest, as the true version runs, or to invent something worthy of narration where a basis of veracity is altogether wanting.

One of the most expert handlers of the longbow whom we ever knew, or happened to be on intimate terms with, was a gentleman, who, from his ability in story-telling, might have outshone Baron Munchausen himself, had he chosen to write and publish his manifold and wondrous adventures. Smithers was the name of this facetious being—Jack Smithers; but he was usually and better known by the professional appellation of Captain Smithers—a title he derived from having, for a few weeks, served as an ensign in a local militia corps. Fortunately for the development of the captain's latent talent, he had spent a short time in India, to which country he had gone in order to sell off and receive the produce of some property left him there by an uncle who died in the Company's service. The proceeds of the bequeathed property yielded him a decent little competency, on which he lived comfortably—that is to say, like Captain Clutterbuck, he could enjoy a clean shirt and a guinea twice a week—in his native village, on the banks of the Clyde, till the day of his death. It is impossible to say how our friend the captain should have got on without the trip to India. It was the great event in his life. There was no end to the accounts of what he had seen there, what he had done, what remarkable things had taken place in the voyages to and fro. And what a

glorious groundwork was this for battles, fighting, hunting, sailing, shipwrecking, and a thousand incidental circumstances therewith connected. We question if, without that voyage, Jack would ever have attained to the high supremacy in his *art*, which he really did reach. Not that his inventive powers were of so poor a stamp as to require any foreign assistance, either from land or sea, we shall by and by shew that his own country was a fertile enough subject for him; but his peregrinations gave him an unknown land—unknown at least to his fellow-villagers—to which he could at once retreat on the slightest appearance of emulation; and with this *purchase*, as they say in mechanics, he could speedily overthrow all rivalry. It is impossible to give any idea of the gratification with which he was listened to, when, warming with the exercise of his profession—he never did any other thing but fib from morning till night, therefore the word is applicable—he passed from story to story, each better than the other, and all delivered in an inimitable intonation of speech, which, though at first assumed, had at last grown to be his natural mode of talk.

We recollect one day hearing a gentleman mention in our friend's presence the fact recorded by Bruce regarding the raw-meat meals of the Abyssinians. 'Quite true, sir,' said the captain; 'quite true, sir, I have no doubt. Raw meat, sir, is not so difficult to eat as you imagine. I once thought as you do, but I was accidentally cured of my aversion to raw meat, sir, though I don't pretend to say that I like it as well as I do cooked meat *yet*. I shall tell you how it happened, sir. When I was shipwrecked off the African coast'—a shipwreck of course quite imaginary—'I got off from the ship upon a plank, sir, and was separated from the rest of the crew. For two nights and two days I was tossed about on the seas, no land in sight, and a confounded host of sharks swimming about me, whom I had often to knock on the head with my stick, sir, before I could drive them off—this very stick, by the by, now in my hand, which

I saved with me'—we knew the copse where he had cut it not a month before!—'Well, the weather was fine, but you may be sure I was getting hungry and tired, when on the third night, sir, something struck so smartly against my plank, as almost to shake me off: "Hollo! who's there?" cried I. "Jack Smithers, is that you?" was the reply; and who was this, do you think, but our captain, who had been tossing about, since the ship went to pieces, on a plank like myself. "Glad to see you, captain," said I; "any provisions with you?" "Nothing," said he, "but a piece of raw pork, which was all that the ship's ridiculous haste to go down gave me time to pocket." Well, sir, we tied our planks together, and the captain produced his pork. I never could bear pork boiled or roasted before that, sir; but so delicious was that morsel, that from that day till this I have been always fond, sir, of raw pork!' Here the narrator produced the *very* knife which cut the flesh, according to his adroit plan of giving an air of veracity to his stories, by some little natural touch of the kind. And so was our hero cured of his unreasonable aversion to raw meat.

The captain had a way of catching salmon, which it would be very difficult to imitate, and indeed, we do not exactly recollect whether he himself ever practised it more than once:—'I was once riding homewards on a very dark and rainy night, and had to cross Earncliff hills, before reaching the side of the river, which I had to ford. I had often well-nigh lost my way, sir, on the hills, for I could not see a step before me; but when I found myself at fault, I just leaped from my horse and caught a sheep, when I knew at once, by the mark, on which of my neighbours' farms I was'—he could not see the road, but he saw the sheep-mark! but, to be sure, it was all in his eye—'so, sir, I found my way at last to the side of the river, when to my surprise I found it greatly swollen above its usual size. Well, I was resolved to be at home that night, so I made my horse take to the water, knowing him to be a good swimmer.

I had not got to the middle of the current, sir, when it carried me off the horse's back, and was in a fair way of carrying him down. So, sir, I took his bridle in my teeth, struck boldly out with my arms, and after being carried down for nearly a mile, I brought the horse and myself safely out. And what do you think, sir! On mounting again, I felt something give me several smart jerks on the side, and, on putting my hand into my pocket, got a confounded fright by something biting my hand. It turned out to be a salmon, sir; a twenty-pound salmon! Here is the mark of the bite, quite visible till this day!'

We begin to fear lest our readers should think these fibs so 'gross, open, and palpable,' that it is impossible they can ever have been uttered by any one out of bedlam, much less by a person moving in a decent place in society. So far, however, from being chargeable with overstepping nature in our portraiture, we are actually keeping in the background some of Jack Smithers' higher flights of invention, and presenting only such minor ones as distinguished his everyday talk. If such be our fears respecting the stories already told, how can we expect the reader to believe that what follows ever fell from human lips—even though we solemnly declare ourselves to have been an ear-witness? Talking one day to Jack of diseases, 'My good sir,' said he, 'that is nothing to what happened to myself when I was in India. I was attacked, sir, with an extraordinary disease of the country, which first seized on my toes, then proceeded to my knees, and from them to my stomach, causing me a great deal of pain. From the stomach it flew to my eyes, and injured them so much as to loosen them from their sockets; so that, one day as I was sitting in my hotel, you may conceive my astonishment on seeing them fall out and drop at my feet! The doctors have told me since, sir, that it was fortunate that I picked them up immediately, and put them in again, else I might have lost them altogether!' Had Jack told us this at an earlier period of our acquaintance,

we don't know what we should have said; but we had grown familiar by this time with his way, and only said, very gravely: 'It was fortunate, too, that you put them into their right places, Jack, or you might have contracted a squint! But, captain, how did you see to pick them up?' 'Oh! groped, sir, groped!' returned he coolly.

The captain adopted the ingenious but now hackneyed mode of bringing in his customary stories, when nobody was thinking of them, as—'Hark! did you hear a gun? Talking of guns, I am put in remembrance of a story which will make you laugh'—and so on he went. By an expedient of this nature, he one day introduced a most extraordinary instance of the repulsive power of caloric. 'You talk of nature,' said he; 'nobody knows what wonderful powers there are in nature but those who have travelled in distant countries. You must know,' he continued, 'when I was in India, I went upon an expedition up the country, travelling on the back of an elephant, with many others in company. One of the finest sights I saw on the journey was a burning mountain, a regular volcano, in complete action—torrents of burning lava pouring down its sides like a flaming river. We thought we had been safe from the fire, but all at once the lava made a rush towards us. To flee was impossible—the elephants took to flight, and rushed into the midst of the burning torrent. We thought we should have been all consumed in an instant; but, wonderful to tell, such was the intensity of the heat, or, to speak scientifically, such the repulsive energy of the caloric, that it absolutely bore up the whole squad of elephants—away they went roaring across the red-hot lava, borne up about a foot above its surface by a pure atmosphere of heat! The thing was perfectly surprising. The doctor belonging to the company was so much struck with it, as a curious scientific fact, that, on returning to Calcutta, he wrote an account of it to the Philosophical Society. You may see it in the fourteenth volume of their *Transactions*.'

This imaginative drollery of Smithers is matched in

inventiveness by certain stories told by a character who figures in a modern novel called the *Naval Officer*, and who also is entitled the captain:—'Talking of broiling steaks,' so goes the quotation, 'when I was in Egypt, we used to broil our beef-steaks on the rocks—no occasion for fire—thermometer at 200 degrees—hot as a furnace! I have seen four thousand men at a time cooking for the whole army as much as twenty or thirty thousand pounds of steaks, all hissing and frying at a time—just about noon of course, you know—not a spark of fire! Some of the soldiers who were brought up as glass-blowers at Leith, declared they never saw such heat. I used to go to leeward of them for a whiff, and think of Old England. Ay! that's the country after all, where a man may think and say what he pleases. But that sort of work did not last long, as you may suppose; their eyes were all fried out in three or four weeks! I had been ill in my bed, for I was attached to the 72d Regiment, seventeen hundred strong. I had a party of seamen with me; but the ophthalmia made such ravages, that the whole regiment, colonel and all, went stone-blind—all except one corporal. You may stare, gentlemen, but it's very true. Well, this corporal had a precious time of it; he was obliged to lead out the whole regiment to water; he led the way, and two or three took hold of the skirts of his jacket on each side; the skirts of these were seized again by as many more; and double the number to the last, and so all held on by one another, till they all had a drink at the well; and, most unfortunately, there was but one well among us all—so this corporal used to water the regiment just as a groom waters his horses; and all spreading out, you know, just like the tail of a peacock.'—'Of which the corporal was the rump!' interrupted the doctor. The captain looked grave. 'You found it warm in that country?' 'Warm!' exclaimed the captain; 'what do you think of nineteen of my men being killed by the concentrated rays of light falling on the sentinels' bright muskets, and setting fire to the powder! I commanded a mortar

battery at Acre, and I did the French desperate mischief with the shells. I used to pitch in among them when they had sat down to dinner. But how do you think the scoundrels weathered me at last? They trained a parcel of poodle-dogs to watch the shells when they fell, and then to run and pull the fusees out with their teeth! Did you ever hear of such villains? By this means they saved hundreds of men, and only lost half a dozen of dogs.' . . . . 'Capital salmon this,' said the captain; 'where does the billet get it from? By the by, talking of that, did you ever hear of the pickled salmon in Scotland?' We all replied in the affirmative. 'Oh, you don't take it. Hang it, I don't mean dead pickled salmon; I mean live pickled salmon, swimming about in tanks, as merry as grigs, and as hungry as rats.' We all expressed our astonishment at this, and declared we never heard of it before. 'I thought not,' said he, 'for it's only lately they have been introduced in this country by a particular friend of mine. Dr Mac—— I cannot now remember his horrid jaw-breaking Scotch name; he was a great chemist and geologist, and all that sort of thing—a clever fellow, I can tell you, though you may laugh. Well, this fellow, sir, took nature by the heels, and capsized her, as we say. What does he do, but he catches salmon, and puts them into tanks, and every day added more and more salt, till the water was as thick as gruel, and the fish could hardly wag their tails in it. Then he threw in whole peppercorns, half-a-dozen pounds at a time, till there was enough. Then he began to dilute with vinegar until his pickle was complete. The fish did not half like it at first, but habit is everything; and when he shewed me his tank, they were swimming about as merry as a shoal of dace; he fed them with fennel, chopped small, and black peppercorns. "Come, doctor," says I, "I trust no man upon tick; if I don't taste, I wont believe my own eyes, though I can believe my tongue." (We looked at each other.) "That you shall do in a minute," says he; so he whipped one of them out with a landing-net, and

when I stuck my knife into him, the pickle ran out of his body like wine out of a claret bottle, and I ate at least two pounds of the rascal while he flapped his tail in my face! I never tasted such salmon as that. Worth your while to go to Scotland, if it's only for the sake of eating live pickled salmon. I'll give you a letter, any of you, to my friend. He'll be glad to see you; and then you may convince yourselves. Take my word for it, if once you eat salmon that way, you will never eat it any other.'

We have left ourselves little space for any serious remarks on the subject of fibbing, but we believe that scarcely any grave reflections will be necessary. The utterly contemptible nature of the practice is too apparent to require any exposition, and we hope that the seemingly light manner in which we have talked of it will not make our true purpose or sentiments be mistaken. If there be any one unfortunate enough to have begun the practice of exaggeration, let him think of Jack Smithers, and stop in time; let him think of an amiable, generous man, for such the captain really was, made the scorn and laughing-stock of all who knew him, by a habit begun in youth, and continued until it became the one ruling passion of his nature, and threw all his better qualities into the shade.

DISCHARGING OF A SWISS LAKE.

In the Swiss canton of Unterwalden, lies a lake called the Lungern-sec, about three miles long and a quarter broad, girt on all sides but one by steep and lofty mountains, which seem to ascend in most places from the water's edge. At the end not bounded by mountains, the lake is hemmed in by a ridge of land of considerable thickness, called the Kaiserstuhl, over which the superfluous waters flow precipitously, with a fall of more than 700 feet, to

the plain of Gieswyl, and there form the river Aa. When, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the village population began to outgrow its means of support, the elders turned their eyes to the space engrossed by the lake, and, remembering how their neighbours of Gieswyl had, in times past, obtained a large extent of land from the waters that covered it, bethought them how much might be added to their little territory, if the bed of the lake could be reduced to a smaller compass, by piercing the barrier at its northern end. On the 16th of November 1788, the subject was discussed in a meeting of the community. They calculated that, since the greater part of the lake was not more than 100 feet in depth, a conduit opened at a point 120 feet below its surface-level, would reclaim above 500 acres of land. This would be a most valuable acquisition. The attempt was determined upon, although as yet no one knew in what manner it could be executed; and one and all, after the old Swiss fashion, bound themselves to its accomplishment.

Their next step was to seek the advice of some one versed in mining operations. At that time, lead-mines were at work in the Valley of Lauterbrunn; and the director of these, Herr Degeler, was brought over to survey and measure the site, and fix the plan of their undertaking. On examination of the ground, he recommended that a shaft should be driven from a point near the bed of the Aa, through the steepest face of the Kaiserstuhl, slightly inclining upwards, until it reached the waters of the lake. He was questioned as to the details and practicability of the event, with a minuteness and forethought remarkable in simple herdsmen; especially respecting the damage which any sudden outlet of the waters might cause to the plain below. He reported favourably of the scheme, the cost of which he estimated at a sum much less than the value of the land to be reclaimed, and strongly advised the villagers to attempt the work. Thus encouraged, they proceeded to settle the contribution, in money or labour, to be rendered by each inhabitant. Four miners from Lauter-

brunn were then hired, to direct in alternate gangs the progress of the workmen; and they began to open the shaft in November 1790.

For eight years the task was steadily pursued. The great hardness of the limestone-rock made the advance slow and difficult; by this time, however, a gallery or tunnel six feet high and five feet wide had been driven for a distance of 700 feet through the mass of the Kaiserstuhl ridge towards the bed of the lake. Embarrassments of different kinds now stopped the furtherance of the project; and, for a short period, the military invasion of the country directed attention to more important pursuits. For about thirty years the work stood still. At length, in 1831–2, the design was renewed in earnest, and money advanced by a wealthy individual towards its completion. The excavation of the tunnel was pushed forward until the autumn of 1834, at which time it was calculated to have arrived within a short distance from the basin. It therefore became necessary to proceed with greater caution, lest the water, rushing through some fault in the rock, should overwhelm the miners; and the boring-tool was employed to examine the ground before them, in the following manner: a horizontal hole of eighteen to twenty feet long, was driven in the direction of the lake, and, finding no water, the blasting was resumed; care being taken to leave a thickness of twelve feet untouched, until the process of boring had been again employed. As they advanced further, the trial was made by piercing upwards for twelve feet, after which the remaining half of the distance, left in a horizontal direction, was excavated. In this manner, alternately piercing and blasting, the miners continued their toil, which every day became more difficult. The want of pure air, the outburst of crevice-water, and the excessive hardness of the rock, alternately impeded their progress. On the 1st April 1835, the shaft having then been extended, under the engineer Sulzberger's direction, seventy-two feet, the trial with the boring-rod discovered friable stone; and when the iron was struck, an unusually

clear vibration followed. As the water was known to be near, the necessary precautions were adopted; and, on the 14th, a rod twelve feet long was driven into the basin. At first, half-fluid clay only flowed through the aperture; a few moments afterwards, clear water rushed out with such force, owing to the superincumbent pressure, that it burst through every crevice of the safety-shield, in jets thirty feet long. When it became known in the village, that the long-expected event had at length taken place, without accident to the miners, for whose safety great anxiety had been felt, the delight of the people was boundless.

The next chief step was to excavate a hollow upwards from the termination of the tunnel, and into this chamber was placed a barrel containing a bag with 950 pounds of gunpowder. The barrel was raised as high as possible by rough building, and from it a tube, containing gunpowder, was led into the tunnel, where it might be ignited by a match. It was calculated that the springing of this mine would effectually open a channel for the water of the lake.

On the day following the completion of these operations, January 6, 1836, the villagers were assembled at an early hour, in breathless expectation of the event. The intensity of their interest in the fate of an enterprise pursued for nearly fifty years, and so important to their humble fortunes, may be readily conceived. Before the mine was ordered to be sprung, Sulzberger, accompanied by many of his scientific friends, once more visited the shaft, from which all the rubbish and loose timber had been already removed; and was encouraged by the discovery, that the fusee remained dry, even on its under side. The concerted signal was now given, by mortars fired from the Kaiserstuhl, to the dwellers in the plain below, as a warning to be prepared for the coming of the waters. A cannon, on the Landenburg over Sarnen, took up the signal, and continued the alarm through Obwalden, as *far as the Lake* of the Four Cantons.

The spectators having crowded to the heights which

overlooked the northern end of the lake, now covered with ice, a resolute miner, Andreas Spire, of Lugnitz, in the Grisons, carried the match into the shaft, and, cutting off the end of the fusee, which he then covered with loose powder, attached to it the match, calculated to burn for fifteen minutes, so as to allow time for his escape. As soon as it was kindled, he hastened along the gallery, accompanied by a companion who carried the lantern. On his reappearance at the mouth of the tunnel, a pistol-shot announced his return to the anxious multitude.

The excitement had now reached its highest point; in eight minutes all was to be decided. They passed, and nothing was heard; at the eleventh, when all had begun to despair of success, two dull reports, immediately succeeding each other, were heard from beneath; but the earth was not perceived to tremble, nor was any change observed in the frozen surface of the lake. For a moment, the consternation was universal. No one doubted that the explosion had failed. At once a rejoicing shout from below announced its success. Old and young rushed tumultuously down to the mouth of the shaft, from which a black torrent of mud, driving before it a cloud of smoke, burst forth with raging violence.

This triumphant issue of a bold enterprise was in itself highly exciting; but it was still more moving and beautiful to witness the emotion of the simple-minded peasants, whom it raised to the summit of happiness. They congratulated each other with looks and gestures—their hearts were too full for words. They remained until sunset, gazing at the wild outbreak of the waters. The rest of the day was devoted to feasting and exultation; amidst which the heartfelt gratitude expressed by the villagers to Sulzberger, and the others who had shared the labour of the preceding days, was absolutely affecting. On visiting the tunnel the day after, the joyful spectators found the scene already changed. From the mouth of *the shaft the stream* now flowed, as clear as crystal, down *the deepened bed* of the Aa, towards the plain of Gieswyl.

The rocks on every side were covered with the most fantastic and beautiful frost-work, formed by the frozen mist arising from the spray of the torrent. The lake had already fallen three feet; and the plain of Gieswyl was once more, after an interval of 100 years, covered with water. The sluices at the tunnel's mouth were therefore reduced from twelve to seven and a half feet of aperture, and the discharge became more gradual. By the 15th of January, the surface of the lake had sunk fourteen feet, and a considerable space of land left bare.

By the 25th of February, the lake had fallen to the level of the tunnel's mouth; and the promised land appeared—a large space of black mud, covered with the trunks of float-timber, and visited by swarms of crows, feeding on the insects and worms on its surface. Some years must yet elapse before the ground can become valuable for agricultural purposes; the greater part consisting of unfruitful sand and clay. The villagers have, however, already begun to cultivate it here and there; and some promising crops of potatoes might have been seen last June in places formerly many feet below the surface of the lake.

The entire expense of the work, from its commencement in 1790 to the present year, amounted in money-payments to 51,826 francs (Swiss), or about L.5000 sterling; and in voluntary labour, not reckoned in this sum, to 19,000 days-work—an immense expenditure to be raised by a small and poor community. It is to be hoped that it will be repaid by the produce of such remarkable and praiseworthy exertions.

The above is an abridgment of an article in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* for May 1837, the details of which, the writer mentions, are from a work published at Zurich, in Switzerland.

PAUL CUFFEE.

It is with much pleasure that we introduce to our readers a sketch of the history of Paul Cuffee, a negro not unworthy to be classed with Jenkins, Lott Cary, and Phillis Wheatley, all persons of colour remarkable for their intellectual acquirements. In the present sketch, it is not our intention to represent the black as possessed of a native equality of intellect with the white, and that education and other circumstances operate all the difference which is observable between them. This is a proposition, we believe, of too ambitious and extreme a character to be sustained, however pleasing it may be to the philanthropist. A much more moderate proposition seems to be the one which approaches nearest to the truth; and this is, that while, in the mass, the coloured races are far behind the whites, such examples of intellect and virtue as are seen in Cary and Jenkins, prove that there is no absolute difference in specific character between the black and white races, and lead us to hope that the former, by cultivation through successive generations, may reach the same point to which the latter have attained. This slow mode of advance, generation by generation, is shewn, indeed, by the history of civilisation among the white races, to be the universal law of social progress. Ages have been required to make the white race what it now is, and the improvement of the African mind must in like manner be the work of ages, and of ages, too, judiciously employed.

With this explanation of our views, we turn to Paul Cuffee, who presents us with an example of great energy of mind in the more common affairs of life, as Cary and Wheatley exhibited the finer and higher degrees of intellectual endowment. The father of Paul was a native of Africa, from which country he was brought as a slave to Boston, in North America. Here he remained in

slavery for a considerable portion of his life, but finally, by industry and economy, he amassed a sum which enabled him to purchase his personal liberty. About the same period, he married a woman of Indian descent; and continuing his habits of industry and frugality, he soon found himself rich enough to purchase a farm of a hundred acres at Westport, in Massachusetts. Here a family of ten children was born to him, four sons and six daughters, all of whom received a little education, and were ultimately established in respectable situations in life. Paul, the fourth son, was born in the year 1759. When he was about fourteen years of age, his father died, leaving a considerable property in land, but which, being at that time comparatively unproductive, afforded only a very moderate provision for the large family which depended on it for subsistence. After assisting his brothers for a time in the management of this property, Paul began to see that commerce then held out higher prospects to industry than agriculture; and being conscious, perhaps, that he possessed qualities which, under proper culture, would enable him to pursue commercial employments with success, he resolved to betake himself to the sea. A whaling-voyage was his first adventure in the capacity of a mariner, and on his return from this, he made a trip to the West Indies, acting on both occasions as a 'common man at the mast.' His third voyage occurred in the year 1776, at which period Britain was at war with America. Paul and his companions were taken prisoners by the British, and detained for about three months at New York. On being liberated, Paul returned to Westport, where he resided for several succeeding years, assisting his brothers in their agricultural pursuits.

We have now to mention a circumstance most honourable to Paul Cuffee. The free negro population of Massachusetts was at that period excluded from all participation in the rights of citizenship, though bearing a full share of every state burden. Paul, though not yet twenty years of age, felt deeply the injustice done to himself and his race, and resolved to make an effort to obtain

for them the rights which were their due. Assisted by his brothers, he drew up and presented a respectful petition on the subject to the state legislature. In spite of the prejudices of the times, the propriety and justice of the petition was perceived by a majority of the legislative body, and an act was passed, granting to the free negroes all the privileges of white citizens. This enactment was not only important as far as regarded the state of Massachusetts; the example was followed, at different periods, by others of the united provinces, and thus did the exertions of Paul Cuffee and his brothers influence permanently the welfare of the whole coloured population of North America.

After accomplishing this great work, our hero's enterprising spirit directed itself to objects of a more personal character. In his twentieth year, he laid before his brother David a plan for opening a commercial intercourse with the state of Connecticut. His brother was pleased with the scheme; an open boat, which was all that their means could accomplish, was built, and the adventurers proceeded to sea. Here David Cuffee found himself for the first time exposed to the perils of the ocean, and the hazard of the predatory warfare which was carried on by the private refugees on the coast. His courage sank ere he had proceeded many leagues, and he resolved to return. This was a bitter disappointment to the intrepid Paul, but he was affectionate, and gave up the enterprise at his elder brother's desire. After labouring diligently for some time afterwards in the fields, at the family farm, Paul collected sufficient means to try the scheme again on his own account. He went to sea, and lost all the little treasure which by the sweat of his brow he had gathered. Not discouraged by this misfortune, he returned to his farm-labours only to revolve his plans anew. As he could not now purchase what he wanted, he set to work, and with his own hands constructed a boat, complete from keel to gunwale. This vessel was without a deck, but his whaling experience had made him an adept in the management of such a bark. Having launched it

into the ocean, he steered for the Elizabeth Isles, with the view of consulting one of his brothers, who resided there, upon his future plans. Alas, poor Paul!—he was met by a party of pirates, who deprived him of his boat and all its contents. He returned once more to Westport in a penniless condition.

Ardent, indeed, must the spirit have been which such repeated calamities did not shake. Again did our young adventurer prevail on his brother David to assist him in building a boat. This being accomplished, the respectability of Paul Cuffee's character, and his reputation for unflinching energy, procured him sufficient credit to enable him to purchase a small cargo. With this he went to sea, and after a narrow escape from the refugee pirates, disposed of his cargo at the island of Nantucket, and returned to Westport in safety. A second voyage to the same quarter was less fortunate: he fell into the hands of the pirates, who deprived him of everything but his boat. Paul's inflexible firmness of mind did not yet desert him; he undertook another voyage in his open boat, with a small cargo, and was successful in reaching Nantucket. He there disposed of his goods to advantage, and returned in safety to Westport.

Hitherto we have not alluded to the condition of Paul Cuffee, as far as regarded mental culture. In truth, up almost to manhood, he can scarcely be said to have received any education whatever, beyond the acquirement of the English alphabet. Ere he was twenty-five years of age, however, he had obviated this disadvantage by his assiduity, and had taught himself writing and arithmetic. He had also applied to the study of navigation, and had mastered it so far as to render himself capable of engaging in nautical and commercial undertakings to any extent.

The profits of the voyage already alluded to, put Paul in possession of a covered boat, of about twelve tons burden, with which he made many voyages to the Connecticut coasts. In these he was so successful, that he thought himself justified in undertaking the cares of a family, and married a female descendant of the same

tribe of Indians to which his mother belonged. For some years after this event, he attended chiefly to agricultural concerns, but the increase of his family induced him to embark anew in commercial plans. He arranged his affairs for a new expedition, and hired a small house on Westport river, to which he removed with his wife and children. Here, with a boat of eighteen tons, he engaged in the cod-fishing, and was so successful, that he was enabled in a short time to build a vessel of forty-two tons, which he navigated with the assistance of his nephews, several of whom had devoted themselves to the sea-service.

Paul Cuffee was now the most influential person in a thriving fishing community, which depended chiefly on his enterprise and voyages for employment and support. How deeply he interested himself in the welfare of those around him, may be estimated from the following circumstance:—Having felt in his own person the want of a proper education, he called the inhabitants of his village to a meeting, and proposed to them the establishment of a school. Finding some disputes and delays to start up in the way, Paul took the matter into his own hands, built a school-house on his own ground at his own expense, and threw it open to the public. This enlightened and philanthropic conduct on the part of a coloured person, the offspring of a slave, may serve as a lesson to rulers and legislators of far higher pretensions. Though the range of his influence was limited, the intention of the act was not less meritorious than if it had extended over an empire.

About this time, Paul proceeded on a whaling-voyage to the Strait of Belleisle, where he found four other vessels much better equipped than his own. For this reason, the masters of these vessels withdrew from the customary practice on such occasions, and refused to mate with Paul's crew, which consisted of only ten hands. This disagreement was afterwards made up, but it had the effect of rousing the ardour of Cuffee and his men to such a pitch, that out of seven whales killed in that season, two

fell by Paul's own hands, and four by those of his crew. Returning home heavily freighted with oil and bone, our hero then went to Philadelphia to dispose of his cargo, and with the proceeds purchased materials for building a schooner of sixty or seventy tons. In 1795, when he was about thirty-six years of age, Paul had the pleasure of seeing his new vessel launched at Westport. The *Ranger* was the name given to the schooner, which was of sixty-nine tons burden. By selling his two other boats, Paul was enabled to put a cargo worth 2000 dollars on board of the *Ranger;* and having heard that a load of Indian corn might be procured at a low rate on the eastern shore of Maryland, he accordingly directed his course thither. It may give the reader some idea of the low estimation in which the African race were held, and of the energy required to rise above the crushing weight of prejudice, when we inform the reader, that, on the arrival of Paul at Vienna, in Nanticoke Bay, the inhabitants were filled with astonishment and even alarm; a vessel owned and commanded by a black man, and manned with a crew of the same colour, was unprecedented and surprising. The fear of a revolt on the part of their slaves was excited among the inhabitants of Vienna, and an attempt was made to prevent Paul from entering the harbour. The prudence and firmness of the negro captain overcame this difficulty, and converted dislike into kindness and esteem. He sold his cargo, received in lieu of it 3000 bushels of Indian corn, which he conveyed to Westport, where it was in great demand, and yielded our hero a clear profit of 1000 dollars. He made many subsequent voyages to the same quarter, and always with similar success.

Paul Cuffee was now one of the wealthiest and most respectable men of the district in which he lived, and all his relations partook of his good fortune. He had purchased some valuable landed property, in the neighbourhood where his family had been brought up, and placed it under the care of one of his brothers. He built a brig, likewise, of 162 tons, which was put under the command of a nephew. As may be supposed, he had in

the meantime fitted himself, also, with a vessel suited to his increasing means. In 1806, the brig *Traveller*, of 109 tons, and the ship *Alpha*, of 268 tons, were built at Westport, and of these he was the principal owner. He commanded the *Alpha* himself, and the others also were engaged in the extensive business which he carried on at Westport.

The scheme of forming colonies of free blacks, from America and other quarters, on the coast of their native Africa, excited the deepest interest in Paul Cuffee, whose heart had always grieved for the degraded state of his race. Anxious to contribute to the success of this great purpose, he resolved to visit in person the African coast, and satisfy himself respecting the state of the country, and other points. This he accomplished in 1811, in the brig *Traveller*, with which he reached Sierra Leone after a two months' passage. While he was there, the British African Institution, hearing of his benevolent designs, applied for and obtained a licence, which induced Paul to come to Britain with a cargo of African produce. He left his nephew, however, behind him at Sierra Leone, to prosecute his disinterested views, and brought away a native youth, in order to educate him, and render him fit to educate others, on being restored to the place of his birth.

On arriving at Liverpool with his brig, navigated by eight men of colour and a boy, Paul Cuffee soon gained the esteem of all with whom he held intercourse. He visited London twice, the second visit being made at the request of the members of the African Institution, who were desirous of consulting with him as to the best means of carrying their benevolent views respecting Africa into effect. This excellent and enterprising man shortly after returned to America, to pass the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and to do good to all around him, with the ample means which his industry had acquired. Whether he is yet alive, it is not in our power to say; his family, at least, we know, are still engaged in the commercial pursuits in which he led the way.

The following description is appended to a notice of him which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* at the time of his visit to Britain, and to which we have been indebted for the materials of the present article:—'A sound understanding, united with indomitable energy and perseverance, are the prominent features of Paul Cuffee's character. Born under peculiar disadvantages, deprived of the benefits of early education, and his meridian spent in toil and vicissitudes, he has struggled under disadvantages which have seldom occurred in the career of any individual. Yet under the pressure of these difficulties, he seems to have fostered dispositions of mind which qualify him for any station of life to which he may be introduced. His person is tall, well formed, and athletic; his deportment conciliating, yet dignified and serious; his prudence, strengthened by parental care and example, no doubt guarded him in his youth, when exposed to the dissolute company which unavoidably attends a seafaring life; whilst religion, influencing his mind by its secret guidance in silent reflection, has, in advancing manhood, added to the brightness of his character, and instituted or confirmed his disposition to practical good. Latterly, he made application, and was received into membership with the respectable Society of Friends.'

STORY OF THE SLOOP PEGGY.

On the 27th of August 1765, the sloop *Peggy* sailed from New York, bound for Fayal, one of the Azore islands in the Atlantic Ocean. The crew consisted of David Harrison, commander, a mate, and five seamen; and the cargo was composed of lumber, pipe-staves, bees-wax, fish, and a negro slave. The vessel arrived in safety at the place of its destination; and on the 24th of the following October departed, on its return for New York, with a

cargo of wine, brandy, and some other commodities; also the negro, who remained unsold. For four or five days after their departure from Fayal, the master and crew of the *Peggy* experienced fine weather and pleasant gales, and they expected to make a more than usually quick passage homeward; but all hope of this kind soon proved to be fallacious. A dreadful storm began to blow; the greater part of the sails were carried away by the hurricane, and in this dismantled condition the vessel could make very little headway. To aggravate the calamity, the vessel shewed symptoms of having sprung a leak, and the water in the hold had to be removed by pumping.

For an entire month, until the 1st of December, the crew of the *Peggy* did their best to keep the vessel on its course; but at the end of that time they had made little progress; and now a new and still more dreadful calamity presented itself. The time already spent on the voyage had consumed the stock of provisions on board, excepting bread and water, of which a small quantity only was left. The cargo of wine and brandy also remained, but these could be of little benefit, from the want of substantial food on board. In this distressing state of affairs, they came to a daily allowance of a quarter of a pound of bread, with a quart of water and a pint of wine, for each man. Every day from the 1st of December, their condition grew worse. The ship was now become very leaky, the waves were swelled into huge rough billows by the storm, and the thunder rolled almost incessantly over their heads, in those loud peals which are common to hurricanes within the tropics. In this frightful conjuncture, either of sinking with the wreck or floating on it till they perished of hunger, they fell in with two vessels, but, to their unspeakable distress, the weather was so bad that there could be no communication between the ships; they, therefore, with sensations probably more bitter than death itself, saw the vessels that would willingly have relieved them gradually disappear on the distant and tempestuous horizon.

It was now thought necessary that the allowance of bread and water to each man, however scanty, should be further contracted. All consented to a regulation of which all saw the necessity, and the allowance was lessened by degrees till every morsel of food was exhausted, and only about two gallons of dirty water remained in the bottom of a cask. Both from respect for the captain, and from his being in a state of severe illness, the dregs of the water were abandoned to him in his cabin, where he lay in a species of rheumatic fever. The remainder of the persons on board, seven in number including the negro, had now no other means of sustenance than the wine and brandy in the hold. These they consequently seized upon, and in their desperation drank of both till the frenzy of hunger was increased by drunkenness, and exclamations of distress were blended with impious howls and imprecations. In the midst of these horrors, this complication of want and excess, of distraction and despair, they espied another sail. Every eye was instantly turned towards it, and immovably fixed upon it; every one broke out into ecstasies of joy and devotion. Devotion among such people, and in such circumstances, naturally deviated into superstition; some of the company observed that it was Christmas-day, and seemed to think that the season had an influence on their approaching deliverance, and was appropriated to their temporal as well as spiritual salvation. A proper signal of distress was hung out, and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, they had the unspeakable satisfaction of being near enough to the ship to communicate their situation. The captain of the strange ship promised them such relief as was in his power, which he said extended only to some bread, being himself contracted in every other article. This bread, however, he delayed with the most unpromising insensibility to bestow, upon pretence that he was making an observation which it was necessary to finish; the poor famished wretches, therefore, waited an hour in the most anxious suspense, yet in perfect confidence of supply; and Captain Harrison being quite exhausted with

hunger, fatigue, and infirmity, finding his eyes fail him, and having a severe rheumatism in his knees, went down to rest himself in the cabin. He expected every moment to hear that the promised biscuit was coming on board; but he had not waited a quarter of an hour before his people came running down with looks of unutterable despair, and told him, in accents scarcely intelligible, that the vessel was making away as fast as she could, without affording them even the little relief she had promised. At this terrible intelligence, the captain crawled upon deck, and found it was true. The wretch who commanded the vessel, had even crowded more sail than he had spread before, and in less than five hours was out of sight.

As long as the poor creatures whom he had deserted to distraction and famine could retain the least trace of him, they hung about the shrouds, and ran from one part of the ship to the other, with frantic gestures and ghastly looks, to collect more visible signs of distress; they pierced the air with their cries while they could yet be heard, and implored assistance with still louder lamentations, as the distance between them increased; but the vessel, under the direction of inexorable inhumanity, pursued its course, and no further notice was taken of their distress.

The crew, once more deserted, and cut off from their last hope, were still prompted, by an instinctive love of life, to preserve it as long as its preservation was possible. The only living creature on board the vessel besides themselves, were two pigeons and a cat. The pigeons were killed immediately, and divided among them for their Christmas-dinner. The next day they killed their cat; and as there were nine to partake of the repast, they divided her into nine parts, of which they disposed by lot.

It would naturally be supposed by those who have suffered only such distress as is common to man, that anxiety, terror, anguish, and indignation, all the passions that upon such a desertion could have contended in the

breast, would have taken away at least that appetite which makes food pleasing, even while nature was sinking for want of sustenance; yet Captain Harrison declares, that the head of this poor cat having fallen to his share, he never ate anything that he thought so delicious in his life.

The next day the people began to scrape the ship's bottom for barnacles, but the waves had beaten off most of those above water, and the men were too weak to hang long over the ship's side. During all this time the poor wretches were drunk, and a sense of their condition seemed to evaporate in execration and blasphemy. While they were continually heating wine in the steerage, the captain subsisted upon the dirty water at the bottom of the cask, half a pint of which, with a few drops of Turlington's balsam, was his whole subsistence for four-and-twenty hours. In this condition he waited for death, the approach of which, he says, he could have contemplated without much emotion, if it had not been for the difficulties in which he should have left his wife and children.

He still flattered himself, at intervals, with some random hope that another vessel might come within sight of them, and take them on board; but the time allotted for the experiment was apparently short, as well because they had nothing to eat, as because the ship was very leaky, and the men were too feeble, and, indeed, too drunk, to keep the water under, by working the pumps. They suffered another aggravation of their calamity, which will scarcely occur to any reader. As they had devoured every eatable on board, they had neither candle nor oil; and it being the depth of winter, when they had not perfect daylight eight hours in the four-and-twenty, they passed the other sixteen in total darkness, except the glimmering light of their fire. Still, however, by the help of their only sail, they made a little way; but on the 28th of December another storm overtook them, which blew this *only* sail into rags, and carried them all overboard. The vessel now lay quite like a wreck in the

water, and was wholly at the mercy of the winds and waves.

How they subsisted from this time till the 13th of January, sixteen days, does not appear. Their biscuit had been long exhausted; the last bit of meat which they tasted was their cat, on the 26th of December; all their candle-fat and oil were devoured before the 28th; and they could procure no barnacles from the ship's side; yet, on the 13th of January, they were all alive; and the mate, at the head of the people, came in the evening to the captain in his cabin, half drunk, indeed, but with sufficient sensibility to express the horror of their purpose in their countenances. They said they could hold out no longer; that their tobacco was exhausted; that they had eaten up all the leather belonging to the pump, and even the buttons from their jackets; and that now they had no means of preventing their perishing together, but casting lots which of them should die for the sustenance of the rest; they therefore hoped he would concur in the measure, and desired he would favour them with his determination immediately.

The captain, perceiving they were in liquor, endeavoured to soothe them from their purpose as well as he could; desired they would endeavour to get some sleep; and said, that if Providence did not interpose in their favour, he would consult further on the subject the next morning.

This mild attempt to divert them from their design only rendered them outrageous; and they swore, with execrations of peculiar horror, that what was to be done, must be done immediately; that it was indifferent to them whether he acquiesced or dissented; and that, though they had paid him the compliment of acquainting him with their resolution, they would compel him to take his chance with the rest; for general misfortune, they said, put an end to personal distinction.

The captain not being in a condition to resist, told them they must do as they pleased, but that he would on no account give orders for the death of the person on whom the lot might fall, nor partake of so horrid a repast.

Upon this they left him abruptly, and went into the steerage; but in a few minutes came back, and told him that they had taken a chance for their lives, and that the lot had fallen on the negro, who was part of the cargo.

The little time taken to cast the lot, and the private manner of conducting the decision, gave the captain strong suspicions that they had not dealt fairly by the victim. The poor fellow, however, knowing what had been determined against him, and seeing one of the crew loading a pistol to despatch him, ran to the captain, begging that he would endeavour to save his life. But the captain could only regret his want of power to protect him; and he saw him the next moment dragged into the steerage, where he was almost immediately shot through the head.

Having made a large fire, they began to cut him up almost as soon as he was dead. One of the ringleaders, whose name was James Campbell, being ravenously impatient for food, tore the liver out of the body, and devoured it raw, notwithstanding the fire at his hand, where it might have been dressed in a few minutes. They continued busy the principal part of the night with their horrid feast, and did not retire till two in the morning.

About eight o'clock the next day, the mate went to the captain, to ask his orders about pickling the body. This, the captain says, he considered as an instance of great brutality, and was so much shocked at it, that he took up a pistol, and declared, in his turn, that he would send his mate after the negro, if he did not retire. It is to be regretted that he did not make the same effort to save the poor fellow's life, that he did to prevent pickling his body. The best thing he could have done when he was dead, was to give such orders as might make the food, that was so dearly obtained, go as far as possible, that it might be *longer before* they were again urged by the same horrid *necessity to* commit another murder, and pickling the *body seems to* be the best thing that could have been

done with that view. As the captain, however, would not give his advice, the crew took care of their provisions without it; and having all consulted together, they cut the body into small pieces, and pickled it, after throwing the head and fingers overboard, by common consent.

How the captain subsisted all this time, from the 25th of December till the 17th of January, does not appear; but as it is certain that total abstinence would have killed him in much less time, we must suppose the dirty water and drops kept him alive.

On the third day after the death of the negro, Campbell, the midshipman, who had devoured his liver raw, died raving mad. This the crew imputed to his impatient voracity; and as their hunger was now kept under, and they had still some food in store, they were more under the government of reason, and more impressed by the apprehension of danger yet nearer than that of perishing for want of food. Dreading, therefore, the consequence of eating Campbell's body, they, with reluctance, threw it overboard.

On the next day, the 17th of January, as they were preparing their dinner, by frying or boiling some of the body, they said of the captain: 'Well, though he would not consent to our having any meat, let us give him some;' and immediately one of them came into the cabin, and offered him a steak. This offer he rejected with resentment and menaces, which certainly it did not deserve; for they offered him nothing but what they thought necessity justified the acceptance of, as the only condition of life. If he had rejected the offer with grief and abhorrence, the passion would have suited the occasion. The food, he says, he held in horror; but he honestly confesses, that sickness had then taken away his desire to eat, and that, therefore, there was not much merit in his abstinence.

As the negro's carcass was husbanded with severe economy, it lasted the crew, now consisting of six persons, *from the 13th till* the 26th of January, when they were *again reduced to total* abstinence except their wine; this

they endured till the 29th, and then the mate came again to the captain, at the head of the people, and told him that the negro's body having been totally consumed some days, and no ship having appeared, it was now become necessary that they should cast lots a second time. It was better to die separately, they said, than all at once, as some might possibly survive by the expedient they proposed, till a ship might take them up. The captain endeavoured again to reason them out of their purpose, but without success, and therefore, considering that if they managed the lot without him, as they had done before, he might not have fair play, he consented to manage it himself; he therefore called them all into his cabin where he was in bed, and having with great difficulty raised himself up, he caused the lots to be drawn in the same manner that the lottery-tickets were drawn at Guildhall.

The lot fell upon one David Flat, a foremast-man. The shock of the decision was so great, that the whole company remained motionless and silent for a considerable time, and probably would have done so much longer, if the victim himself, who appeared perfectly resigned, had not expressed himself to this effect: 'My dear friends, messmates, and fellow-sufferers, all I have to beg of you, is to despatch me as soon as you did the negro, and to put me to as little torture as possible.' Then turning to one Doud, the man who shot the negro, 'It is my desire,' says he, 'that you should shoot me.' Doud, with much reluctance, consented. The victim then begged a short time to prepare himself for death, to which his companions most willingly agreed. Flat was greatly respected by the whole ship's company, and during this interval, they seemed inclined not to insist upon his life; yet finding no alternative but to perish with him, and having in some measure lulled their sense of horror at the approaching scene by a few draughts of wine, they prepared for the execution, and a fire was kindled in the steerage, to dress their first meal as soon as their companion should become their food.

Yet still, as the dreadful moment approached, their compunction increased, and friendship and humanity at length became stronger than hunger and death. They determined that Flat should live at least till eleven o'clock the next morning, hoping, as they said, that the divine goodness would in the meantime open some other source of relief; at the same time they begged the captain to read prayers, a task which, with the utmost effort of his collected strength, he was just able to perform.

As soon as prayers were over, he lay down ready to faint, and the company went immediately to their unfortunate friend Flat. The captain could hear them talk to him with great earnestness and affection, expressing their hope that God would interpose for his preservation, and assuring him, that though they never yet could catch, or even see a fish, yet they would put out all their hooks again, to try if any relief could be procured.

Poor Flat, however, could derive little comfort from the concern they expressed, and it is not improbable that their expressions of friendship and affection increased the agitation of his mind. Such, however, it was as he could not sustain, for, before midnight, he grew almost deaf, and by four o'clock in the morning was raving mad. His messmates, who discovered the alteration, debated whether it would not be an act of humanity to despatch him immediately, but the first resolution of sparing him till eleven prevailed.

About eight in the morning, as the captain was ruminating in his cabin on the fate of this unhappy wretch, who had but three hours to live, two of his people came hastily down with uncommon ardour in their looks, and seizing both his hands, fixed their eyes upon him without saying a syllable. The captain, who recollected that they had thrown Campbell's body overboard, notwithstanding their necessities, for fear of catching his madness, now apprehended that, fearing to eat Flat for the same reason, they were come to sacrifice him in his stead; he therefore disengaged himself by a sudden effort, and snatching up a pistol, stood upon his defence. The poor men, guessing

his mistake, made shift to tell him that their behaviour was merely the effect of surprise and joy, that they had discovered a sail, and that the sight had so overcome them, they were unable to speak.

They said that the sail appeared to be a large vessel, that it was to the leeward, and stood for them in as fair a direction as could be wished. The rest of the crew came down immediately afterwards, and confirmed the report of a sail, but said that she seemed to bear away from them upon a contrary course.

The account of a vessel's being in sight of signals, on whatever course she steered, struck the captain with such excessive and tumultuous joy, that he was very near expiring under it. As soon as he could speak, he directed his people to make every possible signal of distress; the ship, indeed, was a signal of the most striking kind, but he was apprehensive the people at a distance might conclude there was nothing alive on board, and so stand away without coming near it. His orders were obeyed with the utmost alacrity; and as he lay in his cabin, he had the inexpressible happiness of hearing them jumping upon deck, and crying out: 'She nears us! she nears us! she is standing this way!'

The approach of the ship being more and more manifest every moment, their hope naturally increased; but in the midst of this joy, they remembered their unfortunate shipmate Flat, and regretted that he could not be made sensible of his approaching deliverance. Their passions, however, were still characteristic, and they proposed a can of joy to be taken immediately. This the captain, with great prudence, strenuously opposed; and at length, though with some difficulty, convinced them that their deliverance in a great measure depended upon the regularity of that moment's behaviour.

All but the mate, therefore, gave up the can, which would have made them all very drunk before the vessel could come up with them, and he disappeared to take the can of joy by himself.

After continuing to observe the progress of the vessel

for some hours with all the tumult and agitation of mind that such a suspense could not fail to produce, they had the mortification to find the gale totally die away, so that the vessel was becalmed at two miles distant; they did not, however, suffer long by this accident, for in a few minutes they saw the boat put out from the ship's stern, and row towards them full manned, and with vigorous dispatch. As they had been twice before confident of deliverance, and disappointed, and as they still considered themselves tottering on the verge of eternity, the conflict between their hopes and fears during the approach of the boat, may easily be conceived by a reader of imagination.

At length, however, she came alongside; but the appearance of the crew was so ghastly, that the men rested upon their oars, and with looks of inconceivable astonishment, asked what they were. Being at length satisfied, they came on board, and begged the people to use the utmost expedition in quitting their wreck, lest they should be overtaken by a gale of wind, that would prevent their getting back to their ship.

The captain being unable to stir, they lifted him out of his cabin, and let him down into the boat by ropes, and his people followed him, with poor Flat still raving, and they were just putting off, when one of them observed that the mate was wanting; he was immediately called to, and the can of joy had just left him power to crawl to the gunwale with a look of idiot astonishment, having, to all appearance, forgot everything that had happened.

Having with some difficulty got the poor drunken creature on board, they rowed away, and in about an hour reached the ship. She was the *Susannah* of London, in the Virginia trade, commanded by Captain Thomas Evers, and was returning from Virginia to London. The captain received them with the greatest tenderness and humanity, promised to lie by the wreck till the next morning, that he might, if possible, save some of Captain Harrison's clothes; the wind, however, blowing very hard before night, he was obliged to quit her, and she probably with her cargo went to the bottom before morning.

The *Susannah*, proceeded on her voyage, and though she was herself in a shattered condition, and so short of provisions as to be obliged to reduce her people to short allowance, she reached the Land's End about the 2d of March; from the Land's End she proceeded to the Downs, and Captain Harrison, a day or two afterwards, proceeded to London by land.

The mate, James Doud, who shot the negro, and one Warner, a seaman, died during the passage; Lemuel Ashley, Samuel Wentworth, and David Flat, that was to have been shot for food, arrived alive; Flat continued mad during the voyage, and whether he afterwards recovered we are not told. When Captain Harrison came on shore, he made the proper attestation of the facts related in this narrative upon oath, in order to secure his insurers. The whole is so authenticated, that it would be folly to doubt of its truth; and we may look upon it as one of the most affecting stories of the dangers of the sea which have ever been given to the public.

ADMIRAL BYNG.

JOHN BYNG, born in 1704, was the fourth son of a very distinguished naval officer, who, in consequence of his services, rose from being a private gentleman in Kent, to the title of Viscount Torrington, which he transmitted to his descendants. The subject of this memoir, entering the navy at the age of thirteen, was promoted through various steps till he reached the high rank of admiral of the blue. In 1742, he was appointed and acted for a time as governor of Newfoundland; a few years later, he commanded a fleet in concert with the military measures by which the rebellion was put down in Scotland. No brilliant transaction is recorded as having graced his life, but his whole career was that of a respectable officer. In

1755, Lord Anson gave a strong testimonial to his merits, recommending him for an important service as one whose head and heart would never fail him.

When the seven years' war with France broke out, one of the first moves of that power against Britain was to send a powerful expedition to take possession of Minorca. The English ministry, headed at that time by the Duke of Newcastle, had intelligence of this design of France, and they prepared a fleet to sail to the island, with a view to saving it, as also to protect Gibraltar, giving the command of the enterprise to Admiral Byng. But this fleet was prepared too late, and, when it was prepared, it was too weak for the purpose. Thirteen vessels of the line and five frigates, all in very bad order, and destitute of several accompaniments required in such an expedition, formed the fleet intrusted to Byng, and by various delays, entirely chargeable to the ministry, he was not enabled to sail from St Helen's till the 6th of April 1756, being only four days before the French government despatched from Toulon an armament of 15,000 or 16,000 men, for the purpose of taking possession of the island. It was of course impossible for Byng to save Minorca. Excepting Fort St Philip, which contained a garrison, the island was taken possession of without resistance, on the 18th of April, being only twelve days after Byng had set sail.

Calms and contrary winds made the voyage of the English fleet to Gibraltar twenty-eight days, by which time the primary object of the expedition was defeated. The foulness of the ships, the want of proper means of repairing them, and the difficulty of getting proper supplies of water, caused a further delay at Gibraltar, where Byng asked for a small reinforcement from the garrison, but was refused by the governor, General Fowke, for which Fowke was afterwards tried by a court-martial and condemned. He then proceeded to Minorca, and had arrived within three miles of Fort St Philip, and was preparing to open a communication with the besieged garrison, when the French fleet drew near,

consisting of twelve ships of the line and five frigates. Next day, May 20, the two fleets approached, and commenced action, but in a partial manner, and at too great a distance to do each other much injury. One English vessel, the *Intrepid*, having its foremast shot away, became an impediment to some of the other vessels (including the admiral's) in closing, and before the difficulty was overcome, the French withdrew, being already satisfied with the damage they had done to the English vessels. The English admiral took every necessary measure, as far as can be ascertained, for following and rendering the action decisive; but the French vessels, being in much better condition for sailing, rendered this purpose ineffectual.

On the ensuing day, the French fleet had disappeared. Admiral Byng might then have approached Fort St Philip, and thrown succours into it; but, in a council of war which he called, it was determined, without a dissentient voice, that it would be better to return in order to protect Gibraltar, and leave the smaller fortress to the fate which seemed inevitable. In an account of the transactions up to this period, which Byng despatched to the government at home, he declares that, in his present condition, it was impossible for him to relieve Fort St Philip. He mentions the great inferiority of his ships to those of the enemy, and that they had the further advantage of being able to refit in Minorca. He expresses a hope, that he should find means of refitting in Gibraltar, and a determination, as soon as he should have done so, to seek the enemy again; but he concludes with an earnest call for a reinforcement, especially as four additional ships were about to sail from Toulon to increase the force of the enemy. Perhaps this line of conduct was not such as a man of the daring character of Nelson would have assumed, and betrays a degree of calculation rather more than is strictly honourable to the leader of a military or naval enterprise, seeing that, in such affairs, the most rash measures are often attended with a success denied to the most prudent; if the unfortunate admiral thus failed in

duty, there is not the less certainty that it was for other reasons that he suffered.

The taking of Minorca had already occasioned a bitter feeling in England, which nothing, perhaps, but a decisive victory over the French fleet, could have softened. In these circumstances, the intelligence of such an action as that just described, could not fail to excite much disappointment. The disposition to blame Byng was taken advantage of by the ministry to cover their own fault, which it was thought would otherwise cost them their places. They had the meanness to publish a copy of his letter, garbled in such a manner as to suit their purpose, taking out all the passages which alluded to the inferiority of his force, the damage done to his fleet, his purpose in going back to Gibraltar, and causing the whole to bear an appearance of imbecility and obscurity in the highest degree unfavourable to the writer. To such minutiæ did they descend in this paltry work, that, from the last sentence, a single word was omitted in order to misrepresent the writer, being that here marked in italic—'I am making the best of my way to *cover* Gibraltar,' &c.—by which, it will be observed, Byng was made to appear as simply making a retreat, instead of pursuing a particular line of policy, which he and his council of war had thought the most advisable in the circumstances. They at the same time sent out a new commander, the celebrated Hawke, to supersede him at Gibraltar, and order his return. He had no sooner landed at Portsmouth, than he was placed under arrest, with a view to his being tried by a court-martial. It may here be noted, that the public feeling against Byng was fomented by intelligence of the surrender of Fort St Philip, on the 27th of June, after a gallant defence of two months, under circumstances involving great hardship and mortality to the garrison.

Addresses poured in from all parts of the country, demanding a vengeance which the ministry were but too willing to inflict. The strongest and most dictatorial was from the city of London, to which the trembling cabinet

persuaded the king to pledge his royal word, that he would save no delinquent from justice. When a deputation from the city waited on the Duke of Newcastle, to urge punishment, that nobleman, with an indelicacy so gross as to be now scarce credible, blurted out: 'Oh! indeed he shall be tried immediately; he shall be hanged directly!' The more to inflame the mob against him, he was conveyed under a strict guard to Greenwich, and placed there under the charge of Admiral Townshend, a dependent of the ministry, who treated him so harshly that he complained, but complained in vain, to the Admiralty. His general behaviour, nevertheless, was cheerfully firm and unconcerned. Having notice of his trial, he summoned a variety of witnesses in his defence; amongst the rest a captain of his fleet noted for speaking unfavourably of his conduct—a circumstance which certainly argues anything but a consciousness of guilt. The trial took place at Portsmouth before thirteen judges, four of whom were admirals, and it lasted several days. Notwithstanding the eagerness of the ministry to criminate him, no evidence of misconduct or cowardice was adduced: his own witnesses, on the contrary, testified to his perfect coolness in circumstances of personal danger. On a candid review of the whole trial, an impartial judge of the present day could only say, that the delinquencies charged against the admiral were rather matters of opinion than positive acts: some men might have ventured more, both in throwing succours into Fort St Philip, and in seeking out the enemy's fleet; but though such a course might, by extraordinary good-fortune, have had a serviceable result, it appears infinitely more likely that it would have led to the loss of the fleet. The court, while apparently sensible of all this, were yet unable to give a verdict of acquittal. They seem to have attempted to steer a middle course between justice and the desire of satisfying popular clamour. Byng's case was found to fall under a certain article of an act of parliament, which prescribes death to every person who, through cowardice, negligence, or disaffection, shall, in time of action,

withdraw, or keep back, or not come into fight, or shall not do his utmost to take or destroy every ship which it shall be his duty to engage; and they sentenced him to death accordingly. 'But,' so concluded the verdict, 'as it doth not appear to the court that it was either through cowardice or disaffection that he acted in the way he did, they do unanimously recommend him to mercy.' They further sent a letter to the Admiralty, enforcing their recommendation, and explaining their sentence as given under a rigid interpretation of a very strict act, while they faithfully believed that Admiral Byng had only been guilty of an error of judgment.

The ministry, however, had determined to make Byng their victim. An order was sent for the execution of the sentence on the 28th of February 1757. When the judges found that their recommendation was not listened to, some of them became very uneasy, and petitioned to be released by act of parliament from the obligations of their oaths, 'in order that they might be able to disclose something relative to the sentence, which greatly affected their consciences, and which it was necessary to disclose in order to do justice to Admiral Byng.' He was consequently respited for a fortnight, till the 14th of March, and a bill for this purpose was brought into the Commons, and passed, but was rejected in the House of Lords.

The fatal morning arrived, but was by no means met by the admiral with reluctance. The whole tenor of his behaviour had been cheerful, steady, dignified, sensible. While he felt like a victim, he acted like a hero. Indeed, he was the only man whom his enemies had had no power to bend to their purposes. He always received with indignation any proposal from his friends of making an escape; an advantage he scorned to lend to clamour. Of his fate he talked with indifference, and neither shunned to hear the requisite dispositions, nor affected parade in them. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said: 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied: 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin.' He said that,

being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. For the last fortnight he constantly declared, that he would not suffer a handkerchief over his face, that it might be seen whether he betrayed the least symptom of fear; and when the minute arrived, adhered to his purpose. He took an easy leave of his friends, detained the officers not a moment, went directly to the deck, and placed himself in a chair with neither ceremony nor lightness. Some of the more humane officers represented to him, that his face being uncovered, might throw reluctance into the executioners, and besought him to suffer a handkerchief. He replied with the same unconcern: 'If it will frighten *them*, let it be done: they would not frighten *me*.' His eyes were bound; they fired, and he fell at once.

Just before his execution, which took place at Portsmouth, on board the *Monarque*, Byng gave the following paper to the marshal of the Court of Admiralty:—

'A few moments will now deliver me from the virulent persecutions, and frustrate the further malice of my enemies. Nor need I envy them a life subject to the sensations my injuries and the injustice done me must create, persuaded I am justice will be done to my reputation hereafter. The manner and cause of raising and keeping up the popular clamour and prejudice against me will be seen through; I shall be considered (as I now perceive myself) a victim destined to divert the indignation and resentment of an injured and deluded people from the proper objects. My enemies themselves must now think me innocent. Happy for me, at this my last moment, that I know my own innocence, and am conscious that no part of my country's misfortunes can be owing to me. I heartily wish the shedding my blood may contribute to the happiness and service of my country; but cannot resign my just claim to a faithful discharge of my duty according to the best of my judgment, and the utmost exertion of my ability for his majesty's honour, and my country's service. I am sorry that my endeavours

were not attended with more success, and that the armament under my command proved too weak to succeed in an expedition of such moment.

'Truth has prevailed over calumny and falsehood, and justice has wiped off the ignominious stain of my supposed want of personal courage or disaffection. My heart acquits me of these crimes. But who can be presumptuously sure of his own judgment? If my crime is an error in judgment, or differing in opinion from my judges, and if yet the error in judgment should be on their side, God forgive them, as I do; and may the distress of their minds and uneasiness of their consciences, which in justice to me they have represented, be relieved and subside, as my resentment has done! The Supreme Judge sees all hearts and motives, and to him I must submit the justice of my cause.—J. BYNG.'

Amongst the circumstances pointed out by Byng's friends in his favour, was the respectful opinion entertained of him by the national enemy. M. Voltaire interested himself much in behalf of the unfortunate admiral, and transmitted to him a letter which he had received from the Marshal Duc de Richelieu, containing the following passages:—'I am very sensibly concerned for Admiral Byng. I do assure you, whatever I have seen or heard of him does him honour. . . . . There is nothing against him but his being worsted. The strength of the two fleets was at least equal; the English had thirteen ships, and we twelve *much better equipped and much cleaner*. Fortune, that presides over all battles, and especially those fought at sea, was more favourable to us than our adversaries, by sending our balls into their ships with greater execution. I am persuaded, and it is the generally received opinion, that if the English had obstinately continued the engagement, their whole fleet would have been destroyed.' Voltaire afterwards introduced into his novel of *Candide* a bitter witticism respecting this murder of one of their officers by the English, which he said was *pour encourager les autres*—to encourage the rest.

PITTSBURG.

About 360 miles above Cincinnati, on the Ohio, stands the thriving small town of Wheeling, which is reckoned the head of the regular navigation for vessels of large burden, or steam-boats, it being only in certain flooded conditions of the river that these vessels can ascend ninety-five miles further to Pittsburg. Although Pittsburg is thus at a certain disadvantage in respect of water-conveyance for large craft, its situation otherwise, and its invaluable mineral resources, have given it a superiority over all other towns in the great central valley of America, with the exception of Cincinnati and New Orleans.

Pittsburg is the American Birmingham, and is daily engrossing a share of that well-known seat of the English hardware trade. On this account, alone, its progress and present state are worthy of being made well known among our artificers. Pittsburg is situated on a beautiful but not extensive plain, on a point of land formed by the junction of two rivers called the Alleghany and Monongahela, which, on uniting, form the river Ohio. The site of the town was regarded by the French as a suitable point for one of the chain of military strengths between their possessions in Canada and Louisiana; a fort was accordingly erected by them, called Fort du Quesne, around which a small town arose: but the whole falling into the hands of the British, the place was named Pittsburg, in honour of Mr Pitt, who was afterwards Earl of Chatham. The fort has long since gone to decay, and perhaps not a single vestige of it now remains; but the town, which was begun about the year 1765, has gradually increased in size and importance, particularly within the last fifty-five years, and has now about 33,000 inhabitants. The main cause of the rise and progress of Pittsburg has been the abundant supply of coal in the

adjacent country. The coal is excavated with the greatest ease and at the smallest expense, from the sides of the hills, and at once wheeled in carriages to the town. Iron ore, also, is brought in great abundance. The facility offered for carrying on the manufacture of iron goods of all kinds is, therefore, almost unprecedented, and nothing but capital and labour are required to produce 'hardware, from a needle to an anchor,' in quantities sufficient for the supply of the whole civilised world. Every traveller describes Pittsburg as at once surpassingly smoky and hard-working, and a place quite the reverse in appearance of Cincinnati, the 'Western Queen.' Mr Hoffman thus speaks of his approach to it on a fine summer evening in sailing up the Ohio:—'Our course lay for a few moments among islands that seemed to bloom in never-dying verdure; and then, as we escaped from their green cincture, the tall cliffs of the Monongahela, blackened by the numerous furnaces that smoke along their base, and pierced in various points with deep coal-shafts that feed their fires, frowned over the placid water. It was just sunset, and the triangular city, with its steeples peering through a cloud of dense smoke, and its two rivers, spanned each by a noble bridge, lay before us. On the left [from the north-west], the calm and full tide of the Monongahela, flowing beneath rocky banks, some 300 feet in elevation, was shaded by the impending height, and reflected the blaze of a dozen furnaces in its sable bosom. On the right, the golden tints of sunset still played over the clear pebbly wave of the Alleghany [from the north-east], and freshened the white outline of a long low-built nunnery, standing on a sudden elevation back from the river. The dusky city lay in the midst, the bridges springing from its centre, terminating the view up both rivers. Truly, the waters have here chosen a lovely spot for their meeting; and it was but natural that such a stream as the Ohio should spring from such an union.'

According to Mr Stuart, who visited this part of America in 1830, Pittsburg contained 'steam flour-

mills, carding and spinning mills, iron mills, distilleries, breweries, brick-yards, air-furnaces, lead factories, naileries, glass-making establishments, potteries, gun-smitheries, tobacco-factories, tanneries, with establishments of all the ordinary trades; but ironmongery, cutlery, and glass, are the most important manufactures. Cottons and woollens, pottery and copper ware, are exported to a great extent.' In 1828, the annual value of the various manufactures was estimated at 2,000,000 dollars. Since that period, it has in all probability been doubled or trebled, for the recent demand for iron rails for railways, and also steam enginery, must have been very considerable. Although Pittsburg is situated at the distance of 2000 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans, it is able to carry on an export-trade by navigation to the most remote countries in the Old World. Mr Clay, a member of Congress, in one of his speeches some years ago, alluded as follows to the shipping of Pittsburg:—'To illustrate the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people, he would relate an anecdote of a vessel, built and cleared out at Pittsburg for Leghorn, in Italy. When she arrived at her place of destination, the master presented his papers to the custom-house officer at Leghorn, who would not credit them, and said to the master: "Sir, your papers are forged! there is no such place as Pittsburg in the world! your vessel must be confiscated!" The trembling captain laid before the officer a map of the United States—directed him to the Gulf of Mexico—pointed out the mouth of the Mississippi—led him 1000 miles up it to the mouth of the Ohio—and thence another 1000 to Pittsburg. "There, sir, is the port whence my vessel cleared out!" The astonished officer, before he saw the map, would as soon have believed that this ship had been navigated from the moon.'

The inhabitants of Pittsburg are a mixture of the people of various nations—Germans, French, English, Scotch, Irish, and native American—and are famed for their spirit of industry and economy. The mixture of

so many nations into one composite mass has had a natural effect in liberalising the minds of the people; a universal toleration of differences of creed prevails, and no one race pretends to arrogate any superior distinction to itself. A pleasing trait of this harmony of feeling is mentioned by Mr Power, the late well-known dramatic performer, who visited Pittsburg in the course of a professional tour. 'Upon Grant's Hill,' says this gentleman, 'a spur of one of the surrounding heights that thrusts itself boldly into the heart of the delta on which the town is built, I found a Gothic edifice almost completed, the magnitude and tasteful design of which attracted me: I entered it, and perceived at once that it was a place of Catholic worship. From a communicative little man, whom I perceived for some time eyeing me with a sociable look, I learned that this was the cathedral; and it stands a pleasing memorial of the liberality of the sects of this town, having been raised by the voluntary subscriptions made among the numerous congregations of the place. It is a grateful task to record such evidences of the existence of true Christian charity; they reconcile one to one's fellows, and serve to balance the barbarous acts of bigotry and blindness which yet occasionally disgrace the age and degrade humanity. This edifice, when completed, will be an attractive object, both from its commanding site and the character of its architecture, which is of the florid Gothic, tastefully sustained throughout.'

In the neighbourhood of Pittsburg, on a rising-ground on the opposite side of the Monongahela, is shewn the scene of the inglorious defeat of the British forces commanded by General Braddock in 1755. The French colonists in Canada and the Vale of the Mississippi, having for a series of years, in conjunction with tribes of Indians, made encroachments on the boundaries of the British provinces, government at length interfered to check the odious petty war that was carried on against their possessions. A body of provincials, among whom was George Washington, at that time a young officer of

militia, along with a body of regular troops, were sent to assault the French at Fort du Quesne. The command of the expedition was given to General Braddock, a person totally unfitted for so difficult a duty, and who has been characterised as a 'presumptuous blockhead, whom England had sent to America to mend his ruined fortunes at the risk of the best blood in the country.' After a toilsome march, the British forces reached the stronghold of the French, who had taken the field in order to give battle to their antagonists. They had posted themselves within the brink of certain gullies or ravines, halfway up an ascending series of hills, and here they watched in ambuscade for the premeditated attack. Washington advised Braddock by all means to take the French in flank, by making a detour to come in upon the ravines, at least to push an advanced-guard forward to reconnoitre; but the advice was received with scorn by Braddock, who declared that 'these were high times when a British general was to take counsel from a Virginia buckskin.' This self-conceit was speedily punished. The troops, on being brought across the river in detachments, were pushed on up the face of the rising-grounds, and were instantly fired upon by their concealed foe from the woody ravines above them. The carnage was dreadful. Company after company was mowed down as it proceeded; and in the heat of the unequal struggle, the military coxcomb who was the cause of the disasters of the day, was struck down while urging his men to advance. Seven hundred men and forty officers fell in the British ranks, and fifteen hundred were glad to flee from the frightful scene. The French force altogether is said not to have been above five hundred men, partly Indians, who at the conclusion of the fight rushed in and scalped every Englishman who lay upon the field. The military-chest of the English, containing L.25,000, also fell into the hands of the French. Such was 'Braddock's defeat,' one of the most humiliating events which occur in English history. The scene of the battle is now cleared of timber, divided into separate fields by

enclosures, and in a course of cultivation by the plough; but the stump of the tree against which Braddock leaned on being struck, still remains, and is pointed out to the inquiring traveller. Mr Hoffman having visited the spot, thus speaks of circumstances connected with its history: —'It is but a few years since the wood was cut from the hill-side, and traces of the conflict are still occasionally discovered in the grove along the margin of the river below. I was told, too, that bones and bullets, with rusted knives, hatchets, and bayonets, were sometimes even yet turned up by the plough, on the spot where the fight was hottest. The central enclosure was cleared about seventeen years since. It was heavily trenched at the time; and they tell in the neighbourhood that the teeth of the saws in the mills adjacent were continually broken upon balls imbedded in the ancient trees. Quantities of human bones and rust-eaten weapons are said to have been found beneath the surface of the soil when the plough first invaded this memorable wood.'

ESCAPES OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

After the death of Charles I. on the scaffold, his eldest son, afterwards the second British sovereign of the name, made, it is well known, a gallant attempt to overturn the party which had hurled his father from the throne. The battle of Worcester, however, fought on the 3d of September 1651, determined this second struggle also in favour of Cromwell and the Republicans. In this conflict Charles had only 12,000 men, chiefly Scots, to oppose to 30,000 of the enemy; but in spite of this disparity of numbers, as well as of the experienced leadership of Cromwell, the prince, then only twenty-two years of age, was not defeated without a most obstinate contest. Whatever he might be afterwards as a king,

he certainly shewed on this occasion a spirit worthy of a prince who staked his life for the acquisition of a crown. Even when all hope of success was over, and when his troops were flying through the streets of Worcester, he made an ardent attempt to rally them; and finding his exhortations fruitless, he cried: 'Then shoot me dead, rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this day!' It was almost by force that his friends could prevail upon him to retreat from the town before the conquering enemy.

What became of him afterwards, remained long a mystery. And almost miraculous it was that it should have been so, for Cromwell, whose eagle eye already saw a crown in the distance, hunted like a blood-hound for the unfortunate prince who stood between him and his object. A reward of L.1000 was offered for Charles's person, and the severest penalties of treason denounced against all who should afford him shelter. Parties of foot and horse scoured incessantly the counties adjacent to the scene of the late fight, and the strictest watch was kept on the coasts and ports around. Yet no trace of the flight, or clew to the retreat of the king (Charles had been crowned king of Scotland), could be discovered, though the fate of almost every other individual of note in the Royalist party had been ascertained. The pursuit of the king was rendered for many weeks more close by its being known that he was undoubtedly not out of England.

It was not without many hairbreadth escapes, and many striking exhibitions of loyalty on the part of various individuals, that Charles was preserved from his enemies. The side of the town of Worcester, by which the retreat was effected, led the fugitives into the northern road, which they pursued at speed for a time, without any other object than that of leaving the enemy behind. During the night after the battle, Charles found a body of the Scottish cavalry collected around him, too weak *in numbers to* be of any service in the crisis, and at *the same time* far too numerous for the purposes of

concealment. The king, therefore, separated with a small party of his friends from the main band, and directed his course to the borders of Derbyshire, where the Earl of Derby told him a secure retreat might be found in the House of Boscobel, a seat belonging to that nobleman, who was himself soon after taken and executed. After riding till morning, the party reached Whiteladies, another house belonging to the family of Derby, and not far distant from Boscobel. At Whiteladies the king halted scarcely an hour, fatigued as he was; but whilst he was there, he assumed a disguise such as his confidants thought most likely to insure his safety. 'He was divested of his apparel,' says a manuscript written at the time, 'his hair cut off, and habited like a country-fellow;' while, at the same time, his hands and face were stained, and a wood-bill was given him, to complete his pretended character.

When Charles was thus disguised, those of his friends who were admitted to the secret took leave of him with tears, and then all rode away from Whiteladies, without well knowing whither they were going. The king was now left under the charge of four brothers, named Penderel, men whose unshaken fidelity has made their name honourable in history.* Yates, their brother-in-law, was united with them in the task of attendance on the king. After the departure of his friends, Charles was led by his guides into the thickest part of the adjoining woods; and this step was taken just in time, for, not an hour afterwards, a troop of horse came and searched the house of Whiteladies. This first narrow escape was perfectly known to the king, whose guides had stationed themselves at different points, whence they could observe the approach of enemies from all quarters. The royal fugitive himself was lying meanwhile under a tree,

* There were originally six brothers of the Penderels, but one had died in battle before the affair of Worcester. They were all labouring-men, being employed as woodwards, farmers, and millers, near Boscobel. The fifth brother was not less active than the others *in his loyalty, having* undertaken to guide Lord Wilmot (afterwards *Earl of Rochester)* to a place of safety.

attended by one of the brothers, surnamed the Trusty Richard, and would have been tolerably at ease, but for the wet and stormy character of the day, which would not permit him to repose himself on the blanket which Trusty Richard had brought to him. While in this situation, he was visited by the sister and mother of the Penderels with food and refreshments. The old woman fell on her knees, and gave thanks to God for having chosen her sons to be the preservers, as she was confident they would, of the life of their sovereign.

In this wood the king continued till nine o'clock of the evening of that day (4th September), when, under the guidance, and by the advice of Richard Penderel, he struck across Staffordshire towards a place called Madeley, in Shropshire, near the Severn, in the hope of finding an asylum in Wales, till he could leave the coast. He reached his intended place of rest, after a most fatiguing march, at midnight. The house where the fugitives stopped was that of Mr Wolf, a recusant clergyman, who, on admitting them, expressed the greatest alarm for their safety, as two regiments were stationed in the village to watch for the Royalists, and as his own house had been recently searched, as a suspected place. The king and his guide, therefore, were obliged to take up their quarters behind some hay in a barn, and in this place they lay till it was dark on the 5th. In the interval, their host had made diligent inquiries, and had found that every boat was secured and every bridge guarded on the Severn. The king and his guide were therefore forced to retrace their steps by night to the neighbourhood of Boscobel.

On the morning of the 6th, when Charles was in the woods—it being much safer to pass the day there than in any house, from the numbers of soldiers continually on the search—'he discovered,' says Clarendon, who had the story from the king's own lips, 'another man, who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood.' This man came down to the prince, and proved to be a hunted Royalist captain, of the name of Careless. 'He persuaded

the king, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, that he would get up into that tree, where he himself had been; where the boughs were so thick with leaves, that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places where they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all day.' It seems extremely probable that this day would have proved fatal to Charles, had this step not been taken. For as he sat with Careless in the tree, they not only got occasional glimpses of the red-coats passing in all quarters on the search, but also 'securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him.' Some of the faithful Penderels were all this while on the watch, busy apparently in cutting wood, and ready to sell their lives for their prince if the extremity came. The day, however, passed in safety, and Charles went to Boscobel House to pass the night, leaving the 'Royal Oak,' as the tree in which he had been was called, to be afterwards almost pulled to pieces, to supply relics to his devoted adherents.

In Boscobel House, Charles found a pretty secure hiding-place, and passed the night of the 6th, and all next day (Sunday), in safety and comfort of body, but in very great trouble of mind; for he felt that he was still within a bush which his enemies were beating round, in the knowledge of his being there, and with the certainty of finding him at last. In the evening of Sunday, however, he got, through John Penderel, a cheering communication from Lord Wilmot, desiring him to come to Mosley (in Staffordshire), where a secure asylum awaited him, and where a project for a complete escape had been devised. It is extremely honourable to Wilmot, that he would not make use of this scheme, when offered to him, for his own safety, but reserved the chance for the king, whom it did eventually save. On the night

of the 7th, the king left Boscobel for Mosley, accompanied by the indefatigable Penderels. Again was the fugitive fortunate in his movements; for, on the following morning, two parties of horse in succession visited Boscobel, and left not a corner unexamined. But the bird was flown. On his night-travel to Mosley, an old cart-horse was provided for the king, who was glad to have it, his feet being all swollen and blistered with his travel to and from Madeley, and his other fatigues. Yet the king and his horse were well suited to each other in appearance —the attire of Charles consisting of a coat and breeches of coarse threadbare cloth, an old soiled leather doublet, green darned stockings, heavy shoes slashed for ease, and a gray steeple-crowned hat, bandless and liningless. In this guise the king rode on, guarded by the six brave peasants—for the brother-in-law, Yates, was included—two before, two behind, and one at every side, all armed, and prepared to overcome all obstacles at the hazard of their lives. A good saying of Humphry Penderel on this march is recorded. When the king complained of the old horse jolting him, 'Recollect, my liege,' said Humphry, 'that he carries the weight of three kingdoms on his back.' The party reached Mosley in safety, where the proprietor, Mr Whitgreave, and Lord Wilmot, were ready to receive his majesty. A manuscript account of the king's visit to Mosley was found in the family records, and was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1789. In this document Mr Whitgreave says: 'When the king came up to the door of Mosley House, with the Penderels guarding him, he was habited so like one of them, that I could not tell which was he.' But after the king had been conveyed to a room, Mr Whitgreave was called up, and his lordship said: This gentleman is your master, mine, and the master of us all, to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance.' Soon after, being well refreshed, and being shewn the hiding-place intended for him in the case of danger, and which Mr Whitgreave, being a recusant, had contrived for his own straits, Charles grew confident and cheerful, and

said that if ten thousand men were at his command, he would fight for his kingdom yet. Charles stayed at Mosley two days, but before leaving it, he made another narrow escape. It had been discovered beyond a doubt that he had been at Whiteladies after the battle, and his enemies had been instigated to a fresh search. Mosley, on the 9th, received a visit, like other houses, from the soldiers; but their approach was discovered in time to secrete the king till the danger passed over.

On the night of the 9th, the royal fugitive went from Mosley to Bentley, the neighbouring seat of Colonel Lane, the Royalist who had planned the escape alluded to. Colonel Lane's sister had procured a pass for herself and one servant to visit a Mr Norton, a relation near Bristol. To get to the sea was Charles's chief object, and it was now proposed that he should fill the place of Miss Lane's attendant. Great as the danger was of passing along roads crowded with hostile troops, the king adopted the scheme, and, accordingly, dressed in a suit of decent gray, he departed on the 11th on horseback, with his supposed lady behind him, and her cousin, Mr Lascells, in company. After a ride of three days, they reached Mr Norton's house without a single interruption, though they had passed hundreds of people who well knew the king's appearance, and would not have been surprised at that time to have seen him in any condition.

At Mr Norton's, even with the master of the house, Charles passed merely for 'William the servant;' and in order to hide himself from prying eyes, he feigned sickness, which confined him to his chamber. Miss Lane took care that every comfort should be afforded to him, calling him a favourite of her father's. She brought his food to him once or twice herself; but as this could not always be done with prudence, the family butler was intrusted with the task, and the king was terribly startled by this man, on his first errand, falling on his knees, and saying, with tears: 'I am glad to see your majesty.' After a moment's pause, Charles thought it

best to make a friend of the man, and had no reason to repent it. On the contrary, the butler secured him from discovery by others of the servants.

It had been planned that Miss Lane, in case no passage were found from Bristol, should tell the Nortons that she was going to visit another friend in Dorsetshire before going home, in order that the king might pass to the sea in that direction as her servant. This plan it was found necessary to put in execution on the 18th of September, and Charles arrived securely by this means at the house of his adherent, Colonel Wyndham, near Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. Wilmot, who had contrived to follow him from Bentley, travelling openly on horseback with a hawk on his arm, and making his way by dint of sheer impudence, joined the king at Colonel Wyndham's, where many consultations were held. Though near the sea, the district they were now in was rather noted for anti-royalist opinions, and the whole nation, friends and foes alike, was still in an uproar about the king's fate. After much suspense, Colonel Wyndham got a vessel hired at Lyme-Regis to convey a nobleman and his servant—the king and Wilmot—to France. A place on the coast near Charmouth, and a time—23d September—were fixed upon for the embarkation; and in order that Charles might excite no suspicion there, a widow, who kept an inn at Charmouth, was persuaded by Colonel Wyndham to give a temporary asylum on that day to a young lady and gentleman who had married privately. In this character, Charles appeared accordingly, accompanied by a young lady, named Juliana Coningsby, and also by Wilmot and the colonel. So far all went well; but, alas! after waiting, no ship appeared during the whole of the appointed night. When day came, Wilmot boldly set out for Lyme to discover the reason, while Charles, with the young lady as a sort of protection, rode into Bridport, to wait Wilmot's return. In Bridport, Charles underwent the greatest risk he had yet done. He found 1500 soldiers preparing for embarkation, and a host of people about them. Charles saw

that a retreat would be attended with great danger, and pushed boldly through the crowd to the inn door. He alighted safely, and after a short stay, joined Wilmot outside the town, where it was discovered that the ship had not been at its place, because the ship-captain's wife had detained her husband, suspecting the dangerous nature of the cargo.

After another similar disappointment with regard to a vessel, the king, finding that dangerous surmises were arising in the neighbourhood, was forced, on the 8th of October, to leave Colonel Wyndham's for Heale, near Salisbury, the seat of Mrs Hyde, where he lay secure until a collier vessel, lying at New Shoreham, near Brighton, was engaged by a friend for his conveyance to France. On the 15th of October, Charles reached Brighton, in order to join this vessel, which was the one that carried him out of all his troubles. But he underwent two serious risks before going on board. On sitting down to supper at Brighton with the owners and master of the collier, the master, who knew not the character of his intended freight, discovered the king, but he proved faithful. The landlord also of the house took an opportunity to kiss the king's hand, and to whisper: 'I have no doubt that, if I live, I shall be a lord and my wife a lady.' Charles smiled, to shew his comprehension of the man's meaning. The collier sailed, and on the 17th of October the king found himself in safety on the shores of France.

This escape of Charles was called by the Cavaliers miraculous, and was at least marvellous. Out of the host of persons, mostly of inferior station, with whom the king came in contact, not one was tempted by the great bribe offered to betray him. It is pleasing to think that Charles, at his Restoration, rewarded the Penderels, Lanes, Wyndhams, and others who assisted him in his extremity.

MARY OF BUTTERMERE.

In the latter part of the year 1802, the sympathies of the public were much excited in behalf of a poor girl named Mary Robinson, the daughter of a small inn-keeper on the banks of the Lake Buttermere, in Cumberland, who had become the victim of a remarkable imposture, and, to heighten the interest excited in her behalf, was reported to be both young and beautiful. To quote a paper by the *English Opium-Eater*, which appeared some years ago in a popular magazine:—'When Coleridge first settled at the Lakes, or not long after, a romantic and somewhat tragical affair drew the eyes of all England, and, for many years, continued to draw the steps of tourists, to one of the most secluded Cumberland valleys, so little visited previously, that it might be described almost as an undiscovered chamber of that romantic district. Coleridge was brought into a closer connection with this affair than merely by the general relation of neighbourhood; for an article of his in a morning paper, I believe, unintentionally furnished the original clew for unmasking the base impostor who figured as the foremost actor in this tale. Other generations have arisen since that time, who must naturally be unacquainted with the circumstances; and, on their account, I shall here recall them.

'One day, in the lake season, there drove up to the Royal Oak, the principal inn at Keswick, a handsome and well-appointed travelling-carriage, containing one gentleman of somewhat dashing exterior. The stranger was a picturesque-hunter, but not of that order who fly round the ordinary tour with the velocity of lovers posting to Gretna, or of criminals running from the *police; his purpose* was to domiciliate himself in this *beautiful scenery*, and to see it at his leisure. From *Keswick, as his* head-quarters, he made excursions in

every direction amongst the neighbouring valleys; meeting generally a good deal of respect and attention, partly on account of his handsome equipage, and still more from his visiting-cards, which designated him as "the Honourable Augustus Hope." Under this name, he gave himself out for a brother of Lord Hopetoun's, whose great income was well known, and perhaps exaggerated amongst the dalesmen of northern England. Some persons had discernment enough to doubt of this; for the man's breeding and deportment, though showy, had a tang of vulgarity about it, and Coleridge assured me, that he was grossly ungrammatical in his ordinary conversation. However, one fact, soon dispersed by the people of a little rustic post-office, laid asleep all demurs: he not only received letters addressed to him under this assumed name—*that* might be through collusion with accomplices—but he himself continually *franked* letters by that name. Now, *that* being a capital offence, being not only a forgery, but (as a forgery on the post-office) sure to be prosecuted, nobody presumed to question his pretensions any longer; and henceforward he went to all places with the consideration attached to an earl's brother. All doors flew open at his approach—boats, boatmen, nets, and the most unlimited sporting privileges, were placed at the disposal of the "honourable" gentleman; and the hospitality of the whole country taxed itself to offer a suitable reception to the patrician Scotsman.

'Nine miles from Keswick by the nearest bridle-road, but fourteen or fifteen by any route which the honourable gentleman's travelling-carriage could have traversed, lies the Lake of Buttermere. Its margin, which is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountains, exhibits on either side few traces of human neighbourhood; the level area, where the hills recede enough to allow of any, is of a wild, pastoral character, or almost savage; the waters of the lake are deep and sullen; and the barrier mountains, by excluding the *sun for much of his* daily course, strengthen the gloomy *impressions.* At the foot of this lake—that is, at the end

where its waters issue—lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook-like river connecting it with the larger Lake of Crummock; and at the edge of this miniature domain, upon the road-side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few, that in the richer tracts of the islands they could scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet. One of these, and, I believe, the principal, belonged to an independent proprietor, called, in the local dialect, a "statesman;" and more, perhaps, for the sake of gathering any little local news, than with much view to pecuniary profit at that era, this cottage offered the accommodations of an inn to the traveller and his horse. Rare, however, must have been the mounted traveller in those days, unless visiting Buttermere for itself, for the road led to no further habitations of man, with the exception of some four or five pastoral cabins, equally humble, in Gatesgarth dale. Hither, however, in an evil hour for the peace of this little brotherhood of shepherds, came the cruel spoiler from Keswick. His errand was to witness or to share in the char-fishing; for in Derwentwater (the Lake of Keswick) no char is found, which breeds only in the deeper waters—such as Windermere, Crummock, Buttermere, &c. But whatever had been his first object, that was speedily forgotten in one more deeply interesting. The daughter of the house, a fine young woman of eighteen, acted as waiter. In a situation so solitary, the stranger had unlimited facilities for enjoying her company, and recommending himself to her favour. Doubts about his pretensions never arose in so simple a place as this; they were overruled before they could well have arisen, by the opinion now general in Keswick, that he really was what he pretended to be; and thus, with little demur, except in the shape of a few natural words of parting anger from a defeated or rejected rustic admirer, the young woman gave her hand in marriage to the showy and unprincipled stranger. I know not whether the marriage was or could have been celebrated in the little mountain-chapel of Buttermere. If it were, I presume

myself that the most hardened villain must have felt a momentary pang on violating the altar of such a chapel, so touchingly does it express, by its miniature dimensions, the almost helpless humility of that little pastoral community to whose spiritual wants it has from generation to generation administered. It is not only the very smallest chapel by many degrees in all England, but is so mere a toy in outward appearance, that were it not for its antiquity, its wild mountain exposure, and its consecrated connection with the final hopes and fears of the adjacent pastoral hamlet—but for these considerations, the first movement of a stranger's feelings would be towards merriment; for the little chapel looks not so much a mimic chapel in a drop-scene from the Opera House, as a miniature copy from such a scene; and evidently could not receive within its walls more than a half-dozen of households. From this sanctuary it was—from beneath the maternal shadow, if not from the altar of this lonely chapel—that the heartless villain carried off the flower of the mountains.' *

The marriage took place on the 2d of October 1802, and a romantic account of it found its way almost immediately into the newspapers. It thus fell under the notice of various individuals in Scotland, who knew that Colonel Hope, who was said to have married the Flower of Buttermere, had been abroad the whole summer, and was now residing in Vienna. Mr Charles Hope, then Lord Justice-Clerk, and subsequently president of the Court of Session (a son-in-law of the Earl of Hopetoun), had, we believe, a chief share in making this fact known, and prompting the inquiries which led to the detection of the imposture. Judge Harding, who lived near Buttermere, and who was acquainted with the real Colonel Hope, having some suspicion of the imposture, sent a servant with a letter addressed to Colonel Hope, desiring to see him. When the servant was introduced to the impostor, he exclaimed: 'There is some mistake—this is not

* *See article,* 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, *October 1834.*

'Colonel Hope;' whereupon the fellow said, with the greatest coolness: 'The letter is not for me, but my brother.' This was within three weeks after the marriage. He was then taken into custody by a constable, but allowed to fish on the lake.

By the aid, it was supposed, of the boatmen who accompanied him in his sports, he made his escape through the gap of Borrowdale, probably passing over the Stale, the tremendous Alpine pass which leads into Langdale. Besides blighting the prospects of the poor girl, he had nearly ruined her father, by running up a debt of L.18. His dressing-case, a very elegant piece of furniture, was left behind; and on being opened at Keswick, by warrant of a magistrate, was found to contain every article that the most luxurious gentleman could desire, but no papers tending to discover his real name. Afterwards, Mary herself, searching more narrowly, discovered that the box had a double bottom, and in the intermediate recess found a number of letters addressed to him by his *wife and children*, under the name of Hadfield! The story of the detection immediately became as notorious as the marriage had been, and a good deal of information was soon obtained respecting this extraordinary swindler. He had been engaged in the American war, and was wont to boast of his exploits as a soldier. About a twelvemonth before his marriage to Mary, he had contrived, by insinuating manners and false pretences, to get admission to a mercantile firm at Tiverton, in Devonshire. He had afterwards visited London several times, and obtained credit from a number of the first merchants; but bankruptcy overtook him, and he had fled from Devonshire, leaving his wife and two children behind him. As a fugitive from the commission of bankruptcy taken out on this occasion, he was already a felon. It was afterwards ascertained, that he had acted as a swindler thirty years before his last offence—a circumstance which shews that youth could not have been among the attractions by which he gained the heart of Mary Robinson. Seven years of this period had been spent in Scarborough

jail. There were three other ladies at the Lakes, who had formed hopes of becoming his bride, in consequence of the attentions he had paid them; and there was an honest country gentleman, who, imposed upon by his fluent and plausible style of speech, and by the pretensions he made to piety, had recommended him to the electors of Queenborough as their representative in parliament!

The indignation excited by his adventure at Buttermere, caused a very diligent search to be made for him, but for some weeks it was ineffectual. During this interval, he appeared in Chester, but so effectually disguised, that, though known to many persons there, no one recognised him. At length, about the end of November, he was taken by a Bow Street officer at Brecknock, in Wales, and carried to London. On the way thither, and afterwards during his examinations, he maintained a quiet, plausible demeanour, affecting to consider himself as a persecuted individual, and representing, in particular, that, in the alliance with Mary Robinson, he had been rather sinned against than sinning. Mary, on the other hand, who was now announced to be likely to bear a child to her pretended husband, refused to become accessory to his prosecution. The utmost she could be prevailed on to do against Hadfield, was to address the following letter to Sir Richard Ford, of the Bow Street Office:—

'The man whom I had the misfortune to marry, and who has ruined me and my aged and unhappy parents, always told me that he was the Hon. Colonel Hope, the next brother to the Earl of Hopetoun.—Your grateful and unfortunate servant, MARY ROBINSON.'

At a fourth examination of the impostor, on the 27th of December, this letter was read aloud by the clerk in the open court. To quote a contemporary chronicle—'The simplicity of this letter, which, though it breathes the soft murmur of complaint, is free from all virulence, excited in the breast of every person present an emotion of pity and respect for the unmerited sorrows of a female

who has, in this whole matter, manifested a delicacy of sentiment and nobleness of mind infinitely beyond her sphere of education. The feelings of Hadfield could not be enviable; yet he exhibited no symptom of contrition, and when remanded for further examination, retired with the most impenetrable composure.'

Hadfield was tried at the Carlisle spring assizes, on the charge of forging franks, which was the clearest that could be brought against him. Being found guilty, he was left for execution, and executed accordingly. To pursue the narrative of the *English Opium-Eater*:—'On the day of his condemnation, Wordsworth and Coleridge passed through Carlisle, and endeavoured to obtain an interview with him. Wordsworth succeeded; but for some unknown reason, the prisoner steadily refused to see Coleridge—a caprice which could not be penetrated. It was true that he had, during his whole residence at Keswick, avoided Coleridge with a solicitude which had revived the original suspicions against him in some quarters, after they had generally subsided. But for this, his motive had then been sufficient: he was of a Devonshire family, and naturally feared the eye or the inquisitive examination of one who bore a name immemorially associated with the southern part of that country. Coleridge, however, had been transplanted so immaturely from his native region, that few people in England knew less of its family connections. That, perhaps, was unknown to this malefactor; but at anyrate, he knew that all motive was now at an end for disguise of any sort, so that his reserve, in this particular, was unintelligible. However, if not him, Coleridge saw and examined his very interesting papers. These were chiefly letters from women whom he had injured, pretty much in the same way and by the same impostures as he had so recently practised in Cumberland, and, as Coleridge assured me, were in part the most agonising appeals that he had ever read to human justice and pity. Great was the emotion of Coleridge when he recurred to his remembrance of these letters, and bitter—almost vindictive—

was the indignation with which he spoke of Hadfield. One set of letters appeared to have been written under too certain a knowledge of his villainy to whom they were addressed, though still relying on some possible remains of humanity, or perhaps, the poor writer might think, on some lingering relics of affection for herself. The other set was even more distressing; they were written under the first conflicts of suspicions, alternately repelling with warmth the gloomy doubts which were fast arising, and then yielding to their afflicting evidence; raving in one page under the misery of alarm; in another, courting the delusions of hope, and luring back the perfidious deserter—here resigning herself to despair, and there, again, labouring to shew that all might yet be well. Coleridge said often, in looking back upon that frightful exposure of human guilt and misery—and I also echoed his feeling—that the man who, when pursued by these heart-rending apostrophes, and with this litany of anguish sounding in his ears from despairing women, and from famishing children, could yet find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a lake tourist, and deliberately to hunt for the picturesque, must have been a fiend of that order which fortunately does not often emerge amongst men. It is painful to remember that, in those days, amongst the multitudes who ended their career in the same ignominious way, and the majority for offences connected with the forgery of bank-notes, there must have been a considerable number who perished from the very opposite cause—namely, because they felt, too passionately and profoundly for prudence, the claims of those who looked up to them for support. One common scaffold confounds the most flinty hearts and the tenderest. However, in this instance, it was in some measure the heartless part of Hadfield's conduct which drew upon him his ruin; for the Cumberland jury, as I have been told, declared their unwillingness to hang him for having forged a frank; and both they, and those who *refused* to aid his escape, when first apprehended, were reconciled to this harshness entirely by

what they heard of his conduct to their injured young fellow-countrywoman.

'She, meantime, under the name of the Beauty of Buttermere, became an object of interest to all England; dramas and melodramas were produced in the London theatres upon her story; and for many a year afterwards, shoals of tourists crowded to the secluded lake, and the little homely cabaret, which had been the scene of her brief romance. It was fortunate for a person in her distressing situation, that her home was not in a town. The few and simple neighbours who had witnessed her imaginary elevation, having little knowledge of worldly feelings, never for an instant connected with her disappointment any sense of the ludicrous, or spoke of it as a calamity to which her vanity might have co-operated. They treated it as unmixed injury, reflecting shame upon nobody but the wicked perpetrator. Hence, without much trial to her womanly sensibilities, she found herself able to resume her situation in the little inn. In that place, and that capacity, I saw her repeatedly, and shall here say a word upon her personal appearance, because the Lake poets all admired her greatly. Her figure was, in my eyes, good; but I doubt whether most of my readers would have thought it such. She was none of your evanescent, wasp-waisted beauties; on the contrary, she was rather large every way; tallish, and proportionably broad. Her face was fair, and her features feminine; and unquestionably she was what all the world have agreed to call "good-looking." But, except in her arms, which had something of beauty, and in her carriage, which expressed a womanly grace, together with some slight dignity and self-possession, I confess that I looked in vain for any *positive* qualities of any sort or degree.'

A person who visited Cumberland in 1820, found Mary then united to a respectable farmer, and, 'unfortunately for her poetical fame, "fat and well-looking," and without anything in her appearance which might lead to the *discovery, that she was a person who had at one time been the subject* of the poet's song.'

A SOUL IN ALL THINGS.

THERE lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are His,
That make so gay the solitary place
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms
That cultivation glories in, are His.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. One Spirit—His
Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows—
Rules universal Nature! Not a flower
But shews some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which He sprinkles all the earth.—
Happy who walks with Him! whom, what he finds,
Of flavour, or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God!

COWPER.

HOUSE OVERWHELMED BY AN AVALANCHE.

A SMALL cluster of houses, at a place called Bergemoletto, near Demonte, in the upper valley of Stura, in Switzerland, was, on the 19th of March 1755, entirely overwhelmed by two vast bodies of snow, that tumbled down from a neighbouring mountain. All the inhabitants were then within doors, except one Joseph Rochia, and his son, a lad of fifteen, who were on the roof of their house clearing away the snow which had fallen for three days incessantly. A priest going by to mass, advised them to come down, having just before observed a body of snow tumbling from the mountain towards them. The man descended with great precipitation, and fled with his son he knew not whither; but scarce had he gone thirty or forty steps, before his son, who followed him, fell down; on which, looking back, he saw his own and his neighbours' houses, in which were twenty-two persons in all, covered with a high mountain of snow. He lifted up his son, and reflecting that his wife, his sister, two children, and all his effects were thus buried, he fainted away; but soon reviving, got safe into a friend's house at some distance.

Five days after, Joseph, being perfectly recovered, got upon the snow, with his son, and two of his wife's brothers, to try if he could find the exact place where his house stood; but after many openings made in the snow, they could not discover it. The month of April proving hot, and the snow beginning to soften, he again used his utmost endeavours to recover his effects, and to bury, as he thought, the remains of his family. He made now openings, and threw in earth, to melt the snow, which, on the 24th of April, was greatly diminished. He broke through ice six English feet thick, with iron bars, thrust down a long pole, and touched the ground, but evening coming on, he desisted.

His wife's brother, who lived at Demonte, dreamed

that night that his sister was still alive, and begged him to help her; the man, affected by his dream, rose early in the morning, and went to Bergemoletto, where Joseph was; and after resting himself a little, went with him to work upon the snow, where they made another opening, which led them to the house they searched for; but finding no dead bodies in its ruins, they sought for the stable, which was about 240 English feet distant, which, having found, they heard a cry of, 'Help, my dear brother!' Being greatly surprised as well as encouraged by these words, they laboured with all diligence till they had made a large opening, through which the brother who had the dream, immediately went down, where the sister, with an agonising and feeble voice told him: 'I have always trusted in God and you, that you would not forsake me.' The other brother and the husband then went down, and found still alive the wife, about forty-five, the sister, about thirty-five, and a daughter, about thirteen years old. These they raised on their shoulders to men above, who pulled them up as if from the grave, and carried them to a neighbouring house; they were unable to walk, and so wasted, that they appeared like mere skeletons. They were immediately put to bed, and gruel of rye-flour and a little butter was given to recover them. Some days after, the intendant came to see them, and found the wife still unable to rise from bed or use her feet, from the intense cold she had endured, and the uneasy posture she had been in; the sister, whose legs had been bathed with hot wine, could walk with difficulty; and the daughter needed no further remedies.

On the intendant's interrogating the women, they told him that, on the morning of the 19th of March, they were in the stable with a boy of six years old and a girl of about thirteen; in the same stable were six goats, one of which having brought forth two dead kids the night before, they went to carry her a small vessel of rye-flour gruel; there were also an ass and five or six fowls. They were sheltering themselves in a warm corner of the stable till the church-bell should ring, intending to attend

the service. The wife related, that wanting to go out of the stable to kindle a fire in the house for her husband, who was clearing away the snow from the top of it, she perceived a mass of snow breaking down towards the east, upon which she went back into the stable, shut the door, and told her sister of it. In less than three minutes, they heard the roof break over their heads, and also part of the ceiling. The sister advised to get into the rack and manger, which they did. The ass was tied to the manger, but got loose by kicking and struggling, and threw down the little vessel, which they found, and afterwards used to hold the melted snow, which served them for drink.

Very fortunately, the manger was under the main prop of the stable, and so resisted the weight of the snow. Their first care was to know what they had to eat. The sister said she had fifteen chestnuts in her pocket; the children said they had breakfasted, and should want no more that day. They remembered that there were thirty-six or forty cakes in a place near the stable, and endeavoured to get at them, but were not able for the snow. They called often for help, but were heard by none. The sister gave two chestnuts to the wife, and ate two herself, and they drank some snow-water. The ass was restless, and the goats kept bleating for some days; after which they heard no more of them. Two of the goats, however, being left alive, and near the manger they felt them, and found that one of them was big, and would kid, as they recollected, about the middle of April; the other gave milk, wherewith they preserved their lives. During all the time, they saw not one ray of light, yet for about twenty days they had some notice of night and day from the crowing of the fowls, till they died.

The second day, being very hungry, they ate all the chestnuts, and drank what milk the goat yielded, being very near two pounds a day at first, but it soon decreased. The third day, they attempted again, but in vain, to get at the cakes, so resolved to take all possible care to feed the *goats;* but just above the manger was a hay loft,

whence through a hole the sister pulled down hay into the rack, and gave it to the goats as long as she could reach it, and then, when it was beyond her reach, the goats climbed upon her shoulders, and reached it themselves.

On the sixth day, the boy sickened, and six days after, desired his mother, who all this time had held him in her lap, to lay him at his length in the manger. She did so, and taking him by the hand, felt it was very cold; she then put her hand to his mouth, and finding that cold likewise, she gave him a little milk; the boy then cried: 'Oh, my father is in the snow! O father, father!' and then expired.

In the meanwhile, the goat's milk diminished daily, and the fowls soon after dying, they could no longer distinguish night from day; but, according to their reckoning, the time was near when the other goat should kid, which at length they knew was come by its cries; the sister held it, and they killed the kid, to save the milk for their own subsistence: so they found that the middle of April was come. Whenever they called the goat, it would come and lick their faces and hands, and gave them every day two pounds of milk, on which account they long afterwards bore the poor creature a great affection.

They said, that during all this time hunger gave them but little uneasiness, except for the first five or six days; and their greatest pain was from the extreme coldness of the melted snow-water which fell on them; from the smell of the dead ass, goats, fowls, &c.; but more than all, from the very uneasy posture to which they were confined, the manger in which they sat squatting against the wall, being no more than three feet four inches broad.

This interesting case of overwhelming by an avalanche, which has been frequently printed, is not solitary in the annals of Switzerland. Instances of a similar nature, though more disastrous in causing loss of life, are of frequent occurrence. A case of overwhelming, attended with circumstances very closely resembling those in the above narrative, happened as lately as the spring of 1838.

The village of La Colle, in the Lower Alps, was covered by an avalanche, which buried one of the houses for a period of twenty-three days. At the end of that time, the villagers gained access to the house by digging away the snow, when a man and a young girl were found in it alive. By a most fortunate circumstance, these two persons, at the time of the fall, were together in a part of the dwelling in which were all their provisions, with a cow and a goat; and the milk of these animals, which they fed with potatoes and bread, distributed with the most careful economy, had sufficed for their sustenance during their long and dismal captivity.

WILLIAM BEGBIE:

AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE TALE.

In the year 1806, when what are now considered the inferior parts of the Old Town of Edinburgh still retained many respectable tenants, the banking affairs of the British Linen Company were conducted in a large house which had formerly belonged to the Marquis of Tweeddale, within a court connected with the street called the Netherbow.* A narrow covered close or alley (called, from its original possessors, Tweeddale's Close), of about fifteen yards in length, and usually somewhat dark, leads from the street into the spacious court where this building is situated. About five o'clock of the evening of the 13th of November, in the year mentioned, when the short mid-winter day had just closed, a child who lived in a house accessible from the close was sent by her mother, with a little kettle, to obtain a supply of water for tea from the neighbouring well. The little girl,

* Now the printing and publishing premises of Messrs Oliver and Boyd.

stepping with her kettle in her hand out of the public stair into the close, stumbled in the dark over something which lay there, and which proved to be the body of a man just expiring. On an alarm being given, it was discovered that this was William Begbie, a porter connected with the bank, in whose heart a knife was stuck up to the haft, so that he bled to death before uttering a word which might tend to explain the dismal transaction. He was, at the same time, found to have been robbed of a package of notes to the value of above L.4000, which he had been intrusted, in the course of his ordinary duty, to carry from the branch of the bank at Leith to the head-office.* The blow had been given with an accuracy, and a calculation of consequences, shewing the most appalling deliberation in the assassin; for not only was the knife directed straight into the most vital part, but its handle had been muffled in a bunch of soft paper, so as to prevent, as was thought, any sprinkling of blood from reaching the person of the murderer, by which he might have been, by some chance, detected. The knife was one of those with broad thin blades and wooden handles which are used for cutting bread, and its rounded front had been ground to a point, apparently for the execution of this horrible deed. The unfortunate man left a wife and four children to bewail his loss.

The singular nature and circumstances of Begbie's murder occasioned much excitement in the public mind, and every effort was of course made to discover the guilty party. No house of a suspicious character in the city was left unsearched, and parties were despatched to watch and patrol all the various roads leading out into the country. The bank offered a reward of L.500 for such information as might lead to the conviction of the offender or offenders; and the government further

* The notes are thus described in the *Hue and Cry*:—L.1300 in twenty pound-notes of Sir W. Forbes & Co.; L.1000 in twenty pound-notes of the Leith Banking Company; L.1400 in twenty, ten, and five pound-notes of different banks; 240 guinea and 440 pound-notes, of different banks—in all, L.4392.

promised the king's pardon to any except the actual murderer, who, having been concerned in the deed, might discover their accomplices. The sheriff of Edinburgh, Mr Clerk Rattray, displayed the greatest zeal in his endeavours to ascertain the circumstances of the murder, and to detect and seize the murderer, but with surprisingly little success. All that could be ascertained was, that Begbie, in proceeding up Leith Walk on his fatal mission, had been accompanied by 'a man;' and that, about the supposed time of the murder, 'a man' had been seen by some children to run out of the close into the street, and down Leith Wynd, which is a lane leading off from the Netherbow, at a point nearly opposite from the close. There was also reason to believe that the knife had been bought in a shop about two o'clock on the day of the murder, and that it had been afterwards ground upon a grinding-stone, and smoothed on a hone. A number of suspicious characters were apprehended and examined; but all, with one exception, produced satisfactory proofs of their innocence. The exception was a carrier between Perth and Edinburgh, a man of dissolute and irregular habits, of great bodily strength, and known to be a dangerous and desperate character. He was kept in custody for a considerable time, on suspicion, having been seen in the Canongate, near the scene of the murder, a very short time after it was committed. It has since been ascertained, that he was then going about a different business, the disclosure of which would have subjected him to a capital punishment. It was in consequence of the mystery he felt himself impelled to preserve on this subject that he was kept so long in custody; but at length facts and circumstances came out to warrant his discharge, and he was discharged accordingly.

Months rolled on without eliciting any evidence respecting the murder, and, like other wonders, it had ceased in a great measure to engage public attention, when, on the 10th of August 1807, a journeyman mason, in company with two other men, passing through the

Bellevue grounds, in the neighbourhood of the city, found, in a hole in a stone enclosure, by the side of a hedge, a parcel containing a large quantity of bank-notes, bearing the appearance of having been a good while exposed to the weather. After consulting a little, the men carried the package to the sheriff's office, where it was found to contain about L.3000 in large notes, being those which had been taken from Begbie. The British Linen Company rewarded the men with L.200 for their honesty, but the circumstance passed without throwing any light on the murder itself.

Up to the present day, the murderer of Begbie has not been discovered; nor is it probable, after the space of time which has elapsed (forty-seven years), that he ever will be so. It is most likely that the grave has long closed upon him. The only person on whom public suspicion alighted with any force, during the sixteen years ensuing upon the transaction, was a medical practitioner in Leith, a dissolute man and a gambler, who put an end to his own existence not long after the murder. But we are not acquainted with any particular circumstances on which this suspicion was grounded, beyond the suicide, which might spring from other causes. It was not till 1822, that any further light was thrown on this mysterious case. In a work published that year, under the title of *The Life and Trial of James Mackoull*,* there was included a paper by Mr Denovan, the Bow Street officer, the object of which was to prove that Mackoull was the murderer, and which contained at least one very curious statement.

Mr Denovan had discovered in Leith a man, then acting as a teacher, but who, in 1806, was a sailor-boy, and who had witnessed some circumstances immediately connected with the murder. The man's statement was as follows:—'I was at that time (November 1806) a boy of fourteen years of age. The vessel to which I belonged had made a voyage to Lisbon, and was then lying in

* John Anderson, Junior, Edinburgh.

Leith Harbour. I had brought a small present from Portugal for my mother and sister, who resided in the Netherbow, Edinburgh, immediately opposite to Tweeddale's Close, leading to the British Linen Company's Bank. I left the vessel late in the afternoon, and as the articles I had brought were contraband, I put them under my jacket, and was proceeding up Leith Walk, when I perceived a tall man carrying a yellow-coloured parcel under his arm, and a genteel man, dressed in a black coat, dogging him. I was a little afraid: I conceived the man who carried the parcel to be a smuggler, and the gentleman who followed him to be a custom-house or Excise officer. In dogging the man, the supposed officer went from one side of the Walk to the other [the Walk is a broad street], as if afraid of being noticed, but still kept about the same distance behind him. I was afraid of losing what I carried, and shortened sail a little, keeping my eyes fixed on the person I supposed to be an officer, until I came to the head of Leith Street, when I saw the smuggler take the North Bridge, and the custom-house officer go in front of the Register Office; here he looked round him, and imagining he was looking for me, I hove to, and watched him. He then looked up the North Bridge, and, as I conceive, followed the smuggler, for he went the same way. I stood a minute or two where I was, and then went forward, walking slowly up the North Bridge. I did not, however, see either of the men before me; and when I came to the south end or head of the bridge, supposing that they might have gone up the High Street, or along the South Bridge, I turned to the left, and reached the Netherbow, without again seeing either the smuggler or the officer. Just, however, as I came opposite to Tweeddale's Close, I saw the custom-house officer come running out of it, with something under his coat: I think he ran down the street. Being much alarmed, and supposing that the officer had also seen me, and knew what I carried, I deposited my little present in my mother's with all possible speed, and *made the best* of my way to Leith, without hearing any-

thing of the murder of Begbie until next day. On coming on board the vessel, I told the mate what a narrow escape I conceived I had made; he seemed somewhat alarmed, having probably, like myself, smuggled some trifling article from Portugal, and told me, in a peremptory tone, that I should not go ashore again without first acquainting him. I certainly heard of the murder before I left Leith, and concluded that the man I saw was the murderer; but the idea of waiting on a magistrate, and communicating what I had seen, never struck me. We sailed in a few days thereafter from Leith, and the vessel to which I belonged having been captured by a privateer, I was carried to a French prison, and only regained my liberty at the last peace. I can now recollect distinctly the figure of the man I saw: he was well dressed, had a genteel appearance, and wore a black coat. I never saw his face properly, for he was before me the whole way up the Walk; I think, however, he was a stout, big man, but not so tall as the man I then conceived to be a smuggler.'

This description of the supposed custom-house officer coincides exactly with that of the appearance of Mackoull; and other circumstances are given, which almost make it certain that he was the murderer. This Mackoull was a London rogue of unparalleled effrontery and dexterity, who for years haunted Scotland, and effected some daring robberies. He resided in Edinburgh from September 1805 till the close of 1806, and during that time frequented a coffee-house in the Ship Tavern at Leith. He professed to be a merchant, expelled by the threats of the French from Hamburg, and to live by a new mode of dyeing skins, but in reality practised the arts of a gambler and a pickpocket. He had a mean lodging at the bottom of New Street, in the Canongate, near the scene of the murder of Begbie, and to which, it is remarkable, that Leith Wynd was the readiest as well as most private access from that spot. No suspicion, however, fell upon Mackoull at this period, and he left the country for a number of years, at the end of which

time he visited Glasgow, and there effected a robbery of one of the banks. For this crime he did not escape the law. He was brought to trial at Edinburgh in 1820, was condemned to be executed, but died in jail while under reprieve from his sentence.

The most striking part of the evidence which Mr Denovan adduces against Mackoull, is the report of a conversation which he had with that person in the condemned cell of the Edinburgh Jail, in July 1820, when Mackoull was very doubtful of being reprieved. To pursue his own narrative, which is in the third person: 'He told Captain Sibbald [the superior of the prison] that he intended to ask Mackoull a single question relative to the murder of Begbie, but would first humour him by a few jokes, so as to throw him off his guard, and prevent him from thinking he had called for any particular purpose [it is to be observed, that Mr Denovan had a professional acquaintance with the condemned man]; but desired Captain Sibbald to watch the features of the prisoner, when he (Denovan) put his hand to his chin, for he would then put the question he meant. After talking some time on different topics, Mr Denovan put this very simple question to the prisoner: "By the way, Mackoull, if I am correct, you resided at the foot of New Street, Canongate, in November 1806—did you not?"

'He stared—he rolled his eyes; and as if falling into a a convulsion, threw himself back upon his bed. In this condition he continued for a few moments, when, as if recollecting himself, he started up, exclaiming wildly: "No, — ——! I was then in the East Indies—in the West Indies—What do you mean?"

"I mean no harm, Mackoull," he replied; "I merely asked the question for my own curiosity; for I think when you left these lodgings, you went to Dublin—is it not so?"

"Yes, yes, I went to Dublin," he replied; "and I wish I had remained there still—I won ten thousand pounds here at the tables, and never knew what it was to want

cash, although you wished the folks here to believe that they locked me up in Old Start (Newgate), and brought down your friend Adkins to swear he saw me there—this was more than your duty."

'He now seemed to rave, and lose all temper, and his visitor bade him good-night, and left him.'

It appears extremely probable, from the strong circumstantial evidence which has been offered by Mr Denovan, that Mackoull was the murderer of Begbie.

STORY OF THE PYRENEES.

A DAY'S ramble among the winding passes of the Pyrenees, a few summers ago, brought me, towards evening, in sight of a lonely *auberge*, situated in the line of one of the rough and uneven roads connecting the French and Spanish frontiers. The spectacle gave me great pleasure; my foot sprang more lightly from the ground, and my shoulder no longer felt sore under the burden of my gun. On reaching the inn in question, I found it to be small, but to wear an air of comfort and neatness, which spoke to me, at the first glance, of good food and a sweet night's rest. Nor was the appearance of the human beings whom I saw within its walls at variance with this agreeable prognostication. I was received and kindly welcomed by a young woman, extremely good-looking, and with a pretty child, of about a year old, in her arms. She wore the usual costume of these regions, which is a perpetual combination of bright colours. A red handkerchief was bound round her head, and her vest, petticoat, and stockings, were all stuffs striped and tinted with various dyes. When I mentioned to her my wants, she called a young girl from another apartment, and, giving her the child, began herself actively to prepare some refreshment for me. The respectable animal called the goat was of great

service on this occasion; for in a short time I sat down to flesh, milk, and cheese, all provided by that rock-loving and four-footed mountaineer.

As the main apartment—namely, the kitchen—is the only place where travellers abide under such circumstances as I was, I had opportunities of conversing with my hostess during the preparation of my meal. She seemed to be cheerful, though not gay. Her husband, she told me, was out on the hills, along with a lad who assisted him in the management of the little spot of ground attached to their residence. By the time that I sat down to my repast, the shades of evening had begun to fall in, and while I ate—as I did most heartily, if not voraciously—I observed my hostess beginning to shew signs of impatience. Ever and anon she went to the door and looked abroad, returning each time with visible anxiety on her countenance. I was tempted at length to ask, 'If a storm was at hand, or if she feared any impending evil?'

'Ah, sir,' said she, 'I am only a little distressed that Miguel, my husband, should be out so long. It will soon be dark.'

'Is there any danger?' I asked; 'has the neighbourhood a bad name?'

'O no, sir,' replied she; 'the country is now thought to be quite safe, and I am perhaps foolish to be uneasy; but it was once very unsafe, and we suffered so much from it in consequence, that I cannot rid myself of fear at times.' She bent down her head as she spoke, and appeared to lose for a moment the sense of present uneasiness in the revived recollection of the past. At this instant the door opened, and a tall, strapping, sunburnt fellow entered, whom I immediately conjectured to be the husband, from his being followed by a young peasant. My hostess had sprung to her feet, and I thought it augured well for her husband's marital tenderness, that he at once noticed her to have been discomposed, and exclaimed: 'What, Inez, at thy old terrors!'

hen, noticing me for the first time in the growing dusk,

he continued: 'And strangers with thee, too!' He then saluted me civilly, and we were soon engaged in conversation.

I stayed two days with Miguel and his wife, and became excellent friends with them. I found an opportunity to gratify my curiosity, by inquiring into the misfortunes which my hostess had alluded to as having arisen from the former insecurity of the country, and I heard the whole story from her. I now present it to the reader.

'But a few years ago,' said Inez, which was my hostess's name, 'my father was the tenant of this house, where we now live. Here I was born, and here had the misfortune to lose my mother in my youth; in short, all my days have been spent here. When I was about eighteen, I became first acquainted with Miguel, who had hired himself as conductor of a wagon that passed regularly by this road from one side of the mountains to another. The wagon always stopped a night here as it passed, and Miguel and I began to love each other. Nor was it long ere we were both aware that this was the case. My father saw the state of our affections as well as we did, and he was not averse to our union, for he was growing old, and, even at the best, he always required a lad to assist him with the little farm, upon which our support depended much more than on the visits of travellers to the house. It was at length settled, that Miguel and I should be married as soon as he had completed his term in his present occupation.

'When this arrangement was made, Miguel had but three journeys backwards and forwards to perform. These were long journeys to be sure, and, what was worse, there were reports of recent robberies at no great distance, which made travelling dangerous. The first journey, however, was performed in safety. When Miguel came to us on his way over the mountains a second time, some circumstances took place which afterevents caused us to remember. A traveller had come to our house that day, before Miguel reached us with his wagon. That traveller was a dark, active-looking man,

dressed in the ordinary Spanish fashion, and seemingly in the prime of life. Before Miguel arrived, this visitor addressed himself to me in such a manner as was very disagreeable. I at first indeed paid little attention to his words, for my thoughts that day were occupied with another subject. When, at length, encouraged it may be by my silence, he would have carried his freedoms further, I repulsed him civilly, but firmly, and told him plainly that my affections and hand were engaged to another. The dark malignant smile which passed over his countenance when I said this, gave me new and unpleasing ideas of our guest, whom I had hitherto regarded as only a man of a light and sportive temperament. He did not alter his conduct, nor, even when Miguel came, did he desist from annoying me. This gave me much alarm, for I perceived Miguel's brow to darken on observing his behaviour. Nor was my alarm groundless, for, on the traveller's seizing and holding me by the arm as I accidentally passed him, Miguel sprang up, and threw him violently to the further end of the room, where he fell heavily on the floor. In an instant the man was on his feet, had his long knife drawn from his belt, and seemed about to spring upon Miguel. But my father chanced to enter at that moment, and the traveller, uttering a violent threat, hastily left the house. Though he had spoken of resting all night, he did not return.

'On being informed of what had passed, my father, who had been in a weak state of health for some time, said to Miguel: "I grow weaker and weaker every day, my dear son. It is time that you were here to protect Inez—and myself also, Heaven help me! Had you not been here accidentally just now, we might have been exposed to any insult from such a rude visitor as this." Miguel was so much struck by the truth of the remark, that, after a pause of a moment, he replied: "You are right; I ought to be here to guard over those whose lives are so dear to *me;* and I *will* be here without delay, if I can get a trustworthy substitute to perform the rest of this journey for me when I reach the town of Ai." We talked long on

these subjects before going to rest. Little rest indeed fell to my lot that night, for the dark looks and dagger of the man whom Miguel had made his enemy for my sake, came ever between me and slumber.

'In the morning, Miguel departed with his wagon, under the promise to return soon, if it was in his power. I had never before felt so much anxiety at his departure, though, when I told him so, he smiled at my fears on his account, and shewed me his double-barrelled gun, calling it his sure protector. Nothing occurred for two days afterwards, though, during that interval, many fears came over me relative to the possible return of the traveller—the man who had so hurriedly disappeared. Our household at this time, it is to be understood, consisted of my father, a lad who assisted him out of doors, and myself. This lad went always first to rest, my father next, and I last. After they had both retired, on the second night from Miguel's departure, I closed the door, and went into my own little room to seek repose. But I had not yet undressed myself, when I heard a noise, seemingly outside of the house. I listened, and heard it repeated, nearer at hand as it appeared to me. Though much disturbed, I resolved to satisfy myself that there was a true cause for alarm before I called my father. With this view, I took up my light, and went into the kitchen, when I saw a sight that rooted me for an instant to the spot. The under part of the window had been raised, and a man, having got in with his feet foremost, was in the act of extricating his head and shoulders from the window. I, unguardedly, screamed, and fled in the direction of my father's sleeping-place; but before I had gone a few steps, I found myself in the grasp of the man who had entered, and who dragged me back into the kitchen. A faintness came over me, when, by means of the light which I had dropped on receiving the first alarm, I discovered that my captor was the traveller of the former day. He gave me a look of such triumphant malice, mingled with more hateful feelings, as made me shudder. Meanwhile, one man after another entered rapidly by the window, to the number of

six, as it seemed to my confused senses. "Oh! my poor father! what is to be our fate?" was my first thought on seeing this; and so oppressive was the prospect to my spirit, that I received a temporary relief from all care by sinking into insensibility.

'How long I lay in this condition, I cannot tell. It must, however, have been a considerable time, for, on recovering my consciousness, I found my father hanging over me, in the state in which he had been dragged by the ruffians from his bed. The poor youth who lived with us was there in the same condition. Besides, the wretches had had time to discover and seize the little money and valuables which had been gathered by my father, the fruits of his long toils. Matters were in this state when my father raised me. I clung to his breast almost unconsciously, to preserve myself from the grasp of another who stood by me—the traveller—or rather the chief of the robbers, for such he seemed to be. "Divide, divide, men!" said he; "for me, I will take nothing; this is my prize!" laying his hand at the same time upon my shoulder. "Oh! Miguel, Miguel!" was the thought that passed through my shrinking soul at that instant, "little knowest thou what Inez is now suffering!"

'Look at that open space, sir,' said my hostess at this part of her story, pointing at the same time to the end-wall of the kitchen where we were sitting. A portion of the space above the level of the side-walls was open, being evidently an entrance into a hayloft that lay over the stable of the *auberge*, and which stable was continuous with the dwelling, the whole being of one story. 'As I thought upon Miguel at that awful moment,' continued Inez, 'my eyes—as my head lay upon my father's shoulder—were raised to that space, and there I beheld the head of Miguel! It struck me at first that my excited fancy had conjured up an illusion, and I closed my eyes for a moment. It was well that I did so, for the thought *that the image* was a deception, gave me time also to consider *that a* word or a scream would betray him, if what *I saw was* real. All this passed in an instant. Again I

opened my eyes, and I saw not only that Miguel was really there, but that he was about to attempt something for our delivery, for his gun was stretched out before him. He motioned to me with his hand, and I understood his motion and his purpose—his terrible yet necessary purpose!—I bowed my head low, and, in another second of time, a sound as of thunder filled the apartment, followed by groans and curses. Another reverberation almost instantly followed, and amid the smoke which filled the room, I saw nothing, though I heard my brave Miguel leap down into the chamber, shouting (to deceive the robbers, doubtless, respecting the number of their assailants), "Here! this way, my friends! Down with the plunderers!" I beheld some of the latter escaping from the room by the way they had entered, and all was erelong quiet!

'What a scene, however,' continued my hostess, whose emotion was greatly excited by what she described; 'what a scene, sir, this place where we now sit presented after that awful struggle! Two men, killed by one ball, lay prostrate on the floor, and another beside them mortally wounded, so well had the weapon been aimed. Miguel's first thought, after pursuing for a short way the men who had fled in fear and confusion, was to close the house more carefully for the night, the remainder of which we spent in thanking Heaven for our deliverance. Miguel informed us that, having procured a faithful substitute at the town of Ai, he had rapidly retraced his steps on foot, being oppressed with fears for us, arising out of the late adventure with the traveller. When he reached our house, he had discovered the state of things through the window, which had been but partially closed by the robbers after their entrance. He then went to the stable, burst open the door, and was in time to save us, as has been described.

'In the morning, the lad was sent to Ai, to bring the officers of justice. When they came, the poor wounded wretch (to whom we paid every attention) was still living, *to disclose the fact* that the six men, of whom he had *been one, composed* the band who had for a time annoyed

and plundered the country, and that the *traveller*, one of those who had fallen by Miguel's rifle, had been their captain. When I stooped my head, the bullet had passed over me to his heart! The bodies were removed from our house, and an anxious search made in the neighbourhood for the other three. They were all ultimately taken, and punished.

'The fastenings of the window,' continued the hostess, 'by which the robbers had entered, must have been secretly loosened by their captain on the day when he was our guest, with a view to future plunder. For his courageous conduct in destroying this band, Miguel received the thanks of the whole country. But, alas! sir, my poor father never recovered from the shock which he got on this occasion. He lived, however, to see Miguel and myself united, and then he died happy. Although none of the band concerned in that attack are any longer to be feared, yet can you wonder, sir, after this relation, that I should sometimes tremble when the recollection of these things comes across me, and when Miguel is abroad at night on these lonely hills?'

I paid the comely Inez many compliments on the bravery of her husband, which the affectionate wife blushed with pleasure to hear. Such was the story, gentle reader, which I heard in my wanderings among the lofty Pyrenees.

THE BRAGGE FAMILY.

THE accession in 1820 of the Hon. Augustus Theophilus Bragge to the property of a maternal uncle in a central English county, caused a prodigious sensation. Mr Bragge was the younger brother of an Irish peer, and having *been previously* limited to a very small income for the *support of a large* family, had been one of the first persons *repair to the* continent after the restoration of the

Bourbons, in order to educate his daughters with less expense than would have been incurred at home. This circumstance, however, did not transpire, and he entered upon his estate with all the *éclat* of his connection with an old baronial family, unalloyed by the stigma of previous poverty. The eldest of Mr Bragge's growing-up daughters had reached her twenty-second year; the youngest was about fifteen; there was a baby besides, and three or four sons. All the girls were remarkably handsome; their beauty was of that striking and attractive kind which is recognised at once, and cannot be disputed. The three elder girls were out, the fourth coming out, and the two others ready to come out whenever a marriage in the family should afford a vacant seat in Mrs Bragge's carriage.

Thirty-two years ago, the quiet society of the English counties was comparatively little acquainted with foreign manners. The admiration, therefore, excited by the Misses Bragge, was not unmingled with surprise. Their natural vivacity, aided by a French education, rendered them very different from the pattern young ladies of their circle. Fortunately, they were very good-tempered and obliging; and though they waltzed to excess, and wore shorter petticoats than ever had been seen before, it was only the very rigid and censorious who ventured any disparaging remark. Mr Bragge commenced his career in England by keeping open house. He made no invidious distinctions respecting his visitors, receiving all comers with a hearty hospitality worthy of old times. The family took possession of the estate in the month of August, and immediately a scene of festivity commenced, which lasted without intermission until the return of the season called them to London. Such riding, and driving, and picnicking to every place in the neighbourhood where there was anything to be seen! It was thought nothing to go fifteen or twenty miles to a ball; and the intention of the Bragges to be present was sure to congregate all the beauty, fashion, and bachelorhood of the vicinity.

The place in which public assemblies were held at Singleton, at the period of which we write, was a building erected over the market, and rather oddly constructed—no unusual circumstance in a country town. It had at first been approached by an outside-stair; but this being found very inconvenient, another entrance had been opened under cover, and the company now walked through the butcher's shambles into a small dark vestibule, which led, in the first instance, to a large kitchen, in which, on market-days, the farmers usually dined from the smoking joints roasted at immense fireplaces at either end. On ball-nights, this apartment was dedicated to the tea-kettles which supplied boiling-water for that beverage which cheers but not inebriates, together with negus and lemonade, forming the liquid refreshments provided on such occasions. A gloomy, ill-lighted staircase led to a suit of four apartments, one being a small ante-chamber, in which stood the persons who received the tickets of the subscribers; the largest of the remaining three formed the ball-room, the two others being dedicated to tea and cards. All were dismal enough, being panelled with dark wood, or hung with dingy paper, and badly illuminated by a few very old-fashioned chandeliers, and girandoles, made of an uncouth mixture of glass and brass, and calculated to hold a very small number of candles.

In 1820, the balls at Singleton had fallen off considerably. They had been for the most part limited to the genteeler sort among the town'speople who were eligible to be subscribers; and in consequence of the lame manner in which quadrilles were executed, contra-dances had maintained their ascendancy upon the floors long after they had been exploded from every other town. Six or eight lugubrious-looking couples would take their places in the centre of the dismal ball-room, and go through the evolutions in that spiritless manner, which a paucity of *numbers upon* any occasion of hilarity generally produces. *The arrival of* the Bragge family in the county changed *e aspect of* affairs. Mr Bragge, senior, to oblige his

daughters, consented to take the office of steward upon himself; and in consequence, a vast concourse of people were collected together—crowds which brought to mind the good old times in the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants of the place. Previously to this era, the Misses Tollemache had led the fashion in the neighbourhood of Singleton. They were very fine girls; very correct in their deportment, and had the character of being proud and difficult. Hitherto an attendance at the balls at Singleton had been considered too great a condescension by these young ladies; and their absence kept many others away, few liking to go to a place which the Tollemaches despised. A spirit of rivalry now operated as a stimulant, and determined them to take the field against the Bragges. The latter family were at first wholly unconscious of the jealous feelings which they excited; they entered the ball-room solely in pursuit of pleasure, and gave themselves up to the unrestrained indulgence of the gaiety of their hearts. They were constantly surrounded by all the beaux, while the Tollemaches were comparatively neglected, being only asked to dance by those who had failed in securing a hand of the Misses Bragge. Three of the four sisters—for the one who was coming out in London had come out in the country—were nearly equally the objects of admiration; but Miss Bragge, the eldest, was universally pronounced to bear away the palm, and to her standard the *élite* of the male portion of the assembly flocked. Amongst many others, she attracted the great man of the neighbourhood, Sir Charles Dorrington, a young baronet of large fortune, who was supposed to be looking out for a wife. This gentleman had paid some attention to the elder Miss Tollemache, and had been universally set down as her admirer; but before matters had gone too far, the appearance of Miss Bragge changed the spirit of his dream, and he now exhibited himself as the devoted slave of the new beauty.

The card-players of the balls at Singleton had been, *time out of mind*, subjected to two distinct species of

annoyance—the one being the smoke, which, when the wind set in a particular direction, poured down the chimney, whether there was any fire in the apartment or not; the other, the irruptions of young ladies with their partners, who would sit down and talk, sometimes in a loud key, about nonsense, which distracted the attention of all the whist-players, and sometimes in a low tone, which would occasion some very inquisitive old lady or gentleman, anxious to catch the purport of the conversation, to revoke. Upon the present evening, Miss Bragge and Sir Charles Dorrington proved the greatest delinquents. After almost every dance, they bolted in, seated themselves behind the door, and talked incessantly. Some people averred that an offer was certainly made and accepted; but as the parties had never met before, this seemed premature. Miss Tollemache looked on with suppressed rage. The tide of popularity ran so strongly in favour of the Bragges, that prudence dictated a pacific appearance, since any show of hostility would have been attributed to jealousy; and, therefore, the Misses Tollemache admitted at once, that the Bragges were very fine girls, with exceedingly enviable spirits. 'It was certainly merely a matter of taste,' they continued, 'but, for their part, they liked less display; these foreign manners did not quite suit them.' The Misses Tollemache had a brother, with whom they waltzed in turn: thus shewing off their figures without incurring the odium which attached itself to those who were less scrupulous in the choice of a partner. Young Tollemache, who would rather have danced with one of the Bragges, thought the duty a bore, and wished that his mother would take the girls to France, to get rid of their starch; but Lady Jane Tollemache, who had been a great favourite of old Queen Charlotte in her day, loudly expressed her determination that her daughters *should never* make such an exhibition of themselves. She drew a small circle around her, who fully concurred in her views of propriety, and who felt assured, that the example of a few persons like herself would check the

progress of that general licence which threatened to change the face of society.

The balls at Singleton were generally over by two o'clock in the morning; it seemed quite impossible to sustain life till a later hour upon tea, bread and butter, and weak negus. At an early hour in the evening, Sir Charles Dorrington had suggested the scheme of a supper at a neighbouring inn. The Bragges eagerly acceded to the plan, and a few choice spirits were collected for the purpose. The Tollemache family were invited as a matter of form; but Lady Jane gave a dignified refusal, and looked daggers at her son, who, having packed up his sisters in the family-coach, ran to offer his arm to Emily Bragge, who skipped across the street and over the gutters in her white satin shoes, with some flimsy thing of a shawl over her head. It was reported next day that the Misses Bragge sang after supper, which, though allowable in the mansion of a friend, was deemed highly improper at a public inn. The party, however, was a very joyous one, and it led to the proposal of a ball to be given by the bachelors at the same place. So brilliant an affair had never been heard of at Singleton before. The Bragges were the queens of the evening, while the eldest daughter might be called the empress; their dresses had come direct from Paris, and were unlike anything that had been seen in England before, while it was remarked that the eternal white satin of the Tollemaches had a very heavy appearance. If any doubt could have remained upon the minds of the spectators respecting the intentions of Sir Charles, they were now dissipated. It was very certain that he desired nothing so much as to become the husband of the beautiful girl, whom, against all the rules of etiquette, he led to the supper-room, and seated at his right hand at the top of the table, above all the matrons and dowagers of the party. Henrietta Tollemache almost made up her mind to the loss of the young baronet, and by everybody *the marriage of* the happy pair was looked upon as a *settled thing.*

No such marriage, however, took place. Miss Bragge, having the vision of a ducal coronet flitting before her eyes, refused the baronet. Sir Charles, though at first disposed to give way to despair, consoled himself with the idea, that time and assiduity would work a change in his favour. He was not aware of the ambition which lurked in the bosom of the lady of his affections, while she, satisfied with having assured him of her determination, considered herself at liberty to receive attentions paid under, what she chose to consider, a full knowledge of the state of the case. Mrs Bragge, who was of an indolent disposition, and had no voice in the family, regretted this rejection. With so many daughters, she thought it a good thing to get one off her hands, and was of opinion that Geraldine's marriage with Sir Charles would save a great deal of trouble. Other offers were made, and refused; and some of the cavaliers, either more or less sensitive than the baronet, withdrew upon the failure of their hopes; the remainder, assured of the consequences of hazarding a proposal, contented themselves with laughing, and talking, and flirting, and in this manner time sped upon its lightest pinions. The shooting-season brought quantities of young men to Mr Bragge's manors, to the great detriment of the game, and the no small diminution of the contents of the cellar. Everybody went out in the morning, either to knock down the hares and the partridges, or to lunch with the sportsmen in some approved spot. Riding and driving occupied the remainder of the day until dinner, and in the evening there was music and dancing. With the addition of the female visitors, the Bragges could always get up a ball without extraneous aid; and the arrival of Christmas brought with it fresh sets of company, and fresh methods of beguiling time. Meanwhile, Mr Bragge's grown-up sons thought themselves entitled to live in the style becoming their expectations. One, who was with his regiment, kept up a very gay establishment; and the eldest being the heir, divided his time between Melton *Mowbray* and home, with occasional visits to distant

parts of the country, in which good hunting was to be had.

At length Easter arrived, and the Bragges took their departure for London, leaving the county in a state of quietude which it had not enjoyed for many a long day. Intelligence of the festivities in which the family had been engaged in the great metropolis, was duly forwarded to Singleton through the medium of the fashionable papers. The coteries of the town learned that four of the Misses Bragge had been presented at court; and though rather puzzled by the mystical language in which the account of their dresses was conveyed, understood that they made a very brilliant appearance. Frequent mention was subsequently made of the beautiful sisters; and in the course of a few weeks, the following announcement shewed that the expectations entertained by the family of an alliance with the peerage were not without foundation :—'Married at St George's Church, Hanover Square, by the Hon. and Rev. the Dean, &c., Lord Viscount Rossallan, &c., to Letitia Eugenia, third daughter of the Hon. Augustus Theophilus Bragge, of —— Hall, in —— shire.' This was rather a surprise to the good folks of the country, since, according to their unsophisticated notions, Letitia Bragge seemed to be the least amiable of the family. There was an expression in her countenance which might be taken for a sneer; she had not the vivacity which characterised her sisters, and there were some persons who went so far as to say, that they thought her a little stupid, and rather ill-tempered. How it so happened that the qualities of her mind, which were thus stigmatised in the country, procured her more favour in London than was accorded to the other Misses Bragge, they could not make out. In the simplicity of their hearts, the Singletonians felt quite assured that, as the third daughter had become a viscountess, the oldest would be a marchioness at least, and might look up to a ducal coronet. Geraldine, unfortunately, thought the same, and the illusion was fostered by the attentions of a young duke, which, however, never came to anything; and at the end of the London season,

Mr Bragge returned into the country, with all his family about him, Lady Rossallan alone excepted. Soon after their arrival, Lady Jane Tollemache discovered, greatly to her vexation, that her only son George, who was just of age, had engaged himself to Emily Bragge. She had perceived a good deal of dancing and flirting going on between the parties during the spring; but as she had given her opinion pretty strongly regarding the young lady, she concluded that an only son, so well brought up, and so fully warned respecting the consequences of such an alliance, would never think of doing so mad a thing. She was mistaken; and George proclaimed that he had arrived at the age of indiscretion, by leading Emily to the altar, which proved a severe blow to Lady Jane and her daughters. Sir Charles Dorrington was observed to be as attentive as ever to Miss Bragge; but with the success of Lady Rossallan before her eyes, and a young duke in her head, she could not be prevailed upon to listen to him.

The recess passed away nearly in the same manner that the preceding one had done; the two younger girls came out, so that there were still four Misses Bragge to be seen at all the balls and races; Geraldine, however, continuing to be considered the flower of the family. The next London season produced nothing, at least nothing of consequence; the young duke who had been so attentive, married somebody else, but his place was supplied by an earl, who, it was thought, would certainly propose. This nobleman had promised to spend a part of the shooting-season at Bragge Hall; consequently, there could be no hope for Sir Charles Dorrington; and, either tired of the pursuit, or convinced of the utter heartlessness of its object, he withdrew his pretensions. In a mood of mind to be grateful for the flattering conviction that he had been long favourably regarded by another, he fell in with Henrietta Tollemache, who very adroitly drew him into matrimony. The earl did not fulfil his engagement, and Miss Bragge, for the first time in her *life, found* herself without any professed dangler. She

determined to make good use of the following season, but it brought out some formidable competitors. Lady Rossallan was on the continent, and the circle which George Tollemache drew around him, did not offer anything of sufficient consequence to induce her to relinquish the chances of another season. People now began to reckon the number of years during which Miss Bragge had been out. Her sister Stella had deemed it full time to marry, and, failing to procure a suitable establishment, accepted the hand of an officer who held a high command in a South American service, and who, having been well introduced, and covered with orders, had passed himself off as a very great personage at Notaxcanpaia, or some such place. Mr Bragge's estate was now discovered to be not quite equal to the demands made upon it. The family, therefore, not finding it convenient to return to the country, went to rusticate at Boulogne. A winter in Paris was subsequently tried, and some very ruinous expenditure incurred, and, after various chances and changes, the family settled at Cheltenham. It happened, shortly afterwards, that Miss Bragge, in paying a visit to her sister Mrs Tollemache, came to Singleton by the stage-coach, and, while waiting for the carriage, which her brother-in-law had promised to send for her, gazed upon the site of the theatre of her former glories. The site only remained, for, in the progress of improvement, the market-place and the clumsy building above it had disappeared, the former being removed to another part of the town. Some bitter feelings passed across her mind, and, turning from the window, her eyes encountered a looking-glass. The form reflected there was certainly very different from that which, years before, had been displayed upon its surface. All its youth and freshness were gone; the face was haggard and careworn; the figure had lost its roundness; and she sighed as she reflected upon the waste of years, and the foolish ambition which had led her to despise the blessings within her reach. Her mortifications did not end here, for she was obliged to meet Sir Charles and Lady Dorrington

very frequently, and many a bitter tear did she shed in secret over the wreck of all her hopes. On her return to Cheltenham, she found it impossible to settle down. The appearance of the house, its mean decayed furniture, bearing marks of the destructive propensities of many a former tenant, the apology for a man-servant, the ill-served dinner, and the difficulty of procuring fitting apparel for the parties which still formed the sole amusement of her life, impressed her with the necessity of striking some bold stroke. There were still two sisters besides herself unmarried—one who was a confirmed invalid, and upon whose account they were obliged to continue at Cheltenham; and another, the baby mentioned in a preceding paragraph, who had grown up into rather a fine girl, but very inferior in personal attractions to her elder sisters. This young person, who had never known the splendour formerly enjoyed by the family, was quite as eager after amusement as her sisters had been, and carried on the same sort of pursuits, though in a very limited sphere. During a visit to Lady Rossallan, Geraldine had succeeded in captivating a man of large property, and hopes which had long lain dormant, now revived. She was, unfortunately, obliged to return home before the affair could be settled, but was speedily followed by her admirer. He had been charmed by the spirit, elegance, and intelligence of Miss Bragge; but the sight of her youngest sister, who, though immeasurably inferior to what she had been, had now, with some resemblance, the advantages of youth and natural brilliancy, changed the object of his pursuit, and he made an offer to Elizabeth. Mr Bragge, too happy to marry a daughter so well, gave his consent. The young lady had been brought up in a school in which self-interest was more considered than any finer sentiment. She therefore made no objection, and Geraldine was obliged to conceal her feelings of mortification as best she might.

At this time several other very disagreeable things *occurred.* Mrs Huddersfield, who had come back a *widow from* South America, with four children, and the

promise of a pension from the Notaxcanpaian government, was very much in the way of Miss Bragge. The family finances also grew worse and worse, and they were threatened with a terrible affair between the Tollemaches. George Tollemache, inexperienced and indiscreet, had been guilty of many acts of worse than folly; and his wife, writhing under his neglect, had, by way of recalling him, endeavoured to excite in him the dangerous sentiment of jealousy. Her mother and sisters in law, by whom she was hated, took advantage of this mistaken policy to poison the mind of her husband against her. A separation, under very painful circumstances, was anticipated; and though, through the generous interference of Sir Charles Dorrington, the breach was to outward appearance healed, the ill-treatment which she had received, and the sense of the rashness of the attempt which she had made to revive her husband's affection, sank deep in Emily's heart. She never recovered it; and her death, which took place soon afterwards, proved the result of the wretched system of education which had left the happiness of the Bragge family to the direction of chance.

The Hon. Augustus Theophilus, long compelled to find all his amusement at the card-table, had sunk into the second stage of a gambler's existence, and, having acquired experience, preyed in turn upon the unwary. Disagreeable stories of the Bragges, some entirely false, and all exaggerated, now furnished a large portion of the conversation of the place. Geraldine, though smarting under the wounds inflicted by these reports, and suffering from the slights which she daily sustained, could not bring herself to contemplate a life of seclusion, and felt as little inclination as ever to receive lessons of wisdom. She still, however, hoped that fortune had something in store for her; but, meanwhile, nothing could be more dismal than her prospects, or more disagreeable than her situation.

At length—*to come to the conclusion of our story of the Bragge family*—an elderly nobleman, who had buried *three wives, and* was suspected of an intention of taking

M. d'Anglade, on the other hand, though he made a decent appearance in society, and was received into the best company, was understood to be rather straitened in his circumstances. Such was the condition, individually and relatively, of the principal parties in the following unfortunate affair.

Count de Mongommery and his lady having projected a visit to their country-house of Villeboisin, invited M. and Madame d'Anglade to accompany them. The invitation was at first accepted, but afterwards it was declined, upon some slight plea. The count and countess accordingly set out for their estate, attended only by their chaplain, François Gagnard, and other domestics, on Monday the 22d of September 1687, proposing not to return till the evening of the succeeding Thursday. During their absence, the town-house was left under the charge of a female servant, named Formenie, with whom a page, and four girls who worked at embroidery, also remained. Some trifling presentiment of evil having occurred to Count de Mongommery, who was somewhat superstitious, he returned with his suite to town on the Wednesday—a day earlier than he intended. Nothing unusual was observed about the count's apartments at first, excepting that the door of a chamber on the ground-floor, in which some of the servants slept, was found to be unlocked, though the chaplain had locked it, and taken the key with him on his departure. Formenie and her companions had never touched the door, and had believed it always to be locked. This circumstance, however, did not excite much notice at the time. The count and countess took supper after their arrival, and had just finished their repast, when M. d'Anglade entered by the door common to his apartments and those of the count. This was about eleven o'clock. M. d'Anglade had been supping out, and finding the Mongommeries to have returned, he went into the chamber where they were, and chatted with them for a time; after which, Madame d'Anglade came down likewise, and joined in the conversation. The domestics of the count afterwards

alleged, that both the D'Anglades appeared struck with surprise on learning the count's arrival.

On the evening of the following day, Count de Mongommery gave information to the authorities that he had been robbed. The lock, he stated, of his strong-box had been forced during his three days' absence, and there had been taken away thirteen bags, containing each 1000 livres in silver coin, 11,500 livres in two-pistole gold pieces, a twisted rouleau of 100 new louis-d'ors, and a pearl-necklace, valued at 4000 livres. On the announcement of this enormous loss, M. Deffita, one of the heads of the criminal department, and other officials, went to the count's apartments. The first impression on the mind of every one was, that some person about the house had committed the robbery, and therefore a search was resolved upon. M. d'Anglade and his wife came forward at once, and requested that their chambers might be first examined. This was assented to. The lowermost of the two floors occupied by the D'Anglades was begun with, the master and mistress of the house themselves conducting the officers through all parts of it. Coffers, cabinets, beds, and, in short, everything, were turned over and examined, without any vestige being found of what was sought. After the first floor was investigated, M. d'Anglade led the way to the upper story, his wife declining to go, on account of an attack of faintness. In the upper flat, on examining an old trunk full of clothes and linens, a twisted rouleau of seventy louis-d'ors was found in it, wrapped up in a paper which contained a printed genealogy. On opening this rouleau to count the money, the hand of M. d'Anglade was seen to tremble, and he himself said: 'I tremble.' Count de Mongommery *declared the paper containing the genealogy to be his*, and said—what he had not said before—that his louis were of the coinage of 1686 and 1687, the same as those found in D'Anglade's rouleau. Suspicion once thrown, as it now was, upon this unhappy man, other circumstances were not long in occurring to increase it. On descending to the chambers

of Count de Mongommery, Madame d'Anglade observed to the judge or officer, M. Deffita, that one room, she had heard, had been found unlocked, and that in it something might perhaps be found; adding unguardedly, that some of the servants were probably the authors of the act. When, on searching that same room, five of the missing bags of livres were discovered, with a sixth, in which the sum of 1000 livres was incomplete, Madame d'Anglade's pointing out the room, and her readiness to accuse others, increased vastly the suspicion against herself and her husband. Moreover, the count declared that he would answer for the honesty of his servants, and seemed firmly persuaded that the D'Anglades were the actors in the robbery. So strong also was the impression against them on the mind of M. Deffita, that he made the remark to M. d'Anglade, shortly after the discovery of the louis-d'ors in the trunk: 'Either you or I has committed this robbery.' The result of the search was, that at the requisition of the count, with the consent of the public prosecutor, M. and Madame d'Anglade were thrown into prison, confined in separate places, and prevented from seeing any one. Their effects were all sealed up at the same time.

The following are the chief circumstances, in addition to the discovery of the louis and the genealogical paper, and other grounds of suspicion mentioned, that came out against the prisoners on further inquiry, and led to their condemnation:—The D'Anglades knew that the count had large sums of money by him; they made a frivolous excuse to break up the engagement to go to the country; on the Tuesday night, which, in all probability, was the night of the robbery, M. d'Anglade supped in his own house, which was rarely or never the case at other times; he sought and obtained from Count de Mongommery the keys of the street-door before the latter's departure, which keys were necessary for the carrying away of the stolen property; and, when interrogated separately about the seventy louis-d'ors, the two prisoners contra*dicted each* other—the husband saying that he did not

think his wife knew of his having that money, and that he had not touched it for several weeks, while the wife declared that she had several times counted it over along with him, and that the last reckoning of it had taken place three or four days back. M. d'Anglade's previous character was, besides, inquired into, and report said that he was a gambler. A robbery was also proved to have taken place in the same house before Count de Mongommery came to it, and while D'Anglade lived in it, the authors of which had never been detected.

All these circumstances, slight as they were singly, were held in the mass to justify the application of the torture to the unfortunate M. d'Anglade, in order to extract from him a confession of that guilt which he persisted in denying. He was a man of a weak frame of body, and of a sensitive spirit. The torture he bore with extreme firmness, and not a word or sign, in acknowledgment of the charge, could be elicited from him. But this did not, according to the laws of that day, establish his innocence. On the contrary, though never regularly convicted in a court of justice, he and his wife were condemned by an arbitrary decree to all the penalties attending conviction. On the 16th of February 1688, after undergoing the torture, and lying five months in confinement, M. d'Anglade was sentenced to the galleys for nine years, and his wife to banishment from Paris and its environs for the same period; besides which, all their property was confiscated, in order to make restitution to the Count de Mongommery of the money he had lost. The sums which the D'Anglades were decreed to pay, amounted in all to about 32,000 livres.

M. d'Anglade went with a chain of criminals to Marseille, where he died within four months. His health had gradually declined in prison, and the torture gave the crowning blow. He died, in a resigned and even cheerful frame of mind, with his eyes fixed on another and a better world, praying for forgiveness to all who had injured him. Madame d'Anglade's health also broke up in confinement, and prevented her from being ever

removed from Paris, in pursuance of her sentence. But her cares were greatly soothed by the presence of her daughter, a child of five years old, and of a sweet and affectionate disposition. After the mother recovered in some degree, the child fell ill, chiefly owing to the wretched character of the lodgment to which they were doomed. The mother besought and obtained the favour of being removed to a cell of a somewhat better kind; and here she was occupied in attending upon her child when a great change took place in the condition of this unhappy family.

Within a short period of the decease of M. d'Anglade, certain anonymous letters came into the hands of the criminal authorities, announcing that the writer had retired into a cloister, and that he felt it necessary to unburden his conscience by revealing the true authors of the robbery of Count de Mongommery's property. These were, the writer said, a man named Vincent Belestre, and the chaplain Gagnard, the latter of whom had been in the count's service at the time, but had since left it. A woman named Comble was also mentioned as one who knew all the particulars. Though the Count de Mongommery's partisans averred these letters to be an invention of Madame d'Anglade, yet inquiries were made into the characters of Belestre and Gagnard, which were found to be of the very worst order. They were discovered also to have exhibited about the time in question a sudden influx of wealth. These circumstances induced a search for them, which was unsuccessful, until, as if providentially, both men came into custody upon other charges. A short time afterwards, the writer of the anonymous letters, who was a needy priest of the name of Fontpeire, and the woman Comble, were brought forward, and a strong body of testimony came out respecting the robbery. It was brought home beyond all possibility of doubt to Belestre and Gagnard. Gagnard had given his accomplice impressions of all the necessary keys, and Belestre had fabricated false ones, by the

[1] *of which* he had committed the robbery. It is

unnecessary to enter into all the particulars which came out one by one against the prisoners. Suffice it to say, that in the end Gagnard confessed the whole. He and his associate in guilt paid the penalty of it with their lives. It is remarkable that Gagnard said before his execution, that had he been questioned at the time the house was searched, he was in such a state of agitation as must have made him confess all. A considerable property purchased with the stolen money by Belestre, and the valuable pearl-necklace, were recovered by the Count de Mongommery.

These discoveries could not restore the innocent D'Anglade to life, but his name, at least, might be cleared from reproach. Madame d'Anglade demanded that the justification of her husband's memory and of her own innocence should be pronounced and also claimed the restitution of their property, as well as damages from the Count de Mongommery for his calumnious accusation. This produced a trial of some importance, as the count justified the proceedings which had taken place, and insisted, among other pleas, that damages might as well be sought from the ministers of the law as from him. The answers made by Madame d'Anglade to his recapitulation of the evidence against her husband and herself, shew clearly that if men could at the time have rid their minds of the unhappy prepossession against the accused, the issue of the case would not have been what it was. Madame d'Anglade shewed, that a slight given by the count's sisters to her husband had caused his refusal to go to the country with the count, and proved from what parties the rouleau of seventy louis had been got by her husband. The printed genealogy, she also proved, had been sold to her by a broker. Many other points were cleared up by her, some of which had been explained at the very first; but the eyes of justice were dimmed by prejudice. Apparently, the court now felt that the Count de Mongommery's rash confidence, in stating that 'he would be responsible for the honesty of his servants,' had prevented the truly

guilty parties from being examined and detected. His assertion, also, that the printed genealogy belonged to him, had materially influenced the case, and was utterly devoid of foundation. Upon these and other grounds, the court decided that the count should restore all the property of the D'Anglades, and should pay all the expenses, from first to last, which this case had occasioned; which last heavy imposition was regarded by the court as a sufficient assignment of damages against the count.

Thus ended this case, in which an unfortunate man lost his life almost on mere suspicion. We may congratulate ourselves, that such things could not occur in our day, where the accused and accuser have equal facilities. Though the loss of a husband and a father was too severe a one to be ever forgot, Madame d'Anglade and her daughter had the satisfaction, at least, of re-entering society with honour and an unblemished name. The sympathy of the world was so much excited in their favour, that a portion of 100,000 livres was collected, and presented to the daughter of the ill-fated D'Anglade. She afterwards married M. des Essarts, counsellor-at-law.

THE SAILOR AND THE BEAR.

A HULL whaler was moored to a field of ice, on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of his rum, which in his economy he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale-lance, he resolutely, and against all persuasion, set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a league, over a surface of yielding snow and rugged *hummocks*, brought him within a few yards of the enemy,

which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being, by this time, greatly subdued, partly by the evaporation of the stimulus he had employed, and partly by the undismayed and even threatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his lance in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack: his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. In vain also he shouted, advanced his lance, and made feints of attack; the enemy, either not understanding them, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to shake, the lance trembled in the rest, and his gaze, which had hitherto been steadfast, began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates still had its influence, and he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Bruin, however, possessing less reflection, or being more regardless of consequences, began, with the most audacious boldness, to advance. His nigh approach and unshaken step subdued the spark of bravery and that dread of ridicule that had hitherto upheld our adventurer; he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger. The sailor's flight encouraged the bear in his turn to pursue; and being better practised in snow-travelling, and better provided for it, he rapidly gained upon the fugitive. The whale-lance, his only defence, encumbering him in his retreat, he threw it down, and kept on. This fortunately excited the bear's attention; he stopped, pawed it, bit it, and then resumed the chase. Again he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who, conscious of the favourable effect of the lance, dropped a mitten: the stratagem succeeded, and while bruin again stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, made considerable progress *ahead*. Still the bear resumed the pursuit with the most provoking perseverance, excepting when arrested by another mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore to shreds between his teeth and his paws, and would no doubt have soon made the incautious adventurer his

victim, who was rapidly losing strength and heart, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onward, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of the ship! Bruin once more prudently came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a reasonable hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat.—*Scoresby's Journal.*

PERSONAL NARRATIVE RELATING TO THE FALL OF THE BRUNSWICK THEATRE.

In August 1827, the foundation of a new theatre, to which the name of the New Brunswick Theatre was given, was laid on the site of one burned down during the previous year, and long known, from its locality, by the name of the Goodman's-Fields Theatre. The New Brunswick Theatre, though constructed on such a scale as to hold 2000 persons, was finished and thrown open to the public in the space of seven months; a rapidity of execution almost unexampled, and to which, unquestionably, much of the subsequent mischief is to be attributed. The building was extremely elegant in appearance, had a wrought-iron roof, was fire-proof in the principal parts, and, as a whole, in short, seemed to combine the qualities, at least, of beauty and convenience. The theatre cost £25,000.

Fortunately, ere the public had been exposed to danger from attendance on the theatre above two or three days, a lamentable proof was given of the unfitness of the building for their reception. On the 28th of February 1828, the people in its vicinity were alarmed by a dreadful crash, which proved to have been occasioned by the falling in of the roof of the theatre. As it was known that many of the persons connected with the establishment were within its walls at the moment, the greatest alarm was excited for their safety. It turned out that a rehearsal was going on at the period, at which, besides the performers, a number of spectators were present. A body of the workmen were also in the house. The accident, which was owing to a greater weight being suspended from the roof than the walls could bear, was fatal to upwards of twelve of the parties, while all, except one of those saved, were more or less severely injured. Amongst the individuals taken out of the ruins in life, was a young man named John Williams, who wrote the following narrative of the disastrous event, which was published in the *Weekly Review*, a London newspaper:—

'In the beginning of last autumn, I was sent to London on some matters of business by my father, Mr Williams, the building-surveyor of Chester, who is also known to the literary world by his "Remarks" on some of the architectural antiquities of that city. I carried letters of introduction to Mr Nash, to Mr Rickman, of the House of Commons, and to another member of parliament, whose name I do not wish to mention. The last gentleman invited me to his house, overwhelmed me with professions of esteem, and quite turned my head with his offers of services. When the business which had called me to town was finished, I wrote to my father of the new prospects that had been opened to me, and, in contempt of his advice and injunctions, determined on remaining in London, to follow out a career so much better adapted to my talents than that of a provincial builder. An open quarrel with my family was the consequence; but I took no trouble to appease their anger, being convinced that a

very short time would prove the wisdom of my conduct, and enable me to demand rather than solicit forgiveness.

'Two months passed away in expectation; my money was spent, and the people at my lodgings began to abate in their civility, when I thought it necessary to bring my patron to the point. I called at his house for that purpose, and found him just stepping into a post-chaise. He seemed as glad to see me as ever, but of course had little time for conversation. When he had fairly seated himself in the vehicle, and, in my despair, I had ventured to ask how long he meant to be absent from town, shaking me cordially by the hand, he informed me that if there was a call of the House, he might be obliged to return in the course of the session, but that, at all events, he would have the pleasure of seeing me this time next year! I do not remember the carriage driving off; but the passers-by stopping to look at me, as I stood like a statue on the flags, recalled me to myself, and I went home to my lodgings.

'I was too timid or too obstinate to write to my father. I preferred lowering my expectations, and applying for a clerkship in a builder's office, and was promised the influence of several persons of respectability in order to obtain it. In the meantime, by the advice of an acquaintance, I was induced to apply to the pawnbroker for a temporary pecuniary relief; but this did not enable me to discharge the rent of my lodgings. The civility of my landlady was changed to coldness; and her coldness, by a natural transition, to heat. The persecution I underwent at home made me take refuge in public-houses, where I fell in with companions as desperate as myself, but apparently more happy. I at length left my lodgings secretly, with the remains of my wardrobe under my arm. I engaged a bed by the night at what is called a theatrical house, but one of the lowest of the sort, where I first acquired a taste—or rather a passion—for stage-amusements, and became acquainted, by the introduction of her brother, with a young actress, whose name, whether she

is dead or alive, will not be benefited by an association with mine. My appearance at this time, with regard to dress, was respectable, and my manners probably intimated an acquaintance with better society than that enjoyed by my companions. The reception I met with from the lady was favourable; and young, beautiful, amiable, and, I am convinced, innocent, she made an impression on my heart, which is the only part of my London history I am not ashamed of acknowledging.

'I debated with myself whether, on finding a situation, I should not remove her from a mode of life at least dangerous, if not disgraceful, by making her my wife, or, by attaching myself to her profession, serve as a protector from its danger, and derive from it the means of our mutual subsistence. My debate, however, was speedily cut short; no situation turned up; I was pursued by means of summonses for several small debts; my landlord refused me even a night's lodging without the money in advance; and I was compelled to make my retreat to another quarter of the town. It would be disgusting to pursue, step by step, the path of my decline, which was now fearfully precipitous. From the parlour, I sank to the tap-room; from the society of masters, to that of journeymen; from the shabby surtout, to the tattered jacket. My place of refuge was in Barlow Court, a narrow lane in the neighbourhood of Wells Street; and having some slight knowledge of the upholstery and cabinet-making business, I received employment accidentally in fitting up the Brunswick Theatre.

'My earnings were very small, but I contrived to cheat my hunger out of sufficient to enable me to drown, almost every night in intoxication, the sense of my degradation and my despair.

'The theatre was at length opened, although the internal work was not all finished. I was in attendance at the fatal rehearsal of the 28th of February, in the course of my duty. As I was passing across the stage, I was arrested by the voice of a new actress—a voice that had lingered in my ear in spite of everything. The earnestness of my

gaze was observed by one of my fellow-workmen, who informed me that the lady whom I seemed to admire so much was Mrs ——. Mrs—— ! She was married! I forgot at the moment my situation, my dress, the proprieties of time and place, and I rushed forward to demand from her own lips a confirmation or a denial of the truth of what I had heard. That motion saved my life. There was heard at the instant a sound which I cannot describe by crash, or roar, or any other imitative word in the language; it was not loud, nor shrill, nor hollow: perhaps its associations in my memory with what followed may have fixed its peculiar character in my mind—but I can only describe it to the imagination by likening it to one's conception of the harsh, grating, sullen, yet abrupt noise of the grave-stone, when it shall be suddenly raised from its sandy, clammy bed, at the sounding of the last trumpet. One of the actors rushed across the stage, and darted out by the side-door. Of the rest, those who were speaking stopped in the middle of a word; the hand raised in mimic passion was not dropped; the moving crowd of human beings stood still, as if by one impulse; there was a pause of two or three seconds. Some, whose mind was more present, raised their eyes to the roof; but the rest were motionless, even in the vagrant organs of vision, and stood mute and still like a gallery of statues. I cannot even attempt to describe the sound which awoke the scene from this appearance of death only to give it the reality. I would liken it to thunder, if you could mingle the idea of the explosion with that of its effects— or to the rush of a mighty torrent, if you could fancy amalgamated, as it were, in its roar the typical voices of pain, and horror, and confusion, and struggling, and death. I staggered back, and nearly fell into an abyss that was cloven into the floor by a fragment of the iron roof on the very spot where I had stood but a moment before. While rushing up the side of the newly-formed precipice to regain my footing, by the single terrified glance I had time and light to cast behind, I saw that the iron and *wood* were wet with blood and brains, and the other

horrible mysteries of man's inner body, and that the "living soul" I had just talked to was not to be recognised by the sight as having ever borne the external characteristics of a human being.

'The light was suddenly shut out—and yet so slowly as to inflict upon my sight that which will ever stand between it and the sun. Fragment after fragment rushed furiously from the roof, but yet so thickly intermingled, that I cannot at this moment say whether or not the mass of roof was disunited at all in its descent. Then the bursting of the walls—the grating of the stones and bricks as they were ground into powder—the rending of the planks and wooden partitions—the hissing sound of the lamp and brass-work—the damp crush of human bodies—and the yells of mortal agony from a hundred hearts, which seemed wilder and stronger even than the inanimate sounds that had called them into being—to choke, conquer, and silence them for ever!

'All was dark. A weight was upon my shoulders which an Atlas could not have moved; my left leg was fixed between two planks, and, as I discovered by feeling with my hand before the pain announced it, it was broken and distorted; the side outline of the narrow chamber in which I sat would have nearly described a right-angled triangle, the hypothenuse leaning on my back; above, I could extend my hand to its full length without obstacle, but the aperture could not have admitted anything thicker than the arm; before me, was a wall apparently of solid iron; and below, and at the sides, the surface, consisting of iron, brick, stones, and wood, was broken into narrow interstices.

'When the united sounds I have described had subsided into a distant hum, a single voice rose upon my ear: it was the voice of the lady mentioned above; it was one wild, shrill, unbroken scream. I do not know how long it lasted; I do not even know whether it was a human voice at all; it did not stop for breath; its way was not impeded, like that of the rest, by the intervention of the ruins; minute after minute it continued, and every minute

it became wilder and shriller, piercing like an arrow through my head and heart, till my tortured senses found temporary relief in insensibility.

'My fainting-fit probably lasted a considerable time; for, when I recovered, it was long before I could understand my situation, or recall anything that had happened to my memory. At length, piece by piece, the truth came before me, and I could feel the cold sweat trickling down my brow. The voice I had heard existed probably only in imagination, for it was now silent. A low deep sound was humming in my ears, which I could at length distinguish to be the simultaneous groans of human beings, separated from me either by distance or some thick and deadening barrier. My ear endeavoured in vain to divide it into its component parts, and to recognise the voices of those I knew: and there was something more horrible in this vague mysterious monotony, than if it had been distinctly fraught with the dying accents of the one I loved best on earth. I felt as if my lot must be bitterer than that of the rest. I was alone—I was cut off even from communion of sūffering; while they, I imagined, were together, within the sound of one another's voices, and the touch, even, of one another's clothes, received some relief from the idea of total abandonment, of agony unimagined and unshared.

'My senses, I believe, began to totter, for I complained aloud of my lonely fate: I knew that I was behaving absurdly, but I could not help it; I beat the iron walls of my dungeon with my clenched hands till they were wet with blood, and shrieked aloud with a voice rendered terrific by the fury of despair. The voices of the rest appeared to be startled into silence at the sound, or perhaps it fell upon their ears like a cry of comfort and hope—an answer to their groans from the surface of the earth. After a pause, I heard another dull, heavy sound, like that produced by a muffled drum; it was in reality a drum, and probably beat by one of the band, as a more powerful means of awakening attention than his own voice. The *sound, in* such circumstances, was inexpressibly awful;

and when the hand that smote the instrument in so unaccustomed a scene wandered by habit into a regular tune, my sensations were exaggerated into a species of horror which I can liken only to that which might be supposed to visit a religious mind on witnessing some shocking act of impiety.

It may seem a species of insanity to mention it; but when the roll of the drum, and the sound of human voices had ceased, and after I had been left for a considerable time, as it were, to myself, even in these circumstances of terror, and loneliness, and mystery, I possessed a species of knowledge which the denizens of the surface would have deemed equally useless and unattainable to those underground: I knew the hour of the night. Like the idiot who mimicked, at the proper intervals, the audible measurement of time, after the clock was removed which had taught him the practice, my inclination for drinking, which had been converted by habit into an almost unconquerable passion, returned at the accustomed time of its gratification. In spite of surrounding circumstances, I fancied myself in the midst of my dissolute companions, in the scene of our coarse and vulgar revels. I afterwards sank by degrees into a sort of stupor, from which I was awakened by the light of heaven streaming full in my face, through an aperture made in the ruins by my deliverers. The apparent apathy, or, as some term it, philosophy, which I displayed, has been attributed to wrong causes. The truth is, that although at first my body was awake, my mind was almost wholly insensible; it recovered its consciousness by very slow degrees, and it was not until I was left alone at night, that I became completely sensible of my deliverance.'

[It may be gratifying to our readers to be informed, that the young man, who was thus saved from the ruins of the theatre, afterwards recovered from the injuries he had sustained. His most constant attendant during his confinement in the hospital was the young female whom he alludes to in his narrative, who had been dug out of

the ruins almost unhurt, and who had not been married, as he had been led to suppose at the time that the accident happened.]

ANECDOTES OF THE ORIGIN OF WORDS.

LADY is a word which gives us a most pleasing idea of the customs of our Saxon ancestors. The term is compounded of two Saxon words, *leaf* or *laf*, signifying a loaf of bread, and *dian*, to give or to serve. Now, it must be known, that it was the fashion in times of old for those families whom Heaven had blessed with affluence, to give away regularly a portion of bread to those poor neighbours who might stand in need of assistance, and on such occasions, the mistress of the household herself officiated, distributing with her own hands the daily or weekly dole. Hence was she called the *laf-dy*, or the bread-giver; and in course of time, the word was abbreviated to its present form. A writer of the last century, in reference to this derivation of lady, observes that 'the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies, in this kingdom alone, serve the meat at their own tables.' It is to be feared that, in the great manorial families referred to, even this remnant of the old custom is not now very general. It was certainly so, however, in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's time, for we are informed by her late noble editor, that, in her youth, she received regular instructions in the art of carving or serving meat. And Lady Mary was a duke's daughter. But, changed as such fashions may now be, there are still, we are happy to think, many true *ladies* in this much-abused world of ours—many generous bread-givers—many who feed the hungry and befriend the friendless.

It has always puzzled us very much to tell why the

letter *e* in certain words should have the sound of *o*, or rather, why the words in question were not spelt with the last of these letters instead of the first. One of the words to which we refer is *sew*. Etymology supports us in our suggestion, that this word should properly be spelt with an *o*, for it is actually derived from the word *sow*—a swine, a pig, a grunter. The thing came about in this way:—*sus* (in the second case *suis*) is the Latin for a sow, and the bristles of this animal being formerly used for sewing instead of needles—as they are by shoemakers in our days—the word *suo*, to sew, was founded upon *sus*. Of course, our English *sew* came from the Roman *suo*, with which it is identical in meaning. Is it not odd to think that the term designative of the elegant, and not less useful than elegant employment of ladies' fingers, should be derived from the name or rather the bristles of a hog?

We have now to notice two words of very curious etymology, and of very similar meaning. These are, *parasite* and *sycophant*—terms descriptive severally of characters of a very contemptible kind. Parasite is compounded of the Greek words *para*, near, and *sitos*, corn; and Potter, in his *Antiquities of Greece*, presents the following account of the way in which the compound term acquired its present signification. After telling us that the name of *parasiti* at first denoted simply those persons who held the honourable office of collectors of the *corn* allotted for public sacrifices, 'the public storehouse,' he continues, 'where they kept the grain, was called *parasition*. Diodorus, the Sinopesian, says, that in every village of the Athenians, they maintained at the public charge certain parasiti or grain-collectors, in honour of Hercules; but afterwards, to ease the commonwealth of this burden, the magistrates obliged some of the wealthier inhabitants to take them to their tables, and entertain them at their own cost; whence this word seems in later ages to have signified a *trencherman*, a *flatterer*, or one that for the sake of a dinner *conforms himself to every man's humour*.' This is a very rational

account of the manner in which gentlemen *who looked after the corn of the gods* came to have their designation of *parasites* changed in meaning, so as to signify toad-eaters, as we call gentry of the parasitical order now-a-days. The mode, however, in which the word *sycophant* acquired its odious meaning, is much more simple and clear. But we defy our unclassical readers to guess from its *etymology* how sycophant came to bear the sense of a flattering tale-bearer. It is compounded of two words—*sukon*, a fig, and *phaino*, to shew. From this pair of roots, one might expect sycophant to have meant a *grocer*, for he is your true *fig-exhibitor*. Nevertheless, mark how simple and appropriate the origin of the present signification is! It was forbidden by law to export figs from Athens. Man, however, has always been a smuggling animal; and as the Athenians did not like the restrictive enactment in question, they were apt now and then to try to evade it in a quiet way. But wherever smugglers are, there will be found *informers* also; and accordingly, the poor fig-exporters were sometimes caught. The only revenge they could take, was to fix on these informers the title of *sycophants*, or *fig-showers*, in a contemptuous sense; and by and by, the word was applied to denote all contemptible tale-bearers and flatterers whatever.

The next word that occurs to us is *cardinal*, which is derived from the Latin *cardo* (in the second case *cardinis*), a hinge. Certain virtues are called cardinal, because all others *hinge* on them; and the highest dignitaries of the Church of Rome received the same appellation, because the possession of these virtues was supposed to constitute their title to that lofty ecclesiastical grade. In like manner, the simple numbers (up to 10) are termed cardinal, because all others hinge on and are compounded of them. The appellation of *dauphin*, borne by the eldest son of the king of France for many centuries, is very generally believed to arise from the province of *Dauphiné*, in France. But in reality, the title of dauphin, as borne by a prince, would appear to have given the province *its name*. The title is said to have originated in the circum-

stance of one of the lords of that district, who flourished in the ninth century, having caused a *dolphin* to be painted on his shield, as an emblem of the mildness of his reign, these animals being reputed by the ancients as extremely friendly to man; and his successors, in honour of his memory, adopted the animal's name—corrupted through time to *dauphin*—as a title of dignity. One of the chain of dauphins, however, in the fourteenth century, becoming disgusted with life through the loss of his only son, whom he let fall into the river Isere, as he was playing with him at an open window, transferred his dominions to Charles, Duke of Normandy, grandson to Philip of Valois, king of France, upon condition that the title of dauphin should be, in all time coming, borne by the eldest son of France. In memory of the true origin of the term, the crown of the French heir-apparent is composed of four *dolphins*. The Latin form of dauphin is *delphinus*, and hence the term Delphin Classics, which denotes a splendid edition of the ancient authors, compiled, for the use of the dauphin, by the best French scholars of the reign of Louis XIV. The Delphin Classics have been frequently republished in this country, and are works certainly of great value and utility. Not their slightest recommendation, is the very valuable series of indices appended to them. These times of ours have made, whether for good or for evil, such sweeping changes on old forms, that the Delphin Classics are likely to be the only visible memorial that such a title as dauphin was ever borne by the youthful majesties of France.

The appellations of kings and courts are things akin to each other, and we may, without harsh transition, explain to our readers the title of (Sublime) Porte, which they may often have seen applied to the court of the Turkish Empire. The principal gate at the entrance of the seraglio at Constantinople, is a noble structure of marble, built by Mohammed II., as recorded thereon by an inscription in gold and azure. This gate is called, by way of eminence, the Porte, from the Latin *porta*, a gate; and from this, one of the most prominent objects about

the royal residence of the Grand Turk, does his court derive its common name. Formerly, the gate in question was guarded by fifty mutes, who conversed in signs, and the inmates of the dwelling within were as fettered captives. But, in this respect at least, our age has seen a great and good reformation. The chains of prejudice have been thrown off, and the women of Turkey are in progress of being restored to the freedom which has been so long withheld from them. The prince, it is said, has set the example by opening the *porte*, and permitting those within to enjoy, at their will, the blessed air of heaven.

END OF VOL. XVII.

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POCKET MISCELLANY.

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CHAMBERS'S
POCKET MISCELLANY.

DISGUISED FEMALES.

WOMEN are, in general, so much under the influence of two great principles of their nature—timidity and delicacy—that the protection of their ordinary dress must, in general, be too much appreciated to be rashly thrown aside. Accordingly, that a female should ever, in any circumstances, dismiss her proper apparel, may well appear to us as something like a phenomenon. Yet instances of this being done are by no means infrequent, even in modern times. In some instances, the moving cause is to be found in circumstances: a young female, for example, falls in love with a sailor, and not being allowed to follow him in her natural and recognised character, puts on jacket and trousers, and becomes, to appearance, a brother of his mess. But in the most of cases, a pure masculinity of character seems to lead females to take on the guise of men. Apparently feeling themselves misplaced and misrepresented by the female dress, they take up with that of men, simply that they may be allowed to employ themselves in those manly avocations for which their nature and taste are fitted.

The case of Mary East, which made some noise about eighty or ninety years ago, was one in which the motive was of a beautiful and romantic nature. She was born in the year 1715, in one of the eastern counties of England. On reaching womanhood, she formed a strong attachment to a young man, who afterwards fell into evil habits, and was condemned to death for a robbery. His sentence, however, was commuted to transportation. Unworthy as this person was of her love, Mary East was so deeply affected by his fate, that she resolved ever to remain in a single state, and meeting with another young woman whom a similar disappointment had driven to the same resolution, the two determined to pass their lives together. In order to form a sort of protection for both, it was agreed that one of them should assume the male habit, and on casting lots to decide the matter, this metamorphosis fell to the share of Mary East, then only sixteen years of age, and a year younger than her associate. For the execution of their views, it was of course necessary for them to remove to a place where they were unknown. With L.30 in their possession, they accordingly went to Epping, in Essex, where Mary East, after purchasing a man's attire, and assuming the name of James How, took a small inn, which was accidentally found vacant.

We have thus, in Mary East's case, a plain and intelligible reason for the assumption of the male habit, which we will find scarcely to be the case in other instances. In the little inn at Epping, Mary East lived for some time with her companion, in the character of man and wife, until a fortunate accident enabled them to shift to better quarters. The seeming husband, James How, quarrelled with a young gentleman, and entering an action at law against him, obtained damages to the amount of L.500. With this sum, the associated couple removed to Limehouse-Hole, where they took a larger inn, and, by good management, soon began to lay up money. As their circumstances improved, they took a *still more* respectable house of entertainment—the White

Horse, at the village of Poplar. In these various situations, they had spent more than twenty years, and had purchased considerable property, when an event occurred which gave the pair a great deal of annoyance. A woman who, from knowing Mary East in her youth, had discovered the secret of her disguise, suddenly resolved to turn that discovery to the purpose of extorting money. Accordingly, she wrote to Mr (or James) How, demanding L.10, and threatening, in case of a denial, to disclose the truth relative to Mr How's sex. Fearful lest such a disclosure would have put a stop to their profitable business, besides causing other inconveniences, Mr and Mrs How at once sent the money demanded.

For a number of years afterwards, this annoyance was not repeated, and James How and his partner continued to thrive in the world. The disguised female served repeatedly in Poplar as foreman on juries, and filled various parochial offices, with great credit, though it was often remarked, that there was a sort of effeminacy about her. The maintenance of the secret was perhaps greatly owing to the circumstance of the pair keeping no maid-servants about the house, but doing nearly all the necessary business themselves. At length, at the close of the year 1764, the woman who had extorted money previously, renewed her attacks. She first demanded, and got, L.10. In a fortnight, she repeated the demand, and received L.5. Just about this period, the supposed wife of James How fell ill, and after going to her brother's at some distance, died there. She had sent for How before her decease, but as How could not conveniently come to her, she told her brother all the circumstances: that she had lived, not with a man, but with a woman; that they had been partners in business, and had amassed more than L.4000 sterling. As soon as his sister died, the brother went to Poplar, and required How to give up the deceased's share of the property. This was at once complied with. The brother kept the secret of How's sex, but it came out

immediately afterwards, in consequence of the extortioner, already mentioned, carrying her demands anew to excess. This woman took two accomplices to assist her, and forced the supposed How to give her a draft for L.100. On presenting this draft, the parties were taken up, and How, seeing that the secret could be kept no longer, attended, and bore witness against them before the magistrates, in the character of Mary East, and in the proper habit of her sex. In this attire, she behaved at first so awkwardly, as to excite much laughter. The extortioners were convicted and punished.

Immediately afterwards, Mary East sold off her stock and effects, and retired to a private dwelling in Poplar, to enjoy the fruits of her honest industry. She was fifty years of age when she resumed the habit of her sex, and laid down the borrowed one she had borne for thirty-four years. She lived till June 6, 1780, being sixty-five years old when she died.

The heroine of the preceding narrative can scarcely be said to have laid aside much of her feminine nature with her dress. Not so, however, Hannah Snell, the next personage to whom we have to advert. Hannah Snell was born on the 23d of April 1723, in the city of Worcester. Her father was a hosier, and had a family of three sons and six daughters, of whom Hannah was the youngest. It is said, that in her youth this girl shewed a bold spirit and even a martial turn. However this may be, after the death of her parents she came, in 1740, to London, to reside with a sister, married to a ship-carpenter, at Wapping. About two years afterwards, Hannah married a Dutch seaman, who proved a very bad husband. After using her shamefully, he finally ran off, leaving her on the eve of bringing her first child into the world. This child survived only seven months, and, some time after its decease, Hannah, finding herself alone and unencumbered, formed the romantic notion of setting out in search of her eloped spouse, for whom she still appears to have entertained a strong affection. *The best way* of finding him, she thought, was to enter

the army. Accordingly, secretly assuming her brother-in-law's dress, and also borrowing his name, which was James Gray, Hannah set out, in November 1745, for Coventry, where she enlisted in the corps of General Guise. The main body of this regiment was then at Carlisle, and Hannah was sent thither with other recruits. A disagreeable incident soon after befell her here. A sergeant of the corps pitched upon Hannah to assist him in some base views which he entertained relative to a young female in Carlisle. Though in man's attire, Hannah, to her credit, had so much regard for the honour of her own sex, as to put the intended victim on her guard. Finding himself repulsed, the sergeant imagined Hannah to have supplanted him; and the consequence was, that our female soldier was soon after artfully accused by him of some dereliction of duty, and was sentenced to receive 600 lashes. Five hundred of these she did receive at Carlisle gate. Her secret, nevertheless, was not discovered—in consequence, it is related, of her using a handkerchief as a partial covering. Shortly after this, a recruit, who had before known her, joined the regiment, and Hannah, afraid of exposure, besides being already disgusted with her situation, resolved to desert. She did so, and got in safety to Portsmouth, where she enlisted in the marines, and was speedily drafted on board the *Swallow* sloop of war, destined to join Admiral Boscawen's fleet in the East Indies.

Hannah's sex remained undetected on board of the *Swallow*, though she did not scruple to shew a degree of womanly skill in washing and in cooking, which caused her to be much beloved by her comrades. She, however, went through all ordinary duties at the same time—such as taking her turn on the watch, exercising, and the like. About the Bay of Biscay, the *Swallow* fell into great distress; and after much severe work at the pumps, in which Hannah took her full share, as she did in all the most trying duties, the sloop put into Lisbon, and afterwards succeeded in joining the rest of the fleet, which the admiral led against the Mauritius. Hannah was

herself noted by her extreme bravery in the attack on this island, which proved unsuccessful. From the Mauritius, the fleet sailed to Fort St David, on the Coromandel Coast, where the marines were put on shore to join the army in that country. The siege of Areacopong was the first enterprise in which our heroic heroine was here engaged, and she gained so much applause for her soldierly conduct, that she was chosen as one of a select band—a sort of forlorn-hope—ordered upon the dangerous service of bringing stores from the shore at a particular point. This service was successfully effected, and Hannah distinguished herself by revenging a comrade's death—killing the author of it with her own hands. The siege of Pondicherry followed these events, and here Hannah underwent the most severe toil. She was on guard seven nights successively, and stood a great part of the time up to the breast in water, exposed continually to the enemy's shot. She herself fired thirty-seven rounds, and when the place was taken, she came off with six wounds in one leg, five in the other, and a ball in her groin. The other wounds were submitted to the care of the surgeon, but she was under the necessity of concealing the last mentioned. However, with surprising fortitude, she herself contrived to extract the ball, though deeply lodged. By the connivance of a kindly black woman in the hospital, she got dressings applied to the wound, and it was healed at the end of three months, when her other injuries also were cured.

On leaving the hospital, the brave soldier, James Gray, as she was called, was put on board of the *Tartar Pink*, and afterwards of the *Eltham* man-of-war. While in this vessel, having refused to sing at the wish of a domineering lieutenant, she was doomed to a dozen lashes, and to four days' confinement in irons, on the pretext of her having stolen a shirt, though the spite of the officer was the real cause. The shirt was afterwards found in the owner's trunk, and her innocence established. Hannah was at length sent in the *Eltham* to England. Being called *Molly Gray* by her comrades, on account of her smooth

chin, every frolic that could help to conceal her true character was joined in by her whenever the ship touched at any port, and she thus succeeded in getting her appellation changed to that of *Hearty Jemmy*. At Lisbon, she heard, by mere accident, that her husband had perished by the hands of the public executioner at Genoa, for murdering a native of that city. Thus was Hannah's original reason for donning man's attire done away with. On reaching England, in 1750, Hannah had the honour to receive two offers of marriage—one in her character of a man, and the other in her real character. The first came from the young woman whose honour she had saved in Carlisle, and whom she met in Portsmouth. Hannah of course declined the connection. The other matrimonial offer took place in London, when, having received her pay, and being about to part with her comrades, Hannah disclosed to them the secret which she had previously been so assiduous to preserve. One of them offered her his hand on the spot. Her wounds, and the remarkable nature of her adventures, now attracted the attention of the Duke of York, who ultimately settled on her a pension of L.30. Before this grant was made, Hannah, having assumed the habit of a woman, and taken up her abode with her sister, was induced, in consequence of the attention which her story excited, to appear on the boards of Goodman's-Field's Theatre, and to sing some songs, and to perform the sword-exercise. The pension placed her above the necessity of resorting to such public exhibitions of herself for subsistence. She lived till the year 1779, and died in the fifty-sixth year of her age. From the portraits given of her, she appears to have been stoutly formed, and not ill-looking.

In Caulfield's *Portraits of Remarkable Persons*, a curious record of human oddities, we find a portrait of Anne Mills, another of those females who have chosen not only to lay aside the habit of their sex, but have also cast off with it seemingly their feminine nature. In the engraving alluded to, Anne Mills, styled the Female

Sailor, is represented as standing on what appears to be the end of a pier—having the sea beyond it, with a vessel in the distance—and in one hand she holds a human head, while the other bears a sword, the instrument, doubtless, with which the decapitation was effected. The painter or artist seems to have been somewhat of a wag, and has indicated the head to be that of a Frenchman, by a truly Hogarthian touch. Though Anne Mills holds the head nearly as high as her own, yet the tie of the former reaches to the ground, and even trails on it. This, perhaps, was no exaggeration of the French hair-dressing at the time when Anne Mills flourished, which was about the middle of last century. In 1740, she was serving on board the *Maidstone* frigate; and in an action between that vessel and the enemy, she exhibited such desperate and daring valour, as to be particularly noticed by the whole crew. In the plate, she appears in something of a mongrel dress, having a sailor's jacket superiorly, and inferiorly a petticoat—a little of the shortest, too—but this must have arisen from the artist's wish to make the true character of the personage more plain and intelligible, as at the time Anne Mills was engaged in the pleasurable occupation of whacking off the heads of the pig-tailed Mounseers, she was believed by all to have a full right to wear that plural article of man's attire which cannot be mentioned.

Excepting that she served her country as a man-of-war's *man*, and served it well and bravely, about the period referred to, little is known of the history of Anne Mills. Her motives for assuming the male habit do not appear to have transpired, nor do we know whether her secret was detected by accident or disclosed by herself. We have a good deal more to tell to the reader, fortunately, respecting the next Amazonian fair one whom we have to introduce to his notice. Mary Anne Talbot was the youngest of sixteen illegitimate children, whom her mother bore to one of the heads of the noble house of Talbot. With such a descent as this, it was perhaps *not unnatural* after all for Mary to exhibit, as she did,

a valiant spirit, as she could claim for an ancestor the renowned Talbot—

——'The scourge of France,
With whose dread name her mothers still'd their babes.'

Or, to give him all his titles, as Shakspeare enables us to do—

'Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchingfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of St George,
Worthy St Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Mareschal to Henry the Sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France.'

Here was a progenitor, our readers will admit, well calculated to send a martial ardour through a hundred generations. The descendant with whom we have at present to do, was born on the 2d of February 1778, in London, but was in her childhood removed to Chester, where she was respectably educated beneath the eye of a married sister. At this sister's death, Mary Anne fell under the care of a gentleman named Sucker, who treated her with great severity, and who appears to have taken advantage of her friendless situation in order to transfer her, for the vilest of purposes, to the hands of a Captain Bowen, whom he directed her to look upon as her future guardian. Captain Bowen took the girl, then barely fourteen years of age, to London, and soon made his charge his mistress. He treated her tyrannically afterwards, and being ordered to join his regiment at St Domingo, compelled Mary Anne to go with him in the disguise of a footboy, and under the name of John Taylor. This was the beginning of her masculine career, and, though at first compulsory, she subsequently shewed that she had a spirit not uncongenial to her dress. On the passage outwards, the ship suffered great distress, and Mary Anne bore her share in every kind of hard work and privation, concealing her sex carefully all the while.

Captain Bowen had scarcely reached St Domingo, when he was remanded with his regiment to Europe, to join the Duke of York's Flanders expedition. He again forced Mary Anne to accompany him, and she had to enrol herself as a drummer in the corps. When she arrived in Europe, she was in several skirmishes, and was wounded, once by a ball which struck one of her ribs, and another time by a sabre stroke on the side. She suffered dreadfully from being obliged to conceal these injuries, yet she healed them herself in time, and kept her secret. Her tyrant, for such Captain Bowen had proved himself, was killed at Valenciennes; and as she had acted as footboy to him besides being a drummer, Mary Anne had an opportunity of finding among his effects several letters relating to herself, which proved that she had been defrauded through Sucker and Bowen of money left to her. This made her resolve to leave the regiment, and endeavour to return to England. She set out, in the dress of a sailor-boy, and got to a seaport, where she was stopped, the town being in possession of the French. She was not, however, confined; and in order to get away from the place, she hired herself to the commander of a French lugger, which turned out to be a privateer. On board of this vessel, she was subjected to severe drudgery; but when the privateer fell in with some of Lord Howe's vessels in the Channel, she would not assist in fighting against her countrymen, notwithstanding all the blows and menaces the French captain could use. The privateer was taken, and our heroine was carried before Lord Howe, to whom she told candidly all that had recently happened to her, saying nothing, however, about her sex.

Mary Anne Talbot, or John Taylor, was then placed on board of the *Brunswick*, Captain Harvey, where she was appointed to the post of *powder-monkey*, as it is called. This was in 1794, and she was yet but sixteen years of age. Her neatness and civil manners attracted the notice of Captain Harvey, who behaved kindly to her, and made her principal cabin-boy. He inquired into her story, and

she told all of it that did not involve her secret. Soon after, coming on board the *Brunswick*, she witnessed Howe's great victory of the 1st of June, and was actively engaged in it. The consequence of her daring conduct was, that her left leg was struck a little above the knee by a musket-ball, and broken and smashed severely, lower down, by a grape-shot. Incapable of rising after these injuries, she lay on deck until the action was over, when she was taken to the cock-pit. Afterwards, on the *Brunswick* reaching England, Mary Anne was conveyed to Haslar Hospital, where she remained four months, until a partial cure was effected. All the while no suspicion was ever entertained of her being a woman.

Notwithstanding her sufferings, she was no sooner out of hospital, than she again entered a man-of-war, the *Vesuvius*, commanded by Captain Tomlinson. The motive for still keeping up her disguise is not very easily seen, unless it were a liking for the trade of war, or the necessity for doing something for her maintenance, which she might think it more difficult to accomplish as a female. However this may be, the *Vesuvius* was doomed not long to be the scene of her career. The vessel was captured by two French ships, and Mary Anne was sent to the prisons of Dunkirk. There she was incarcerated for eighteen months, and underwent the harshest treatment, aggravated by severe bodily illness. Having formed a plan of escape, along with a young midshipman named Richards, it was discovered, and she was confined in a pitch-dark dungeon for eleven weeks, on a diet of bread and water. Her Dunkirk imprisonment was in so far useful, as it gave her an opportunity of acquiring the art of making various trinkets from goldwire, which she learned from a German fellow-prisoner, and which she subsequently turned to account. An exchange of prisoners set Mary Anne at liberty, but she did not go to England when this took place. Hearing accidentally an American merchant-captain inquiring in the streets of Dunkirk for *a lad to go to* New York as ship's-steward, she offered *her services*, and was accepted. In August 1796, she

sailed with Captain Field on this voyage, and arrived safely soon after at Rhode Island, where she resided with the captain's family. Here an odd adventure befell her. A niece of the captain fell deeply in love with the seeming John Taylor, and went so far as to propose marriage. Mary Anne did her best to escape civilly from this dilemma, but on her departure from Rhode Island, the young lady fell into such alarming fits, that Mary Anne, after sailing two miles, was called back by a boat, and was compelled to promise a speedy return to the enamoured fair one. Mary Anne then went to London in the same vessel, along with Captain Field, to whom she still acted as steward. Whilst the vessel was taking in a new cargo in London, she shewed her courage on one occasion, by rising in the night on hearing a noise at her cabin-door, and opposing with a sword the entrance of some person, who afterwards was detected by the wound then received, and confessed an intention to rob our heroine's cabin.

At this period it chanced that Mary Anne, being on shore with some of her comrades, was assailed and seized by a press-gang. She could get off, she found, in no other way than by *revealing her sex*, and this she did. Her story soon spread abroad, and made a great noise. From this time forth she never went to sea again. She made repeated applications for money due to her, but at first found it difficult to prove her claims at the Navy Pay-Office. She had acquired, it would appear, a genuine sailorly freedom of address by this time, for she spoke so sharply on one occasion at this office, that she was sent to Bow Street. Here her story attracted the notice of some influential persons, who raised a subscription for her, and placed her in a lodging, the mistress of which was enjoined to break her, if possible, off her masculine dress and habits. About this period she went and worked for a time with a jeweller, but in the beginning of 1797, her leg, which had never been altogether healed since the fracture of the 1st of June, grew so bad as to drive her into St Bartholomew's Hospital. Several exfoliations of *bone were here* extracted.

On learning her history, the Duke of York gave her a pension of L.20. This did a great deal to maintain her during the remaining part of her life, which was passed in the attire natural to her sex, and into the particulars of which it is unnecessary to enter. It may only be observed, that her masculine career seems, for a time at least, to have nearly incapacitated her for playing the character of a woman. Though not given to excess as a man, she smoked and drank grog too much to be quite orderly as a woman. These tastes appear, however, to have worn away, as we find her, in the beginning of this century (1807), to have been quietly living in service with a bookseller, Mr Kirby, who wrote a memoir of her. This is the last notice that we have of her, and it is quite possible she may be yet alive. She would be seventy-five years of age were this the case.

The next example of disguised womanhood to be noticed at present, is remarkable as having taken place in the instance of a young female of rank, fortune, and high accomplishments. Frances Scanagatti was born of a good family at Milan, in the year 1781. In her childhood, she was put under the educational charge of the Nuns of Visitation, and obtained a high character for talents and amiability. On her attaining the age of thirteen, her father resolved to send her to board and complete her education at Vienna. Accordingly, she set out for that city, dressed in boy's clothes, to avoid trouble and impertinence on the journey, and accompanied by one of her brothers, who was to stop by the way at the famous military academy of Neustadt. They had not gone far, when this youth fell sick, and owned to his sister that the idea of a military life was hateful to him. Frances, on hearing this, urged and persuaded him to return home, for the re-establishment of his health. At the same time she procured from him the recommendatory letter he was bearing to M. Haller, the staff-surgeon at Neustadt. With this letter she went on to Neustadt, and presented herself in the character of the expected boy—a step of the boldest and most extraordinary kind, certainly, in a

girl of thirteen. M. Haller received her kindly and unsuspiciously, and she was placed at the academy.

Such were her talents and industry, that, in the course of the ensuing two years, she bore away the principal prizes of the institution, and made herself a proficient in fencing, military tactics, mathematics, and the English, French, and German languages. It would seem that her family, though they importuned her to change her course, yet did not openly interfere with her proceedings, strange as they were. In 1797, she carried her masculine tendencies so far, as to petition for a commission from the Austrian Military Council; and her character stood so high, that she at once obtained an ensigncy in the regiment of St George. There was at this period a hostile army on the Rhine, and thither, after first visiting Vienna, Frances Scanagatti was sent to join her battalion. She campaigned here for sixteen months, till the peace of Campo-Formio took place, when she went with her corps to the town of Sandomir. In this place, she was annoyed by the ladies, whose inquisitive eyes discovered something odd about her speech, look, or figure, and declared her to be a woman. The young ensign was secretly distressed on hearing of this, but by her free and extra-gallant manner, contrived afterwards to wipe away the impression.

Being removed from Poland, she joined the army acting against the French in Italy, in the year 1799. Here she was engaged in various encounters, and was on one occasion the first to enter the enemy's intrenched redoubts, sword in hand. She won the name of a brave and active officer. In 1800, her battalion was sent into quarters at Leghorn, and Lieutenant Scanagatti, being sent on regimental business to Milan, had the satisfaction of seeing her parents and family. She stopped with them a day and two nights, and during all this time, the mother never suffered her extraordinary daughter to be out of her sight, looking on her ever with a mixture of fondness, sorrow, and pride. In order the better to disguise herself, *Frances used to* lace her chest tightly; and it did not

escape the tender parent's eyes, that this had produced lividity and apparent injury to her child's person. On this account, as well as on others, Frances was entreated to return to the bosom of her family; and she gave her promise to do so as soon as a peace was concluded, until which time, she said, she could not leave the service with honour. Frances again joined the army after this; but her father, fearful for the health of his daughter, wrote to Vienna, told the whole story to his Excellency Baron Melas, and Lieutenant Scanagatti received a complimentary discharge.

Recognising in this the doing of her parents, Frances submitted to their will with a filial patience, and in the autumn of 1800, returned to her family. This remarkable girl resumed the dress of her sex, and ever afterwards conducted herself with so much sweetness and mildness of disposition, as to render her voluntary assumption of an unfeminine character still more wonderful. Her military career was not without its usefulness, as it was ultimately the cause of various benefits being conferred on her brothers in the same service.

HANGIES!

A MOST striking testimony to the great improvement which has taken place of late years in the mode of conveying letters or mail-bags, is to be found in the details of an occurrence which took place at the beginning of the present century, on one of the roads immediately to the south of Edinburgh. At the epoch referred to, the only vehicle passing to and fro between the Scottish capital and the town of Peebles, twenty-two miles distant, was an old lumbering carriage, of the common or private make, which held three persons, and was termed the Fly—a name to be interpreted, like dreams, by contraries, seeing

that never was there a leathern conveniency less flighty in its movements than the Fly. Twenty miles being too enormous a distance to be gone over twice in a day, the Fly ran only three times a week, or to and from the capital on alternate days. In addition to the worthy burgesses, who, after making their wills, and taking a solemn and tearful leave of their friends, might venture upon this momentous journey, the vehicle we have described carried also the mail-bag to and from Peebles. The manner in which it was conveyed, was by popping it into one of the little pockets which hung inside of the window or door of the Fly, and there it lay, whoever might be seated inside. There were no officials about the vehicle but the driver; and he, after putting the packet in its place, paid no more heed to it from one end of the journey to the other.

Such was the state of mail-conveyance on this road half a century ago. Small as the extent of the Fly's accommodation was, there was still too much for the purpose. The vehicle was more often empty than full, which led the driver, in order to procure an occasional gratuity for himself, to indulge very much in the system of taking in 'hangies.' If there be any one to whom this expressive and extremely poetical word be unintelligible, we beg to inform him that a hangie, in the vocabulary of the road, signifies a person who, from inability or unwillingness to pay the full hire, hangs about the way-side, in the hope of getting for a trifle a spare seat in any passing coach. To such contraband travellers, the driver of the Fly was often obliged to have recourse, in order to procure the means of bracing himself against the cold by a dram. On one unfortunate day, when all was empty inside, three hangies were found by the driver loitering along the road at a short distance from Peebles. Two of these were decent, plain personages, belonging to that town, and the third was a youngish man, dressed in the garb of a labourer. All hopes of a regular fare were now over; and the driver seeing the hangies, as *was natural*, in a state of anxious suspense, was moved

to open the Fly door, and let them enter—for a 'consideration.'

At the speed of about four and a half miles an hour, the three hangies were jolted into Edinburgh. It is one of the grievances consequent upon the position of a hangie, that he must leave the vehicle to which he has been indebted for a ride, before it reaches its customary halting-place, lest certain proprietary parties should either blame the driver, or claim a share in the 'consideration.' Neither of these alternatives being agreeable, the hangie is expected by coachee to make himself scarce in time. On the occasion referred to, two of the hangies of the ancient Fly got out of the vehicle at the entrance to the southern side of Edinburgh. The person now left alone in the Fly was the young man in the labourer's garb, and he asked to be driven a little further; to which the driver consented. After reaching the foot of the Candlemaker Row, which was then the common access from the south side, the young man called out to the driver that he now wished to get out. The driver stopped, let out his passenger, mounted the box, and drove down the Grassmarket to the White Hart Inn, which was the Fly's usual resting-place. According to custom, one of the first things done by the driver was to open the door of the carriage, to take out the letter-bag. He dipped his hand into the pocket, but no bag was there! He looked and groped again, but it was all to no purpose; neither his hand nor eye could reveal the presence of the unlucky bag, which it was but too evident was a fugitive from its accustomed place of deposit. In plain unpoetic language—the mail was robbed!

The hue-and-cry was immediately raised. All that passed on the road was at once related by the driver; and as he knew well by name and character the two men who had first left the coach, it was instantly concluded that the bag had been stolen by the man who had left the Fly but a few minutes before. A number of persons set out without delay in search of him, and it was soon learned, as the driver himself imagined, that the thief had

gone up the West Bow. But though the searching-party were on that spot within a few minutes after him, and though they continued their hunt over the city in all directions, no person at all answering to the driver's description was any where observed. Nor were any tidings heard of the abstracted property or the abstractor for a considerable time. Fortunately, it proved that no person had sustained any loss of consequence, the mail-bag chancing, on the day of the robbery, to carry no enclosures of money.

The pilferer, however, though he eluded the notice of those who pursued him, was not permitted long to enjoy his stolen bag. He had scarcely left the Fly for a few minutes, when, just as he had reached the head of the West Bow, he was seized by two men, and taken into custody on suspicion of being a deserter from some of the corps then in Edinburgh. He was first lodged in jail—the old Heart of Mid-Lothian—until preparations were made for his examination before the military authorities of the castle. He does not appear to have been searched at the time by his captors, otherwise the bag would have been found upon him, and must have excited notice. But it was as a deserter simply that he was taken up; and, accordingly, the bag, which was small enough to be easily concealed about his person, remained undiscovered. For one night the deserter remained in the Old Tolbooth, and during that time he was not idle, as was subsequently made apparent. On the day following his seizure, he was taken to the castle, to undergo the consequences awaiting him as a deserter from his majesty's service.

Within a day or two after his departure from the Tolbooth, it chanced that some of the officials, in arranging the room, probably for some new unfortunate, found beneath the mattress on which the deserter had lain, a great bundle of letters, all opened, and stuffed here and there among the straw. The head-turnkey was sent for on the occasion, but with a degree of carelessness, for which he afterwards suffered seriously, this person took *the letters*, and tossed the greater number of them into

the fire, almost without looking at them. This he did under the hasty impression that they were merely the scribblings of a prisoner who had formerly occupied the cell, and who had given a deal of annoyance by his inveterate propensity to the writing of letters and petitions. The leather mail-bag had been cut to chips by the deserter, otherwise the discovery of it might have at once excited suspicion as to the true state of the case. One letter, however, which escaped the flames, and which was addressed to the sheriff of Peeblesshire, Wolf Murray, Esq. (afterwards Lord Cringletie), was accidentally glanced at by one of the officials of the jail, and a suspicion arose that there was something more in the matter than had been at first believed. The consequence was, that the letter was sent to the sheriff; and he, being fully aware of the robbery of the Fly, at once concluded, from the date and other circumstances, that the letter was one that had been in the stolen bag. He came instantly, as might be expected, to the jail, and made inquiries into the matter. The people of the jail informed him of the letter having been one of a bundle, and also told him who had been the last occupant of the cell. This made the sheriff immediately aware that the deserter must have been the purloiner of the mail-bag, and he sent for the driver of the Fly, with whom he went to the castle, and had the deserter identified as the person who had come from Peebles in the Fly on the day of the theft.

The other two parties who had been hangies along with the deserter, were of course called upon, in order to speak to the man's identity. A trial took place, and the conviction of the offender was the result. He was sent to Botany Bay, and may now, for anything we know, be still alive, and a respectable member of society of that distant colony.

CHAPTAL.

About the close of last century, France possessed a number of men who had obtained celebrity from their knowledge of chemical science. Among the number were Berthollet, Lavoisier, Fourcroy, Gay Lussac, and Chaptal. Some of these were distinguished as theoretic or experimental chemists, others as practical laborateurs. Of the latter class, none obtained such eminence, or was so well rewarded for his services, as Chaptal. Lavoisier perished in the revolutionary troubles, when the Reign of Terror was at its height. An insane idea arose in the public mind, that all the tobacco which was sold in Paris had been poisoned by certain chemists, for political purposes, and, in the midst of the panic, poor Lavoisier was seized, and accused of the heinous offence of poisoning the people. Notwithstanding all representations to the contrary, he was ordered for execution; and though he begged his judges to spare him for only three days, in order that he might complete certain chemical experiments in which he was engaged, his petition was refused. 'The French Republic has no need for chemists,' said Robespierre, and so Lavoisier was hurried off to the guillotine.

Chaptal was more fortunate than Lavoisier. When Robespierre said, that the nation did not require chemists, he committed an egregious blunder, for the nation was very soon put to its last shifts for want of chemists. The Republic was carrying on a desperate war, both internal and external, and the consumption of gunpowder was so immense, that the supply could not be kept up. France was almost at its last cartridge. Hitherto, the gunpowder manufactories had been kept going by means of supplies of saltpetre or nitre brought from the East Indies, and imported in some indirect way through England. These supplies were now entirely cut off by the

British government. No nitre was to be had. Money could not procure it. In this critical dilemma, the republican authorities looked about to see if any good chemist had escaped the guillotine, and by great good-luck they discovered Chaptal, who was at that very moment included in a list of proscribed victims of the ruling faction. He was immediately applied to, and his life was promised to be spared, provided he could furnish the government with saltpetre. An ignorant man must have perished in such circumstances. Mark, therefore, the value of a knowledge of chemistry! The proposition was most welcome to Chaptal—his life was safe. He knew that nitre could be formed from the nitrate of lime in the limestone caverns and cellars of Paris, and that it could also be produced from the earthy matter in which animal substances are decomposed. He forthwith ordered a general excavation of the numerous burying-grounds of Paris; the sepulchral repose of remote generations was invaded; old monastic buildings, which for ages had been imbibing animal effluvia, and generating nitre, were erased; the owners of ancient buildings were compelled to consent to their demolition, in order that the ground beneath them might be collected and analysed; the walls of the subterraneous caves and cellars were scraped, and the earth of the floors dug up, all of which, to the Republic, was more precious than gold. The graves of 2,000,000 of bodies were opened; and after removing the skulls, and other bones which were in a state of preservation, to the subterraneous quarries of the Barrière d'Enfer, which gave existence to the celebrated catacombs, Chaptal, by his chemical art, extracted from the various materials he had thus obtained an abundant supply of saltpetre, and thus France and himself were saved.

By the various governments that succeeded, Chaptal was always honoured and regarded as one of the greatest benefactors to his country. Bonaparte having, in accordance with his famous Milan decree, prohibited the importation of colonial produce through England, Chaptal

was the first to suggest and carry into operation the extraction of sugar from the beet-root. For this the Emperor created Chaptal a count and peer of France, and for many years he was a member of the cabinet as minister of the interior. In 1816, after the accession of the house of Bourbon, he still remained in favour, and was appointed a member of the Academy of Sciences by Louis XVIII. His works on practical chemistry stand in the foremost rank in the present day, and are particularly applicable to France, which, by its tariff of trade, voluntarily cuts itself off from the importation of certain articles required by the nation. For example, besides the saltpetre and sugar above mentioned, which Chaptal produced from materials within the country, he invented several kinds of cement and artificial Puzzolanas, by means of native calcined ochre, without the aid of foreign matters; new varnishes for earthenware, without the use of lead ores and plumbago, which are so often destructive of health and life; extended the application of chemical agents to bleaching; the application of old wool instead of oil, in the preparation of soap; and the mode of dyeing cotton with Turkey-red. In short, Chaptal was one of the most illustrious examples of how much good may often be done by one enterprising mind, when that mind is properly directed and encouraged in its efforts for the benefit of mankind.

ADVENTURE OF A QUAKER VESSEL.

THE principle upheld by the Society of Friends, that armed violence must upon no account be employed, is usually looked upon as well enough for a profession among a few, who are protected in most matters by the opposite system upheld by the many, but as totally unfit to be acted upon in practical affairs. We daresay the *common opinion* is right in the main; yet it is a doctrine

to which we have a warm side, and we therefore have been much pleased to find that it was, at least on one occasion, acted upon beneficially. In the reign of Charles II., a Quaker merchant-vessel, with a master and mate of that persuasion, but manned by ordinary persons, was returning from Venice, when it was taken by a band of Turkish pirates. To pursue a narrative, quoted in Mr Hunt's *Indicator* from Sewell's History of the Quakers :—

The second night after, the captain of the Turks and one of his company, being gone to sleep in the cabin with the master, the mate—whose name was Thomas Lurting—persuaded one to lie in his cabin, and about an hour after another in another cabin; and at last, it raining very much, he persuaded them all to lie down and sleep; and when they were all asleep, he coming to them, fairly got their arms into his possession. This being done, he told his men: 'Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if ye do, I will be against you; but this we will do, now they are under deck, we will keep them so, and go for Majorca.' Now, having ordered some to keep the doors, they steered their course to Majorca, and they had such a strong gale, that in the morning they were near it. Then he ordered his men, if any offered to come out, not to let above one or two at a time; and when one came out, expecting to have seen his own country, he was not a little astonished instead thereof to see Majorca. Then the mate said to his men: 'Be careful of the door, for when he goes in we shall see what they will do; but have a care not to spill blood.' The Turk being gone down, and telling his comrades what he had seen, and how they were going to Majorca, they, instead of rising, all fell a crying, for their courage was quite sunk; and they begged that they might not be sold. This the mate promised them, and said they should not. And when he had appeased them, he went into the cabin to the master, who knew nothing of what was done, and gave him an account of the sudden change, and how they had overcome the Turks. Which, when

he understood, he told their captain: 'That the vessel was now no more in their possession, but in his again; and that they were going for Majorca.' At this unexpected news, the captain wept, and desired the master not to sell him; which he promised he would not. Then they told him, also, they would make a place to hide them in, that the Spaniards * coming aboard should not find them. And so they did accordingly, at which the Turks were very glad. Being come into the port of Majorca, the master, with four men, went ashore, and left the mate on board with ten Turks. The master having finished his business, returned on board, not taking licence, lest the Spaniards should come and see the Turks; but another English master, being an acquaintance, lying there also with his ship, came at night on board, and after some discourse, they told him what they had done, under promise of silence, lest the Spaniards should come and take away the Turks. But he broke his promise, and would have had two or three of the Turks, to have brought them to England. His design then being seen, his demand was denied; and seeing he could not prevail, he said to Pattison and his mate: 'That they were fools, because they would not sell the Turks, which were each worth two or three hundred pieces of eight.' But they told him: 'That if they would give many thousands, they should not have one, for they hoped to send them home again; and to sell them,' the mate said, 'he would not have done for the whole island.' The other master then coming ashore, told the Spaniards what he knew of this, who then threatened to take away the Turks. But Pattison and his mate having heard this, called out the Turks, and said to them: 'Ye must help us, or the Spaniards will take you from us.' To this the Turks, as one may easily guess, were very ready, and so they quickly got out to sea: and the English, to save the Turks, put themselves to the hazard of being overcome again; for they continued hovering several days, because they

* Majorca was inhabited by Spaniards.

would not put into any port of Spain, for fear of losing the Turks, to whom they gave liberty for four or five days, until they made an attempt to rise; which the mate perceiving, he prevented, without hurting any of them, though he once laid hold of one. Yet, generally, he was so kind to them, that some of his men grumbled, and said: 'He had more care for the Turks than for them.' To which his answer was: 'They were strangers, and therefore he must treat them well.' At length, after several occurrences, the mate told the master: 'That he thought it best to go to the coast of Barbary, because they were then likely to miss their men-of-war.' To this the master consented. However, to deceive the Turks, they sailed to and fro for several days; for in the daytime they were for going to Algiers, but when night came they steered the contrary way, and went back again, by which means they kept the Turks in ignorance, so as to be quiet.

But on the ninth day, being all upon deck, when none of the English were there but the master, his mate, and the man at the helm, they began to be so untoward and haughty, that it rose in the mate's mind: 'What if they should lay hold on the master, and cast him overboard!' for they were ten lusty men, and he but a little man. This thought struck him with terror; but recollecting himself, he stamped with his foot, and the men coming up, one asked for the crow, and another for the axe, to fall on the Turks; but the mate bade them not to hurt the Turks, and said: 'I will lay hold on their captain;' which he did: for having heard them threaten the master, he stepped forward, and laying hold of the captain, said he must go down, which he did very quietly, and all the rest followed him. Two days after, being come on the coast of Barbary, they were, according to what the Turks said, about fifty miles from Algiers, and six from land; and in the afternoon it fell calm. But how to set the Turks on shore was yet not resolved upon. The mate saw well enough, that he being the man who had begun this business, it would be his lot also to bring it to an

end. He then acquainted the master, that he was willing to carry the Turks on shore; but how to do this safely, he as yet knew not certainly; for to give them the boat was too dangerous, for then they might get men and arms, and so come and retake the ship with its own boat; and to carry them on shore with two or three of the ship's men, was also a great hazard, because the Turks were ten in number: and to put one-half on shore was no less dangerous; for then they might raise the country, and so surprise the English when they came with the other half. In this great strait, the mate said to the master: 'If he would let him have the boat and three men to go with him, he would venture to put the Turks on shore.' The master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropped on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage, said to the master: 'I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good-will in venturing my life; and I have not the least fear upon me, but trust that all will do well.' The master having consented, the mate called up the Turks, and going with two men and a boy in the boat, took in these ten Turks, all loose and unbound. Perhaps somebody will think this to be a very inconsiderate act of the mate, and that it would have been more prudent to have tied the Turks' hands, the rather because he had made the men promise that they should do nothing to the Turks until he said, 'he could do no more;' for then he gave them liberty to act for their lives so as they judged convenient. Now, since he knew not how near he should bring the Turks ashore, and whether they should not have been necessitated to swim a little, it seemed not prudent to do anything which might have exasperated them; for if it had fallen out so that they must have swam, then of necessity they must have been untied, which would have been dangerous. Yet the mate did not omit to be as careful as possible. For, calling in the captain of the Turks, he placed him first in the boat's stern; then calling for another, he placed him in his lap, *and one on* each side, and two more in their laps, until he

had placed them all, which he did to prevent a sudden rising. He himself sat with a boat-hook in his hand on the bow of the boat, having next to him one of the shipmen, and two that rowed, having one a carpenter's adze, and the other a cooper's heading-knife. These were all the arms besides what belonged to the Turks which they had at their command. Thus the boat went off, and stood for the shore. But as they came near it, the men growing afraid, one of them cried out of a sudden: 'Lord have mercy on us, there are Turks in the bushes on shore!' The Turks in the boat, perceiving the English to be afraid, all rose at once. But the mate, who in this great strait continued to be hearty, shewed himself now to be a man of courage, and bid the men to take up such arms as they had, but do nothing with them until he gave them leave. And then seeing that there were no men in the bushes, and that it was only an imagination, all fear was taken away from him; and his courage increasing, he thought with himself, it is better to strike a man than to cleave his head, and turning the boat-hook in his hand, he struck the captain a smart blow, and bid him sit down, which he did instantly, and so did all the rest. After the boat was come so near the shore that they could easily wade, the mate bade the Turks jump out, and so they did; and because they said they were about four miles from a town, he then gave them some loaves and other necessaries. They would fain have persuaded the English to go with them ashore to a town, promising to treat them with wine, and other good things, but the mate was not so careless as freely to enter into an apparent danger, without being necessitated thereto; for though he had some thoughts that the Turks would not have done him any evil, yet it was too hazardous thus to have yielded to the mercy of those that lived there; and therefore he very prudently rejected their invitation. The Turks, seeing they could not persuade him, took their leave with signs of great kindness, and so went on shore. The English then putting the boat closer in, threw them all their arms on shore, being unwilling

to keep anything of theirs. And when the Turks got up the hill, they waved their caps at the English, and so joyfully took their last farewell. And as soon as the boat came again on board, they had a fair wind, which they had not all the while the Turks were on board. Thus Thomas Lurting saved the ship and its men; which being thus wonderfully preserved, returned to England with a prosperous wind. Now, before the vessel arrived at London, the news of this extraordinary case was come thither; and when she was coming up the Thames, the king, with the Duke of York and several lords, being at Greenwich, it was told him there was a Quaker's ketch coming up the river that had been taken by the Turks, and redeemed themselves without fighting. The king hearing this, came with his barge to the ship's side, and, holding the entering-rope in his hand, he understood from the mate's own mouth how the thing had happened. But when he heard him say, how they had let the Turks go free, he said to the master: 'You have done like a fool, for you might have had good gain for them:' and to the mate he said: 'You should have brought the Turks to me.' But the mate answered: 'I thought it better for them to be in their own country.'

INUNDATION OF A COAL-PIT IN BELGIUM.

On the 28th of February 1812, about half-past ten in the morning, 127 men and boys were at work in the Marias seam of the Beaujonc Colliery, which is situated about a mile and a quarter from the city of Liege, on the western side. A *seam* of coal, it is scarcely necessary to say, is one of those thin layers, alternating regularly with layers of sandstone, into which all coal-beds are arranged. As usual, the access to the Marias seam, or rather to the Beaujonc coal-pit generally, was by a large

rounded shaft or bure-pit, resembling an oblong well, and 180 yards in depth from the surface or open air. This pit having been long wrought, there were a great number of excavated seams, or those from which coal had been takep, leading off from the shaft at various depths above the Marias one. One of these excavated seams, called the Petsay seam, chanced to have, at a part of it distant more than 100 yards from the shaft, a communication with the seam of a neighbouring coal-pit, where there was a large collection of water, kept from breaking out by a frame-dam or wooden dike.

This was the condition of things on the morning mentioned, when the workers, 127 in number, were in the Marias seam. Unhappily, the water alluded to then broke out, and flowed into the Petsay seam, by which it found a direct passage into the shaft of the Beaujone pit, at the bottom of which was the Marias seam. The latter seam being eighty-five yards lower in the shaft than the Petsay seam, the water accordingly had a fall of that extent. When it first broke into the shaft, the corf, or strong square box in which the coal and workmen are carried up and down, and which was moved by means of chains—by ten horses working above-ground—was just drawn up. The man who filled the corf first observed the influx, and believed, as did several other workmen, that something had gone wrong with the pipes of the steam-pump. The overseer, Hubert Goffin, was immediately called to the spot, and as soon as he arrived, he perceived some dangerous mischance to have taken place, from the quantity of the falling water. Almost all the men then in the Marias seam, were speedily assembled at the bottom of the shaft, when the corf, after being emptied above, again came down. Of course, all were eager to save themselves by entering it; and the overseer, Goffin, whose son, a boy of twelve years, was with him, had also put his foot into the corf to ascend, when he again withdrew it, exclaiming: 'If I ascend, my workmen will be lost; I am determined to leave this place the last—to save them all, or perish with

them!' He then put a blind man into his place, and the corf went up with about a dozen men in it—the number it could carry. Being suspended by only two of its four chains, it fell, in its ascent, to one side, and some of the men tumbled out of it into the rapidly collecting water, from which they were extricated by Goffin and his son. When the corf came down again, the men rushed to it in a crowd, but the force of the falling water threw a part of them down, some of whom only were saved. Filled with men, the corf again went up, and by the time it came down again, the water stood breast-high at the bottom of the shaft. As the people above were whipping the horses rapidly round, there was but a moment's time to lay hold of the corf, but the men clung to it, in spite of Goffin's warning, and, in consequence, the most of those who tried to ascend on this third occasion fell in their ascent, and perished in the pit. This was the last time that the corf carried up any of the workmen. There were ladders standing in the shaft for the use of the fire-engine, and some of the men attempted to attain safety by means of them, but the violence of the waterfall speedily struck down these unfortunates.

Escape by the pit now became impracticable, the water having nearly reached the roof of the under-galleries. Not a moment was now to be lost by those below in taking up a position of temporary safety. Hubert Goffin remained collected. He had ordered one of the men with him, to make an opening in the air-shaft—a narrow bore rising to the open air, with a long chimney upon its top—through which opening they could gain the rise-boards or galleries on the ascending part of the strata from the pit, every other way of escaping death being impossible. Accordingly, all the assembled workmen, only thirty-three of whom had been saved by the corf, were led by Goffin to one of these galleries, with *the exception* of a few men, who, deaf to the overseer's *entreaties,* remained in the filling place, near the shaft, *in hopes of* reaching the corf, and perished. The corf *descended,* indeed, but no man reach it. The men

and boys, drawn together in the gallery around Goffin, were in a deplorable condition—buried in the bowels of the earth at the depth of 185 yards—grouped together in a narrow space—deprived of food, and almost of vital air—with little hope of relief, and fearing to be drowned in the water which they saw increasing. The boys, crying bitterly, crowded about Goffin, exclaiming: 'Dear master, how shall we escape?'

We hope the reader understands the position in which this unhappy band was placed. They had got through the Marias seam, out of the shaft altogether, and had risen into certain galleries, which placed them above the water. The intrepid overseer encouraged the men repeatedly, saying: 'Lambert Colson [one of the chief proprietors] will not abandon us: if we cannot escape by our own shaft, we shall by Mamonster.' Mamonster pit was one close by that of Beaujonc, and Goffin judiciously concluded, that, as it was impossible to remove the water—which rose twenty-eight yards in the shaft—in time to save them, the people above would try to make a way from the Mamonster pit, the mouth of which was about 190 yards from the Beaujonc shaft. Under this impression, Goffin resolved to do something to aid in the liberation of his comrades and himself. Guessing the proper direction, he set some of the workmen to commence drifts in the four rise-boards or galleries—called the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th—with which he had a communication by what is termed a headway. The stoutest men he set to work in the 7th, which he thought the most hopeful. Two men could only work at a time, but they constantly relieved each other, and others carried away the excavated matters. After toiling more than two long days—from Friday to Sunday evening—by the light of candles and without food, and with only dirty water to drink, in the drift of the 7th rise-board, the picks began to return a sound which told the experienced listeners that an excavation was nigh. On this, the work went on with fresh vigour; but when they did break through, a sad disappointment awaited them. A gush of

inflammable air came through the opening with a horrible noise, indicating the cavity beyond to be an old disused pit. Had not Goffin instantly stopped the hole, they would all have been destroyed by the foul air. This disappointment seemed to take away all chance of relief, and despair began to seize on the men. They uttered the saddest cries, declaring death to be inevitable, and bewailing the fate of their wives, children, and parents. In their desperation, they demanded of their master what was to become of them. Goffin told them, there was yet a resource in the 5th board, and would have led them to it. No man would move. 'Well,' said the overseer, 'since you refuse to obey me, we can die!' He then took his son, and embraced his friends, and all exertion seemed to be at an end, when Goffin's son, a feeble child, as if inspired, exclaimed: 'You act like children; follow the orders of my father. We must persevere in our work, and shew to those who shall survive us, that we had courage even in death.'

This speech from a mere child reanimated the men, and they went and began a drift in the 5th board, which they had scarcely done, when they heard the joyful sounds of people boring and blasting in the strata before them. Notwithstanding this announcement, that people were straining every nerve to relieve them, Goffin's men were so exhausted on the Sunday night, that they again refused to work, saying, that they had as soon die one way as another. Goffin entreated, menaced, and compelled, and but for him most certainly all would have perished.

On the Sunday night, the candles went out from want of oxygen in the air—a sad index of what the captives must have suffered from the same cause. The darkness added to the gloom of the men, as they had to work in the dark. Two orphan boys flattered themselves they should not perish, because their father prayed for them in *heaven*. The boy Goffin shewed the most remarkable *heroism*. He frequently came to his father, clapped *him on the* back, and exclaimed: 'Courage, father! *all goes well*,' While others bewailed their own fate,

this boy thought only of his mother, and his six brothers and sisters. 'Father,' said he, 'you and I only earned money; how are they to live? Must they beg? Dear father, I know you have hid some money in the cow-house—how will my mother be able to find it?'

'And you, my boy,' said the parent, 'where have you hid yours?' The child congratulated himself that his only crown was in the hands of his sister.

Between the Sunday and Wednesday, the sounds of people working were heard, approaching always nearer and nearer. The confined men also continued their excavation, but most of them were incapable of doing anything. The only aliment they could find was the infected water, which they got in the darkness by creeping to the edge of the flood; but some of them also went there, in the hope of finding a drowned comrade's body to serve as food. In preference to taking the water, some drank their own urine; and a few candles which they had, served as food to others. Delirium attacked several; they asked their way home, and sought salad and cabbage from Goffin. That intrepid man never lost his courage or care for them. He called over their names frequently, and calmed them always with assurances of coming relief. And much he had to bear, for some of them, in their madness, taunted him with being the cause of their sufferings. The most of them, however, clung to him as their hope, protector, and preserver.

Five days and nights of misery had been now passed, partly in darkness, by the imprisoned miners, when relief came. We must advert, however, before describing this deliverance, to the steps used above-ground to effect it. The intelligence of the inundation threw the families of the unfortunate colliers into the most terrible agony, and excited the most profound sensation and sympathy in the whole neighbourhood of Liege. M. Matthieu and M. Migneron, the engineer and deputy-engineer of the coal-works of Beaujonc, were on the spot immediately after the occurrence of the accident, and took the management of the measures, instantly resolved upon,

for attempting the rescue of those held captive in the bowels of the earth. To their honour, all the coal-proprietors and others around offered horses, engines, and men, for the undertaking. Though it was seen to be impossible to clear the shaft of water in time to do good, yet, to prevent it rising so as to inundate the galleries, 100 horses were set to work on the fire-pump, and much water taken out; but it rose faster than it was evacuated, and the source was not closed up till Sunday. However, it was on another scheme that the chance of relief hung. M. Migneron, at the head of a body of strong men, entered the headway—dilapidated unluckily—of the Mamonster pit; and after crawling through a dangerous passage 131 yards long, arrived at the spot nearest to where the confined men were supposed to be in the Beaujonc pit. A bore, or drift, was then commenced in the direction that seemed most likely to do good; but all was sad uncertainty on this point. Only two men at a time, lying upon their sides, could work in the drift, but they were often relieved. The seam of coal, besides, was hard, and cost about three hours to make eighty inches of way. While this drift was going on, every scheme was tried to direct the confined men's attention to the spot, by firing small cannon, and making other noises. No appearance, however, of succeeding in this respect, presented itself till Saturday, when some slight noises were heard. Nevertheless, no distinct indication of the quarter in which the men were was given till the Monday, when it was found that the drift was going as nearly right as possible. On the Tuesday, after almost incredible labour, a passage fifty-one yards long was made, and a boring-rod passed through into the cavity where the captives were, but in so indirect a manner as to permit of no other communication with them than by speech. But even this was a great satisfaction, as it enabled Goffin to announce the existence of most of the workmen. The hole mentioned had to be stopped up, as the prisoners could not bear the pressure of the air, which rushed in impetuously.

On the 4th of March (the Wednesday), at twelve o'clock noon, the miners broke through into the passage begun, and carried to the length of twelve yards, by Goffin and his companions. This made a passage in all of sixty-three yards. When the barrier was broken down, the air rushing in caused a report like thunder. Then did the captives press to the hole, and crawl out man by man, Goffin and his son being the last. Seventy human beings were thus restored to this world in a measure; twenty-four men had perished in all. Every preparation that kindness and skill could suggest had been previously made for giving food and other necessaries, in a proper way, to the liberated workmen. Such were the crowds continually in waiting near the spot to learn the result, that the military had to be kept always on guard at the place, lest the workers should be interfered with. The air was rent with acclamations when the liberation was announced to the multitude. But who can describe the joy of the families of the delivered, or the sorrow of others for the lost?

Hubert Goffin, to whom the merit of saving these men from this terrible calamity is chiefly to be ascribed, was rewarded by the king of the Netherlands with the decoration of the Legion of Honour. But he received a far higher remuneration in the profound gratitude of the saved, as well as of their wives, parents, and children.

THE TALE OF THE FALCON.

[The following tale is one of the most admired pieces in one of the most popular books ever published—the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. As the *Decameron* is little read by the British public, and, as a whole, were as well less read than it is, it seems proper thus to select the really fine passages of it for the amusement of our readers.]

At Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Frederick, son of Philip Albergi, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. This gentleman was in love with a lady called Madam Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence; and to gain her affection, used to be continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and everything that was extravagant. But she, as just and reputable as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake or of himself. Living in this manner, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city, in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out a fowling as often as the weather would permit, and bore his distress patiently, and without ever making his necessity known to anybody. Now, one day it happened, that as he was reduced to the last extremity, the husband to this lady chanced to fall sick, who, being very rich, left all his substance to an only son, who was almost grown up, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. She now, being left a widow, retired, as our ladies *usually do* during the summer season, to a house of hers *in the* country near to that of Frederick; whence it *happened that* her son soon became acquainted with him

and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; when he, having often seen Frederick's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree, that he knew not how to ask for it. This being so, the young man soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child, and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him; often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it was possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said: 'Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Frederick's hawk, I should soon be well.'

She was in some suspense at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Frederick had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself: 'How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which I hear is the very best of the kind, and what alone maintains him in the world? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?' Being in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply; till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved at all events to make him easy, and not send, but go herself to bring it. She then replied: 'Son, set your heart at rest, and think only of your recovery, for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do.'

This afforded him such joy, that he immediately shewed signs of amendment.

The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to his little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing, therefore, that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he *ran thither*, surprised and full of joy; whilst she, with *a great deal of* complaisance, went to meet him; and

after the usual compliments, she said: 'Good-morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for what you have formerly done on my account. What I mean is, that I have brought a companion to take a neighbourly dinner with you to-day.'

He replied, with a great deal of humility: 'Madam, I do not remember ever to have received any harm by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was worth anything at any time, it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you: and most assuredly, this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again; but you are come to a very poor host.'

With these words, he shewed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and from thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said: 'Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a labourer's wife, to be with you, whilst I set forth the table.'

He, although his poverty was extreme, was never so sensible of his having been extravagant as now; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, he was in the utmost perplexity, lamenting his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits; at length, having neither money nor anything he could pawn, and being willing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own labourer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, which he seized, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without further thought, then, he pulled his head off, and gave him to a girl to dress and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen yet left, and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden to her, telling her that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready.

She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, *when* they ate the hawk. After dinner was over, and

they had sat chatting a little while together, she thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and she spoke to him courteously in this manner: 'Sir, if you call to mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption, when you know what I am come for: but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is towards them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclination, and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you, which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or diversion left in your small circumstances; I mean your hawk, which he has taken such a fancy to, that unless I bring him back with me, I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me—for in that respect you are in noway obliged to me—but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have the animal I speak of, by which means you will save my child's life, and lay him under perpetual obligations.'

No sooner did Frederick hear the lady's request, and knowing it was out of his power to serve her, than he began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she first thought was his great concern to part with his favourite bird, and that he was going to give her a flat denial; but after she had waited a little for his answer, he said: 'Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has been contrary to me in many things; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor mansion, and whither in my prosperity you would never deign to come; you also entreat a small present from me, which it is noway in my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favour you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability, with something more nice and valuable than is usually given to

other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me, that I shall never be at peace as long as I live'—and upon saying this, he produced his feathers, feet, and talons.

The lady began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, secretly, however, praising the goodness of his heart, which poverty had no power to abase. Thus, having no further hopes of obtaining the hawk, she thanked him for the respect and good-will he had shewed towards her, and returned full of concern to her son; who, either out of grief for the disappointment, or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days.

Madam Giovanna continued sorrowful for some time; but being left rich and young, her brothers pressed her to marry again, which, though against her inclinations, yet finding them still importunate, and remembering Frederick's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said: 'I should rather choose to continue as I am: but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have only Frederick Albergi.'

They smiled contemptuously at this, and said: 'You simple woman, what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world.'

She replied: 'I believe it, brothers, to be as you say; but know, that I would sooner have a man who stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.'

They hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and such a vast fortune, lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs for the time to come.

PERILS OF THE SOLWAY.

THE Solway is well known to be a bay which deeply indents the west side of our island, between the county of Cumberland on the one side, and those of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright on the other. This is a remarkable arm of the sea, as its waters, owing to the great shallowness of the channel, recede, at every ebb of the tide, for not much less than forty miles, leaving a waste of sand of about that length, and eight miles at an average in breadth. Through this far-spreading tract, the channels of various rivers, as the Eden, the Esk, the Kirtle, the Annan, and the Nith, are continued from the land-part of their courses, forming, with some large pools, the only conspicuous features by which the uniformity of the surface is broken. When the tide is in ebb, and the sands are left dry, it is possible to walk or ride over them without danger; but when there is any water on the surface, however little, the sands are apt to give way beneath the feet, and allow those who may be upon them to sink into a stratum of soft marl or clay which lies beneath, and from which it is scarcely possible to extricate one's self. In many places, the sands are much thinner than in others, and these thin places are continually shifting with the tide; so that it is not easy for any but the most experienced persons to avoid them. When any one is so unfortunate as to get upon a place which allows him to sink into the marl, he usually finds it quite impossible to extricate himself, but sinks deeper and deeper every moment, till, after beating for some time the surface of the water with his extended arms, his head becomes immersed, and he dies by suffocation. Horsemen, finding themselves on a quicksand, have a chance of escaping, by putting their steeds to full speed, in which case the sand does not open quickly enough to retard the animals' feet. Having companions also

affords a chance of escape in case of danger. The usual plan of rescue for a sinking friend is to *tread him out!*—which is thus performed: a layer of straw or brushwood is laid round him, or if nothing better is at hand, a greatcoat or two; upon this some person must tread nimbly, either in a circle or backward and forward, and the ground, being pressed by the weight, will gradually squeeze up the sinking man till he can get on the artificial stratum, when both must run for their lives.

Owing to the shallowness of the Solway, it is scarcely a fit place for a ferry communication even at high-tide; at low-tide, on the other hand, the sands are open to travellers, but are known to be dangerous. Yet for fifteen miles from the head of the estuary, it is quite common for travellers to take the latter mode of crossing between Cumberland and Dumfriesshire, especially in clear weather, and when the tide has chanced to recede during daylight. The only alternative is to go round by the bridges on the Eden and Esk, which, in some instances, implies an addition of between twenty and thirty miles to the length of what might otherwise be a short journey. When we consider the general disinclination to roundabout ways, it is not surprising that the sands are so much travelled, even although we have not yet reckoned up all the perils of the passage. The tide, as might be expected, makes very rapidly in a channel so extremely shallow. Even in clear weather, and in otherwise favourable circumstances, this is a source of great danger; but when the wind blows strong from the west, the sea comes with more than its usual rapidity, and usually in one lofty wave, like a wall. The swiftest horse is then unable to bear off the traveller. A reminiscence, communicated by the late Dr Currie to the editor of the *Border Minstrelsy*, may be quoted with reference to this danger. 'I once,' says he, 'in my early days heard—for it was night, and I could not see—a traveller drowning in the Firth of Solway. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him, in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind

blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot abreast*. The traveller got upon a standing-net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of the night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind.'

The following anecdote also communicates a striking idea of the dangers of the journey across Solway Sands:—In the month of February 1825, a party, consisting of thirty well-mounted Dumfriesians, who had been at the horse-fair of Wigton, in Cumberland, and wished in the evening to return, resolved to do so by an established route across the sands between the fishing-town of Bowness, and a point at Whinnyrigg, near Annan, the breadth of the waste being there above two miles. They left Bowness about nine at night, accompanied, as is usual, by a guide; the night was calm, clear, and starry. 'No thought of danger occurred to them,' says a chronicle of the day, 'until they had proceeded nearly a mile on their way, and were about to ford the united waters of the Esk and Eden. And here a thick mist obscured the sky, and gradually became so dense and opaque, that they literally knew not which way they were moving, and could scarcely see a yard before them. On getting through the water, the party halted, and held a hasty council of war; but their opinions were various and jarring in the extreme. While some were for putting to the right-about, others were for pushing straight forward; but these words had lost their meaning, as no one could tell how the direct path lay, whether he was bound for England or Scotland. Amidst their bewilderment, many would not believe that they had crossed the Esk, and plunged and replunged into the bed of the

river, some going up, others down, and describing over and over again the same narrow circle of ground. In this emergency, Mr Thomas Johnston, Thornywaite, and Mr Hetherington, Lochmaben, kept closely together, and by recollecting that the water runs from east to west, and observing how the foam fell from their horses' feet, they rightly conceived how the shore lay, and moved on in the direction of Annan. But this clue was soon lost, and after wandering about for nearly an hour, they appeared to be just as far from their object as ever. At every little interval they paused to listen to the incessant cries, of distress and encouragement, that reached the ear in all directions—from England, Scotland, the middle of the Firth—from every point, in short, of the compass. But where there was no system whatever in the signals, the stoutest callers only seemed to be mocked by the mournful echoings of their own voices. Amidst this confusion, horns were sounded from the Bowness side, and anon the solemn peals of a church-bell added not a little to the interest of a scene which, abstracting from its danger, was truly impressive, if not sublime. The rising tide was gradually narrowing the dry land; and should it come roaring up two feet abreast before they escaped from their present perils, where was the power on earth that could save them? The two individuals named above, after pushing on quite at random, fortunately rejoined nine of their companions. And now the joyful cry was raised, that they had found a guide in the person of Mr Brough, of Whinnyrigg, who, hearing their cries, and knowing their danger, had, even at the risk of his own life, traversed the sands in the hope of being useful. But greatly as they rejoiced at his presence, the danger was not yet over. In a little time, even the generous guide got bewildered, and literally knew not which hand to turn to. Still his advice was, that the tide was coming—that they had not a moment to lose—that everything depended on decision and speed. At times he dismounted, and groped about until he came to some object or spot of ground which

he fancied he knew, and then galloped off at full speed to some other point, and by reckoning the time it required to get thither, and repeating the experiment eight or ten times, he succeeded in rescuing fourteen fellow-creatures from the imminent danger in which they were placed. A friend reports, that when wholly at a loss what to do, he accidentally stumbled over the trunk of a tree, which some former flood had left indented in the sand, and that, by accurately examining the position of an object he had frequently seen in daylight, he knew at once the bearings of the coast, and thus facilitated the almost miraculous escape of the party. Be this as it may, his presence was of the greatest possible use: his local knowledge inspired a confidence that was previously wanting; and, as the event proved, everything depended on the decision and speed he so strictly enjoined. Though, under ordinary circumstances, twenty minutes may suffice to trot across the sands, nearly three hours had been consumed in zig-zagging to and fro; and within a quarter of an hour or less from the time the party touched the beach, the tide ascended with a degree of force which must soon have proved fatal to the boldest rider and the stoutest horse which the treacherous Solway ever insnared. The fog that occasioned all the danger was one of the densest ever known. We should here mention the meritorious conduct of Mr Lewis Bell, residing near Dornock, and two other farmers, whose names we have not yet heard. By crossing a few minutes earlier, these individuals had *weathered* the mist; but on hearing repeated cries of distress, they very humanely retraced their steps, and joined the wanderers on the Scotch side, much about the same time as Mr Brough. But in place of guiding, they required to be guided, and actually shared all the perils of those to whose assistance they had so promptly hastened.

'And here we must return to the other half of the travellers, who, after the hasty council of war, replunged through the river with the view of returning to the village of Bowness. The guide was amongst them; but

what with the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, and the shouts of distress that were everywhere raised, he became, it is said, as deaf as a post, and the most bewildered man of the whole. Different routes were tried and abandoned; and so little was known of their real situation, that some of them followed as closely the course of the stream as if they had been anxious to meet, rather than flee from the coming tide. But the church-bell at last proved a sort of beacon; and after different persons had ventured with lights to the river's edge, the whole party were attracted to the spot, and conveyed to a comfortable home for the night.'

The lively journalist who recorded these circumstances —need we tell his name?—recommended, in conclusion, that the guides would do well to carry a pocket-compass on all occasions, so that they, and those intrusted to them, might at least be under no danger from want of a knowledge of the direction in which they ought to go. We trust this recommendation has been attended to. A sixpenny-compass would be better for such a duty than twenty church-bells.

WOMAN.

In infancy, from woman's breast,
We draw the food by Nature given;
She lulls our childish pangs to rest,
And cheers us as a beam from heaven!
When woman smiles, she has the power
To heal our grief, and calm our fears;
Should sickness wound, should fortune lour,
She shares our sorrows, dries our tears.

And she can soothe the cares of age,
As rolls time's furrowing course along;
Can cheer us with the classic page,
Or charm us with the magic song.

When stretched upon the bed of death,
Departing nature struggling lies,
At that dread pause—when the next breath
May waft our spirit to the skies:

When the soul views the narrow verge,
Close on the confines of the grave,
And now it longs its flight to urge—
Nor wishes for an arm to save.
Who cheers that dreary scene of wo?
Who speaks of peace, and joy, and love?
Who wipes the tear-drops as they flow?—
'Tis woman, sent from Heaven above.

'Tis she receives our parting sigh,
'Tis she who hears our latest breath,
'Tis she who seals the closing eye,
And whispers peace and hope in death!
And when the mournful scene is past,
'Tis woman weeps upon our bier;
Silent, yet long, her sorrows last,
Unseen she sheds affection's tear.

On earth she is the truest friend
That is to man in mercy given;
And when this fleeting life shall end,
She'll live for purer bliss in heaven.
O woman! woman! thou wert made,
Like heaven's own pure and lovely light,
To cheer life's dark and desert shade,
And guide man's erring footsteps right!

American Paper.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

THIS event being alluded to by a gentleman in presence of his children, he found that none of them had ever heard of it. Accustomed in his own early years frequently to hear it not only alluded to, but detailed, he was at first surprised to find that a few grown-up young people were ignorant of it; but the circumstance is not, in reality, surprising. The generation to whom last-century events were familiar, is passing away; and the bulk of the community now date their births from years subsequent to 1800. Nay, however startling it may be to some, even the last war is already becoming so remote an event, that a very great number of persons, now acting their parts on the stage of life as heads of families, have no recollection of it. Under these considerations, and being of opinion that the loss of the *Royal George* was a remarkable incident in itself, we have caused the following brief account of it to be drawn up from authentic sources:—

The year 1782 saw Britain in a more humbled condition than any former one for a century. The attempt to coerce the American colonies, and the war with France, Spain, and Holland, which resulted from that attempt, had completely exhausted the national resources; and the people witnessed the unwonted spectacle of a French fleet defying the coasts of England with impunity. It was at this juncture that the special calamity of the accidental loss of the first ship in the navy took place.

A fleet was in preparation at Portsmouth for the relief of a brave garrison which had long held out Gibraltar against the fleets of Spain. Amongst the vessels destined to sail on this expedition, was the *Royal George*, fitted *to carry 100* guns, but in reality mounting 108. A contemporary document states—'She was the oldest first-*rate in the* service, her keel having been laid down i

1751. She was rather short and high than agreeing with the rules of proportion at present laid down, yet so good a sailer, that she has had more flags on board than any vessel in the service. Lord Anson, Admiral Boscawen, Lord Rodney, and several other principal officers, had repeatedly commanded in her. Lord Hawke commanded the squadron in her which fought the French under Conflans, when the *Superbe* of seventy guns was sunk by her cannon, and the *Soleil Royal*, of eighty-four, driven on shore and burned. She carried the tallest masts and squarest canvas of any English-built ship in the navy, and originally the heaviest metal—namely, fifty-two, forty, and twenty-eight pounders; but they were lately changed, on account of her age, to forty, thirty-two, and eighteen pounders.'

Before the *Royal George* could sail, it was deemed necessary, on account of the age and unsoundness of her timbers, that she should receive a *careening*—namely, an inspection, and repair of the parts usually under water. If time had not pressed, she would have been towed for this purpose into dock. As the case stood, it was resolved that she should be laid over on her side, as usual when a slight careening is required, in calm weather and in smooth water. So little difficulty or danger was apprehended, that the admiral, captain, officers, and crew—amounting to about 900 persons—continued on board; neither guns, stores, water, nor provisions were removed; and fully 300 women and children, mostly relatives of the seamen, were on board from the neighbouring harbour.

Early in the morning of the 29th August, the work was commenced by a gang of carpenters. The vessel received what is called a *parliament heel*, or, in ordinary language, was caused to incline in the water, so as to expose her lower timbers. It was afterwards stated, that the workmen, finding it necessary to strip off more of the sheathing than was expected, in order to come at a certain leak, heeled her a little more over than was intended, and than possibly the commanders knew. About ten in the morning, while Admiral Kempenfelt was writing in

his cabin, and the larger number of the people were between decks, no one dreading any harm, a sudden and unexpected squall threw the vessel entirely over on her side, when, her port-holes being open, she filled and sunk so very quickly, that, as one of the survivors declared, he had only time to cry to his brother that she was going down, *when down she went!* A victualler, which lay alongside, was swallowed up in the whirlpool which the sudden plunge of so vast a body occasioned, and several small craft, though at a considerable distance, were in imminent danger of sharing the same fate.

The admiral, with a number of brave officers, and most of those who were between decks, perished. The guard, and most of the other people upon deck, were more fortunate, being picked up by the boats of the fleet. About 300 in all, chiefly persons belonging to the ship's company, were saved; while from 900 to 1000 were drowned. The captain (Waghorne) was picked up in a much injured condition; but his son, a lieutenant, having been below, perished. The whole of the women and children, having been between decks at the moment of the accident, were lost.

This incident was universally bewailed, not so much for the loss of an aged vessel, as for the destruction of life which attended it. Admiral Kempenfelt, though seventy years of age, was peculiarly lamented. 'He was held,' says a contemporary record, 'to be, in point of professional science, knowledge, and judgment, one of the first naval officers in the world: particularly in the art of manœuvring a fleet, he was considered by our greatest commanders as unrivalled, and his excellent qualities as a man at least equalled his professional merits as an officer. His father was a Swedish gentleman, who, coming early into the English service, generously followed the fortunes of his master, James II. Being recalled by Queen Anne, after the death of that unfortunate monarch, and serving with distinction in her wars, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was, at the time of his death, lieutenant-governor of the island of Jersey. The

gentleman's character was so admirable, as to be depicted and immortalised by Addison in the *Spectator*, under the well-known appellation of Captain Sentry.'

The same authority adds, that a large sum of money was immediately raised, by subscription, in London, for the relief of the widows, children, and other depending relations, of those who had perished by this accident. A court-martial was held, a few days after, on Captain Waghorne, who was honourably acquitted.

The diving-bell, the improvements of which were then recent, was brought into operation for the recovery of property in the *Royal George*, which was the more practicable, as she had not sunk in deep water. In the ensuing November, by this means sixteen guns and some cordage were fished up, and brought into Portsmouth. In the ensuing summer, by the same means, the beer-hoy, which sunk with the *Royal George*, was brought up. An endeavour was made, by great cables round the body of the *Royal George*, to draw her up also; but every effort failed, in consequence of the snapping of the cables. In the summer of 1784, the anchor was recovered—an immense mass of iron, weighing nearly five tons. Since then, by the employment of the diving-bell at various times, other articles have been raised from the lost vessel, and some of the guns which had lain several years in the water, and become curiously oxydated, are shewn to the public in London. On investigation, some years ago, the mass of the vessel was found to be nearly buried in sludge. Portions of it have since been raised.

SAMUEL WINGRAVE, THE TOBACCONIST.

One important cause of breach of trust in servants and others is rarely adverted to—want of sufficient vigilance and superintendence in masters. A young person, of unestablished principles, put into a situation of trust, where the conduct of his employer shews plainly that there is scarce a possibility of his being detected if he should make a trespass, is not done justice to; and his error, if he do err, is in large part to be ascribed to his superior. Not that we would have the culprit too easily excused, but that we would have masters do *their* duty in watchfulness, do we make this remark. The master is bound in duty to exercise a proper degree of care over his concerns, in order that all hope of safe criminality may be forbidden in his subordinates; and if he fails in this duty, we hold that he is himself guilty of a very great offence against society—that of leading its members into temptation, and perilling their best interests, in a business from which he is to be the chief profiter. Some years ago, there occurred a singular case of this nature, which we shall detail, in the hope of impressing the more forcibly the principle here laid down.

Mr Samuel Wingrave was a respectable tobacconist in a large town, the name of which need not be specified. He had advanced to middle life, and had been in business for considerably more than thirty years, when an important incident signalised his career. For the greater period of his shop-keeping life, he had in his employment but one person, who had grown as necessary to him as his daily food, and who was, in fact, the chief manager of the business. Mr Wingrave himself was decidedly an industrious man, but, from constitutional indolence, and early *defects of* training, he was incapable of conducting his *affairs in that* systematic way which is almost indispensable to success. All the system which the tobacconist's

establishment displayed was ascribable to the trusty shopman, Richard or Dick Jackson, as his master styled him, though Dick was scarcely a younger man than his superior.

'Dick,' said Mr Wingrave one day to his shopman, in the confidential way in which he was always wont to treat the latter—'Dick, I am growing old, and I begin to have uneasy thoughts that didn't use to trouble me before. What is the reason, think you, that I have never been able to lay up money like my neighbours?' Mr Jackson appeared posed by this question, but, after a pause, he replied: 'You have brought up a pretty large family.' 'True,' said the tobacconist, 'but so have some of my neighbours, who have not appeared to do more business than I, and yet *they* have laid up money, although living more expensively than I have ever done. Ah, Dick, I have been too indolent and heedless—that, I suppose, is the true state of the case. And now I am getting old, without having made a purse for any of my boys and girls.' So ended this conversation, but the feeling expressed was not so easily removed from Mr Wingrave's mind.

Mr Wingrave and his shopman Jackson had long managed the business alone, and of course, during the master's necessary terms of absence, the other had been left by himself in the shop. But on attaining a fit age, the tobacconist's eldest boy was taken in as a sharer in the toils of tobacco-selling, and by this means the shop was seldom left to the sole management of either master or man. The boy in question, as it chanced, was intelligent, active, and quick-eyed; and shortly after the occurrence of the brief dialogue just recorded, he noticed an incident which forcibly struck and surprised his youthful perceptions. Having received a crown-piece of a new coinage, or at least fresh from the Mint, he examined it attentively ere he deposited it in the till. On returning soon after from some call of duty, he again felt a desire to look at the glittering piece, and sought it for *this purpose.* To his great surprise, it was not to be

seen. Being certain that no one had been in the shop in the interval excepting Jackson, the boy naturally inquired of him: 'If he had seen the pretty crown-piece they got a little ago?' The old shopman replied in the negative, and remarked that it would probably have been given away in change. But the youth was almost confident that such could not have been the case. He was, as has been said, quick-eyed for his years, and the conclusion which he could not but form was, that Jackson alone could have touched the missing coin after it was laid in the drawer.

Young Wingrave did as very few boys of fourteen would have done under the circumstances. Assured that a boy's observation would never have been put in the balance against Jackson's long-sustained credit, he did not inform his father of the crown-piece incident, but set himself assiduously to the task of discovering whether such disappearances of silver were of common occurrence. He secretly marked different coins in such a way as to be readily distinguishable again by himself, though not by others, and watched their fate after their consignment to the till. It was long ere the boy attained to a satisfactory result, and it was amazing how much perseverance and secretiveness he displayed in pursuing his object. But, in the end, without having yet communicated with a human being on the point, he became perfectly assured that Jackson was in the regular habit of abstracting money from the drawer in small quantities at a time!

Knowing that Jackson had no claim or authority to do this, being paid a quarterly salary, the boy refrained no longer from informing his father of what he had observed. At first, the old tobacconist laughed outright at the intelligence, and declared the whole to be an absurdity. 'What! Dick Jackson *steal*, and steal from *me!* Impossible!' But the persevering assertions of the boy, and his distinct account of the close watchings which had led him to the conclusion, staggered the tobacconist's faith at last, although absolute conviction might not be produced. The son proposed secretly and cautiously to repeat his coin-

markings with the father's cognizance, and to this course of proceeding the latter agreed. The issue was, that Mr Wingrave was brought in a week or two to the clear and firm assurance, that the man whom he had so long trusted was in the regular practice of pilfering from the contents of the till. This conviction caused much pain to Mr Wingrave, and it also excited much doubt and conjecture as to the past; seeing that no one could determine at what time the system of peculation had begun, and to what extent it had proceeded. One thing was obvious —that Jackson's course required to be brought to a close.

Being a man of little penetration or activity of mind, it was perhaps well for the tobacconist that he thought of consulting an intimate friend and relative, a person 'learned in the law,' and still more deeply versed in the learning of common-sense, upon the subject of Jackson's delinquencies. By this friend's advice the matter was kept secret, and Jackson was privately sent for to the presence of the only three parties acquainted with the discovery—namely, Wingrave, his son, and the lawyer. It would have been hard for any spectator of this interview, to say whether the tobacconist or his faithless servant exhibited most distress in entering on the subject of the meeting. Suffice it to say, that Jackson, at the outset, denied his guilt, though with a guilty bearing and countenance. But when Wingrave and the boy went over the proofs of his crime, which they had severally and conjunctly collected, and the lawyer at the same time declared that they would be recognised as full and decisive criminatory evidence by the law, the treacherous shopman fell upon his knees in an agony of fear, and prayed in the most abject manner for mercy. This of course the tobacconist would not consent to without a full confession of the length of time he had carried on his peculations, and the extent, if it could be told, to which they had gone. In the terrors of the moment, Jackson confessed all. His thefts had begun almost with his *entrance to Wingrave's* service, and had since continued

without intermission, the wretched old man declaring that, in the end, he had lost all sense of guilt, and had come to regard whatever he took as fairly his own. 'But let me go home,' exclaimed he, 'and for pardon and concealment, I will give up all I possess in the world.' The simple tobacconist would at once have consented to this but the lawyer, who knew human nature better, and put little confidence in compulsory repentance, required Jackson to give up the keys of his repositories, and to inform them where his money was placed. The hesitation with which the criminal complied with this demand, though it might partly arise from the *involuntary* strugglings of that avarice by which he had been drawn into guilt, justified the lawyer's caution. The shopman, however, gave up his keys, and stated that the fruits of his thefts would be found in one escritoire, in the shape of bank-receipts. Having received proper authority from its miserable proprietor, the lawyer then sent to Jackson's lodgings for the escritoire in question.

When this article was brought, it was found to contain a number of receipts from different banks, among which, to avoid suspicion, Jackson had distributed his stolen funds. On seeing the very large amount of the sums for which these papers were the vouchers, the tobacconist experienced mingled feelings. He was shocked to think that he had been so long at the mercy of a man who was capable of robberies to such an extent, and he could not but feel pleasure at the thought that these large sums were undeniably his own. Jackson sat with his self-dishonoured gray head bent to the ground, while his secret repository was undergoing examination. A question from his master made him raise his eyes and speak. 'All is there,' said he huskily, 'and more than all. My own small savings are in these bills also. I have enjoyed nothing, either from my own means, or—or yours, but the pleasure of hoarding.' The melancholy or rather despairing tone in which these words were uttered, softened the heart of the simple tobacconist; and had he not been restrained by the presence of others, he

would have done and said more at the moment than prudence or a just liberality could have sanctioned.

We are not aware that Mr Wingrave reflected as he ought to have done on his own share of blame; but he was so far just towards one whom we cannot but look on as in some measure the victim of his carelessness, that he returned to Jackson his own savings, amounting to a sum by no means inconsiderable, and allowed him to withdraw from the country. He did not for many years disclose the circumstances; but not having heard what became of the culprit afterwards, we cannot say whether this tenderness was of any service to him. The sum recovered by Wingrave, amounting to several thousand pounds, became a fair endowment to his family at his death.

ASCENT OF ARARAT.

THE mountain of Ararat, situated in the north-eastern corner of Lesser Asia, in the province of Armenia, is remarkable as being the spot on which the ark of Noah rested during the subsidence of the flood. It is a mountain extraordinary for its magnitude, being, at its highest point, 17,260 feet above the level of the sea—an elevation considerably higher than that of Mont Blanc. It stands nearly midway betwixt the southern extremities of the Black and the Caspian seas, in 39° 42′ of north latitude, and 44° 30′ of east longitude. Though placed close on the line of the immense chain of Taurus, which extends from the eastern shores of the Black Sea far into the centre of Asia, Mount Ararat stands in a measure alone, and has a very grand appearance, the other hills in the neighbourhood being too insignificant in size to hide its proportions or impair the majesty of its aspect. This great mountain is divided into two heads, respectively named the Great and Little Ararat, which form distinct

cones, separated from each other by a wide chasm or glen. The two cones are about 12,000 yards apart at their summits. The peak of the Great Ararat is perpetually covered with snow, but the Lesser Ararat, which is nearly 4000 feet lower, is clear of snow in summer. The plain in which Ararat stands is watered by the Araxes (the Raksi of the natives), and at no great distance stands the large and populous city of Kars.

The people of Armenia, who have long been followers of the Christian faith, regard Mount Ararat with the most intense veneration, and have many religious establishments in its vicinity. They firmly believe, to a man, that *the ark is still preserved* on the summit of the mountain; and that, in order to preserve it, the ascent of Ararat has been prohibited to mortals, by a divine decree, since the time of Noah. The origin of this traditionary belief, which is sanctioned by the Church, and has almost become an article of Armenian faith, is said to be as follows:—A monk in former times, who was anxious to settle some doubts relative to the scriptural account of Noah, resolved for this purpose to ascend to the top of Ararat, to satisfy himself whether or not the ark was there. On the declivity of the mountain, however, he had several times fallen asleep from exhaustion, and, on awaking, found himself always carried back to the very spot from which he first started. At length, out of pity, an angel was sent to him with the information that he had entered on an impracticable task; but, at the same time, his zeal was rewarded by a divine present of a piece of the ark. This piece is to this day preserved as the most valuable relic in the neighbouring convent of Etschmiadsin, the seat of the patriarch or primate of the Church of Armenia.

Numerous other traditionary stories are current respecting failures in attempts to ascend Mount Ararat, and punishments befalling the presumptuous adventurers. Nevertheless, few persons, we believe, excepting the Armenian people, will be inclined to doubt the veracity of the Russian professor, Dr Friedrich Parrot, who

describes his having ascended the mountain in the year 1829, and whose narrative of the adventure supplies the subjoined particulars.

On approaching Mount Ararat from the convent of Etschmiadsin, where he had been most hospitably entertained, Professor Parrot seems to have been impressed with emotions similar to those which the Holy Land never fails to call up in the minds of Christian travellers. A thunder-storm enveloped Ararat at the moment, but 'the rolling of the thunder,' says the professor, 'did not disturb me; I enthusiastically indulged now in the contemplation of the country spread before me, the longed-for goal of my undertaking; now in deep reflections on an ancient period, replete with the most interesting historical events. How could it be otherwise? I was at the foot of Mount Ararat, the mountain of the patriarch Noah.' At the Convent of St James, and the village of Arguri, situated on the sloping base of the mountain, Professor Parrot received a kindly welcome from the hospitable priests, and there made preparations for the ascent. The difficulties of the task, he was aware, were great, as Ararat, in addition to its height, is remarkably steep. Though the priests expected no good issue to such an undertaking, they threw no obstacles in the way.

'On the 12th of September 1829, at seven o'clock in the morning,' says Dr Parrot, 'I set out on my journey, accompanied by M. Schiemaun. We took with us one of our Cossacks, and a peasant of Arguri, who was a good huntsman, and our route was first in the bottom of the valley—intermediate between the great and little cones—then up its right acclivity towards a spot where there are two small stone-houses standing close to each other; the one formerly a chapel, and the other built as a protection for a spring which is considered sacred.' There is a tradition attached to this spring. The country of Armenia is subject to incursions from locusts, which come in immense swarms, and in one day will lay waste whole tracts of land. These creatures can neither be

dispersed nor destroyed except by one bird, which also visits the country in large flocks, and is an inveterate enemy to the locusts. Now, to entice this useful bird, it is necessary to fill a vessel from the spring of Ararat, and carry it to the place infested by the locusts, when the birds immediately arrive, and annihilate the pest. From the spring which possesses these marvellous qualities, Parrot and his companions proceeded on their journey up the acclivity of the Great Ararat. The day was very hot, and the fatigue of the ascent excessive; so much so, that the Cossack was forced to return. About six o'clock in the evening, the others had almost reached the snowy region, and stopped for the night in the clefts of the rocks, at an altitude of about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. The night was cold, and the peasant, or Jager, Schak of Arguri, who had come in his summer clothing, had to be wrapped for comfort in some sheets of blotting-paper brought for drying plants. 'At daybreak,' continues the professor, 'we pursued our journey towards the eastern side of the mountain, and soon reached the declivity which runs immediately from the summit of the great peak; it consists entirely of pointed rocky ridges coming down from above, and leaving between them ravines of considerable depth, in which the icy mantle of the summit loses itself, and glaciers of great extent.' Before they got round to the east side—the side easiest of ascent near the summit—they had several rocky crests or ridges to get over; and before this was half accomplished, the Jager came to a stand-still, and was left behind by Parrot and Schiemaun. These two gentlemen successfully surmounted one by one the rocky crests, by making deep holes with their ice-poles in the glacier, until they reached the extreme upper edge of the rocky ice. They had now attained an elevation equal to that of Mont Blanc, being 15,666 feet, yet the summit of Ararat lay far above them, like a smooth cone of snow. The afternoon, however, was far advanced, and 'to spend the few remaining hours *of daylight* in reaching this point, would have been worse

than madness, as we had not seen any rock on the summit which could have afforded us protection during the night; besides which, our stock of provisions was not calculated to last so long.' The adventurers were therefore compelled to content themselves with the thought, that the summit plainly was accessible, and to return. 'In descending,' continues the narrative of Parrot, 'we met with a danger we had not anticipated; for if in the descent of every mountain you tread less firmly than in the going up, it is still more difficult to tread firmly, when you look down upon such a surface of ice and snow as that over which we had to travel, and where, if we slipped and fell, there was nothing to stop us but the sharp-pointed masses of stone in which the region of eternal ice loses itself. My young friend, whose courage had probably been proof against severer trials, lost his presence of mind here; his foot slipped, and he fell; but as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to thrust my pole firmly into the ice, to take a sure footing in my capital snow-shoes, and, while I held the pole in my right hand, to catch him in passing with my left. My position was well chosen, but the straps which fastened my ice-shoes broke, and instead of being able to stop my friend, I was carried with him in his fall. He was so fortunate as to be stopped by some stones, but I rolled on for about 1700 feet, till I reached some fragments of lava, near the lower glacier. The tube of my barometer was dashed to pieces, my chronometer burst open, and everything had fallen out of my pockets, but I escaped without severe injury. As soon as we had recovered from our fright, we collected the most important of our effects, and continued our journey downwards.' Soon afterwards they came to the Jager Schak, who had lighted a fire for them, and by it they passed the night. Next day—the third since their outset—they reached the convent, but took care not to say anything about their accident, as the good fathers most certainly would have called it a judgment from Heaven on their presumption.

Having satisfied himself, however, by this trial, that the summit of Ararat was accessible, Professor Parrot was not long in making a second attempt. This also failed, under very similar circumstances as the preceding. But the professor was indefatigable. He made a third attempt on the 25th of September, and on this occasion took such means as experience pointed out as most likely to obviate the difficulties which had formerly rendered his toils nugatory. Being convinced that everything depended on passing the first night as near to the boundary-line of snow as possible, in order to permit the ascent and descent of the summit in one day, he took horses with his party—consisting on this occasion of several peasants and soldiers—as far as the nature of the ground would allow these animals to go. The professor was thus enabled to spend the night much nearer to the line of snow than formerly. The cold was severe at their resting-place on this night, as they were nearly 14,000 feet above the level of the sea; but a good fire and a warm supper made the party pretty comfortable. 'I had some onion-broth,' says Dr Parrot, 'a dish which I would recommend to all mountain-travellers in preference to meat-broth, as being extremely warm and invigorating. It was a magnificent evening, and with my eye fixed on the clear sky, and the lofty summit which projected against it, and then again on the dark night which was gathering far below and around me, I experienced all those delightful sensations of tranquillity, love, and devotion, that silent reminiscence of the past, that subdued glance into the future, which a traveller never fails to experience when on lofty elevations and under pleasing circumstances.

'At daybreak we arose, and began our journey at half-past six. We crossed the last broken declivities in half-an-hour, and entered the boundary of eternal snow nearly at the same place as in our preceding ascent. In consequence of changes in the temperature of the weather, the *new-fallen* snow, which had facilitated our progress on *our previous* ascent, had melted away, and again frozen; *so that*, in spite of the still inconsiderable slope, we were

compelled to cut steps in the ice. This very much embarrassed our advance, and added greatly to our fatigue. One of the peasants had remained behind in our resting-place, as he felt unwell; two others became exhausted in ascending the side of the glacier. They at first lay down, but soon retreated to our night-quarters. Without being disheartened by these difficulties, we proceeded, and soon reached a great cleft which marks the upper edge of the declivity of the large glacier, and at ten o'clock we arrived at the great plain of snow, which indicates the first break on the icy head of Ararat. At the distance of a thousand paces or so, we saw the cross which we had reared on the 19th of September (second attempt); but it appeared to me so extremely small, probably on account of its black colour, that I almost doubted whether I should be able to perceive it again with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direction towards the summit, a shorter, but at the same time a steeper declivity than the one we had past, now lay before us; and between this and the extreme summit there appeared to be only one small hill. After a short repose, we passed the first precipice, which was the steepest of all, by hewing out steps in the rocks; and, after this the next elevation. But here, instead of seeing the ultimate goal of all our difficulties, immediately before us appeared a series of small hills, which even concealed the summit from our sight. This rather abated our courage, which had never yielded for a moment so long as we had all our difficulties in view; and our strength, exhausted by the labour of hewing the ice, seemed scarcely commensurate with the attainment of the now invisible object of our wishes. But a review of what had already been accomplished, and of that which might still remain to be done, the proximity of the series of projecting elevations, and a glance at my brave companions, banished my fears, and we boldly advanced. We crossed two more hills, and the cold breeze of the summit blew toward us. I stepped from behind *one of the glaciers*, and the extreme cone of Ararat *lay distinctly before* my enraptured eyes. Only one other

icy plain was to be ascended, and at a quarter past three, on the 27th of September, O. S., 1829, we stood on the summit of Mount Ararat!'

It is scarcely necessary to say, that, independently of other considerations, the indurated and eternal snows, covering the summit, would have rendered futile any hopes which the Armenians of the party might entertain relative to the remains of the ark of Noah. Yet the feeling in the minds of the successful adventurers must have been one of deep gratification. The summit of Mount Ararat is a slightly convex and almost circular platform, above 200 feet in diameter, from the edges of which there is a steep declivity on all sides, forming the silver crest of Ararat, composed of enduring ice, unbroken by a rock or stone. The view of the valleys and regions around the base of Ararat was obscured by a gray mist, and the hills in the neighbourhood appeared like dark spots shot up through it. About thirty feet below the summit, where there was a better chance of its being seen from the valley than on the top, a cross was planted, to indicate to all who might accomplish the ascent afterwards, that others had been before them.

Professor Parrot and his companions returned to the snowless part of the mountain, and passed a second night there. On the ensuing morning, they returned in safety to the convent of St James, where they offered their grateful thanks to Heaven for the success of their arduous enterprise—not far from the place, perhaps, where Noah also offered thanks, and 'built an altar to the Lord.' After what has been said regarding the traditionary prejudices of the country, it will scarcely excite surprise that many orthodox Armenians were found erelong to express their disbelief in the successful performance of Parrot's undertaking. What was scarcely so pardonable, however, some scientific persons in Europe, after the professor's return to St Petersburg, expressed a similar doubt, on the ground of the physical difficulties of the enterprise. To set the question at rest, Dr Parrot took the trouble to get the oaths of his five companions on the journey taken

by a magistrate; and these certifications, if his own word could be justly questioned, are sufficient to terminate all scepticism. The very doubts referred to, however, constitute a striking testimony to the obstacles which Professor Parrot overcame in ascending the mountain of Ararat, 'on which the ark rested.'

THE CREOLE VILLAGE:

A SKETCH FROM A STEAM-BOAT.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In travelling about our motley country, I am often reminded of Ariosto's account of the moon, in which the good paladin Astolpho found everything garnered up that had been lost on earth. So I am apt to imagine that many things lost in the old world are treasured up and perpetuated in the new; having been continued from generation to generation, since the early days of the colonies. A European antiquary, therefore, curious in his researches after the ancient and almost obliterated customs and usages of his country, would do well to put himself upon the track of some early band of emigrants, follow them across the Atlantic, and rummage among their descendants on our shores.

In no part of our country are the customs and peculiarities imported from the old world by the earlier settlers, kept up with more fidelity than in the little poverty-stricken villages of Spanish and French origin, that border the rivers of ancient Louisiana. Their population is generally made up of the descendants of those nations, married and interwoven together, and occasionally crossed with a slight dash of the Indian. The French character, however, floats on top, as, from its buoyant qualities, it

is sure to do whenever it forms a particle, however small of an intermixture.

In these serene and dilapidated villages, art and natur seem to stand still, and the world forgets to turn round The revolutions that distract other parts of this mutabl planet, reach not here, or pass over without leaving an trace. The inhabitants are deficient in that public spiri which extends its cares beyond its horizon, and import trouble and perplexity from all quarters in newspapers In fact, newspapers are almost unknown in these villages and as French is the current language, the inhabitant have little community of opinion with their republica neighbours. They retain, therefore, their old habits o passive obedience to the decrees of government, as thoug they still lived under the absolute sway of colonial com mandments, instead of being part and parcel of th sovereign people, and having a voice in public legislation

A few aged men, who have grown gray on their here ditary acres, and are of the good old colonial stock, exer a kind of patriarchal sway in all matters of public an private import; their opinions are considered oracula and their word is law.

The inhabitants, moreover, have none of that eagernes for gain, and rage for improvement, which keep ou people continually on the move, and our country town incessantly in a state of transition. There the magi phrases 'town-lots,' 'water-privileges,' 'railroads,' an other comprehensive and soul-stirring words, from th speculator's vocabulary, are never heard. The resident dwell in the same houses in which their forefather dwelt, without thinking of enlarging or modernising then or pulling them down and turning them into granit stores. They suffer the trees, under which they hav been born, and have played in infancy, to flouris undisturbed; though, by cutting them down, they migh open new streets, and put money in their pockets. I a word, the almighty dollar, that great object of universa devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuin *devotees* in these peculiar villages; and unless som

of its missionaries penetrate there, and erect banking-houses and other pious shrines, there is no knowing how long the inhabitants may remain in their present state of contented poverty.

In descending one of our great western rivers in a steam-boat, I met with two worthies from one of these villages, who had been on a distant excursion, the longest they had ever made, as they seldom ventured far from home. One was the great man, or grand signior of the village: not that he enjoyed any legal privileges or power there, everything of the kind having been done away when the province was ceded by France to the United States. His sway over his neighbours was merely one of custom and conviction, out of deference to his family. Besides, he was worth full 50,000 dollars, an amount almost equal, in the imagination of the villagers, to the treasures of King Solomon.

This very substantial old gentleman, though of the fourth or fifth generation in this country, retained the true Gallic stamp of feature and peculiarity of deportment, and reminded me of one of those provincial potentates—the important man of a petty arrondissement—that are to be met with in the remote parts of France. He was of a large frame, a gingerbread complexion, strong features, eyes that stood out like glass knobs, and a prominent nose, which he frequently regaled from a gold snuff-box, and occasionally blew with a coloured handkerchief, until it sounded like a trumpet.

He was attended by an old negro, as black as ebony, with a huge mouth, in a continual grin. This was evidently a privileged and favourite servant, and one that had grown up and grown old with him. He was dressed in Creole style—with white jacket and trousers; a stiff shirt-collar, that threatened to cut off his ears; a bright Madras handkerchief tied round his head; and large gold earrings. He was the politest negro I met with in a wide western tour, and that is saying a great deal; for, excepting the Indians, the negroes are the most gentlemanlike personages one meets with in those parts. It

is true, they differ from the Indians in being a lit extra polite and complimentary. He was also one the merriest; and here, too, the negroes, however may deplore their unhappy condition, have the advanta of their masters. The whites are, in general, too fi and prosperous to be merry. The cares of maintaini their rights and liberties, and of adding to their weal engross all their thoughts, and dry up all the moistu of their souls. If you hear a broad, hearty laugh, assured it is a negro's.

Besides this African domestic, the signior of the villa had another no less cherished and privileged attenda This was a huge dog, of the mastiff breed, with a dc hanging mouth, that gave an air of surly gravity to his pl siognomy. He walked about the cabin with the air of dog perfectly at home, and who had paid for his passa; At dinner-time, he took his seat beside his master, givi him a glance now and then out of a corner of his e: that bespoke perfect confidence that he would not forgotten. Nor was he: every now and then a hu morsel would be thrown to him, peradventure the ha picked leg of a fowl, which he would receive with snap that sounded like the springing of a steel-trap—o gulp, and all was down; and a glance of the eye tc his master that he was ready for another consignment.

The other village-worthy travelling in company wi this signior, was of a totally different stamp. He w small, thin, and weazen-faced, such as Frenchmen a apt to be represented in caricature, with a bright squirr like eye, and a gold ring in his ear. His dress was flim and sat loosely on his frame, and he had altogether t look of one with but little coin in his pocket. Y though one of the poorest, I was assured he was o of the merriest and most popular personages in l native village.

Compere Martin, as he was commonly called, was t factotum of the place—sportsman, schoolmaster, and lan surveyor. He could sing, dance, and, above all, pl on the fiddle—an invaluable accomplishment in one

these old French Creole villages, for the inhabitants have a hereditary love for balls and fêtes; if they work but little, they dance a great deal, and a fiddle is the joy of their heart.

What had sent Compere Martin travelling with the grand-signior, I could not learn: he evidently looked up to him with great deference, and was assiduous in rendering him petty attentions; from which I concluded that he lived at home upon the crumbs which fell from his table. He was gayest when out of his sight, and had his song and his joke when forward among the deck-passengers; but altogether Compere Martin was out of his element on board a steam-boat. He was quite another being, I am told, when at home, in his own village.

Like his opulent fellow-traveller, he, too, had his canine follower and retainer—and one suited to his different fortunes—one of the civilest, homebred, most unoffending little dogs in the world. Unlike the lordly mastiff, he seemed to think he had no right on board the steam-boat! if you did but look hard at him, he would throw himself upon his back, and lift up his legs, as if imploring mercy.

At table, he took his seat at a little distance from his master; not with the bluff confident air of the mastiff, but quietly and diffidently; his head on one side, with one ear dubiously slouched, the other hopefully cocked up; his under-teeth projecting beyond his black nose, and his eye wistfully following each morsel that went into his master's mouth.

If Compere Martin now and then should venture to abstract a morsel from his plate, to give to his humble companion, it was edifying to see with what diffidence the exemplary little animal would take hold of it, with the very tip of his teeth, as if he would almost rather not, or was fearful of taking too great a liberty. And then with what decorum would he eat it! How many efforts would he make in swallowing it, as if it stuck in his throat; with what daintiness would he lick his lips; and then with what an air of thankfulness would he resume his seat, with his teeth once more projecting beyond his

nose, and an eye of humble expectation fixed upon h master!

It was late in the afternoon when the steam-boat stoppe at the village which was the residence of my fello voyagers. It stood on the high bank of the river, an bore traces of having been a frontier trading-post. Ther were the remains of the stockades that once protected from the Indians, and the houses were in the ancie Spanish and French colonial taste, the place having bee successively under the domination of both those nation prior to the cession of Louisiana to the United States.

The arrival of the signior of 50,000 dollars, and h humble companion, Compere Martin, had evidently bee looked forward to as an event in the village. Numbe of men, women, and children, white, yellow, and blac were collected on the river-bank; most of them clad i old-fashioned French garments, and their heads decorate with coloured handkerchiefs, or white night-caps. Th moment the steam-boat came within sight and hearin there commenced a waving of handkerchiefs, and screaming and bawling of greetings, and salutation and felicitations, that baffle all description.

The old gentleman of 50,000 dollars was received by train of relatives and friends, and children and gran children, whom he kissed on each cheek, and who forme a procession in his rear, with a legion of domestics, of a ages, following him to a large old-fashioned French hous that domineered over the village.

His black valet-de-chambre, in white jacket and tro sers, and gold earrings, was met on the shore by a boo though rustic companion—a tall negro fellow, with a lon good-humoured horse-face, which stood out in stron relief from beneath a narrow-rimmed straw-hat, stuc on the back of his head. The explosions of laughter these two varlets on first meeting with each other, an exchanging compliments, were enough to electrify th *whole* country round.

The most hearty reception, however, was that given *Compere* Martin. Everybody, young and old, hailed h

before he got to land. Everybody had a joke for Compere Martin, and Compere Martin had a joke for everybody. Soon his little dog appeared, to partake of his popularity, and to be caressed by every hand. Indeed he was quite a different animal the moment he touched the land. Here he was at home; here he was of consequence. He barked, he leaped, he frisked about his old friends, and then would skim round the place in a wide circle, as if mad.

I traced Compere Martin and his little dog to their home. It was an old ruinous Spanish house, of large dimensions, with verandas overshadowed by ancient elms. The house had probably been the residence, in old times, of the Spanish commandant. In one wing of this crazy but aristocratical abode, was nestled the family of my fellow-traveller; for poor devils are apt to be magnificently clad and lodged in the cast-off clothes, and abandoned palaces of the great and wealthy.

The arrival of Compere Martin was welcomed by a legion of women, children, and mongrel curs; and, as poverty and gaiety generally go hand and hand among the French and their descendants, the crazy mansion soon resounded with loud gossip and light-hearted laughter.

As the steam-boat paused a short time at the village, I took occasion to stroll about the place. Most of the houses were in the French taste, with casements and rickety verandas, but most of them in flimsy and ruinous condition. All the wagons, ploughs, and other utensils about the place, were of ancient and inconvenient Gallic construction, such as had been brought from France in the primitive days of the colony. The very looks of the people reminded me of the villages of France.

As I passed by one of the houses, the hum of a spinning-wheel came issuing forth, accompanied by a scrap of a song, which a girl was singing as she sat at her labour. It was an old French chanson, that I have heard many a time among the peasantry of Languedoc; and the sound of it brought many a bright and happy scene to my remembrance. It was doubtless an old traditional song,

brought over by the French emigrants, and handed down from generation to generation.

Half-a-dozen young lasses emerged from the adjacent dwellings, reminding me, by their light step and gay costume, of scenes in ancient France, where taste in dress comes natural to every class of females. The trim bodice, and coloured petticoat, and little apron, with its pockets to receive the hands when in an attitude for conversation; the coloured kerchief wound tastefully round the head, with a coquettish knot perking above one ear; and then the neat slipper and tight-drawn stocking, with its braid of narrow ribbond embracing the ankle where it peeps from its mysterious curtain. It is from this ambush that Cupid sends his most inciting arrows.

While I was musing upon the recollections thus accidentally summoned up, I heard the sound of a fiddle from the mansion of Compere Martin, the signal, no doubt, for a joyous gathering. I was disposed to turn my steps thither, and witness the festivities of one of the very few villages that I had met with in my wide tour that was yet poor enough to be merry; but the bell of the steam-boat summoned me to re-embark.

As we swept away from the shore, I cast back a wistful eye upon the moss-grown roofs and ancient elms of the village, and prayed that the inhabitants might long retain their happy ignorance, their absence of all enterprise and improvement, their respect for the fiddle, and their contempt for the almighty dollar. I fear, however, my prayer is doomed to be of no avail. In a little while, the steam-boat whirled me to an American town, just springing into bustling and prosperous existence.

The surrounding forest had been laid out in town-lots; frames of wooden buildings were rising from among stumps and burned trees. The place already boasted a court-house, a jail, and two banks, all built of pine-boards, on the model of Grecian temples. There were rival hotels, *rival churches*, and rival newspapers; together with the *usual number* of judges, and generals, and governors; not *to speak* of doctors by the dozen, and lawyers by the score.

The place, I was told, was in an astonishing career of improvement, with a canal and two railways in embryo. Lots doubled in price every week; everybody was speculating in land; everybody was rich, and everybody was growing richer. The community, however, was torn to pieces by new doctrines in religion, and in political economy; there were camp-meetings and agrarian-meetings; and an election was at hand, which, it was expected, would throw the whole country into a paroxysm.

Alas! with such an enterprising neighbour, what is to become of the poor little Creole village?

ORATOR HENLEY.

'Imbrowned with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
O great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once and zany of thy age!
O worthy thou of Egypt's blest abodes,
A decent priest where monkeys were the gods!'—&c.
POPE.

THESE verses refer to a man who was perhaps the most *notorious* in London during the reigns of the two first Georges, though now nearly forgotten for all but the notice taken of him by Pope. John Henley, descended of a race of clergymen of the Established Church, was born at Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, in 1692. He received a regular clerical education at St John's College, Cambridge, whence, in 1712, he addressed a whimsical letter to the *Spectator*, with the signature of Peter de Quir, which was printed in the 396th number of that work. He was distinguished among his companions for lively talents, and took the degrees of bachelor and master of arts; *but, even* at this early period of his life, he shewed *symptoms of that* insubordination to established systems

which marked his future career. According to t report of a friend, 'he began to be uneasy that the of thinking regularly on all subjects, and for all functio was not the prevailing instruction. He was impati that systems of all kinds were put into his hands, res carved out for him, and that he incurred the danger losing his interest, as well as incurring the scandal heterodoxy and ill principles, if, as his genius led him, freely disputed all propositions, and called all points account, in order to satisfy and convince his own reas It shocked him to find that he was *commanded* to belie against his judgment, in points of logic, philosophy, a metaphysics, as well as religion; and that a course mathematics was the least, if any part of the us academical education. He was always impatient unc the fetters of the free-born mind, and privately resolv some time or other, to enter his protest against any pers being bred like a slave who is born an Englishman.'

He also complained, with what justice we cannot s that, 'though brought up for a clergyman, he was i instructed to preach, pray, or read prayers, or speak, catechise, or confer, or resolve a case of conscience, understand the Scriptures, or form any natural or cl ideas of the Christian religion'—certainly a pretty libe list of deficiencies.

On quitting the university, he was appointed mas of the school at Melton, of which parish his father w vicar, and he is said to have displayed eminent abilit as a teacher, particularly in the department of elocuti His powers of oratory were here exemplified in pub readings of the classics, and his learning and indus in the composition of a grammar of ten languages, aft wards published. About the same time he publish a poem founded on the story of Queen Esther, whi was well received, and contains, indeed, many spirit and highly-wrought passages. A preface to this wo *shewed* considerable attainments in Oriental literatu *and antiquities.*

While thus regarded as a respectable and promi

man, he was ordained as a deacon by Wake, Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards as priest by Dr Gibson, the successor of Dr Wake. He then became curate of his native parish, and was much admired as a preacher. Soon tiring of the limited field which the country afforded for the display of his talents, he resigned his duties at Melton, and proceeded to London, furnished with recommendatory letters from some of the most considerable persons in Leicestershire, both of clergy and laity, and with a sum of money which he had saved from his income. He first obtained the situation of an assistant-preacher, and then the living of Chelmondiston, which was worth L.80 a year, while the duties could be performed by a curate at L.20. He also acquired reputation from some learned publications.

Henley startled the audiences which he addressed in London by a style of oratory to which they had not been accustomed. At this tame period of the history of the English Church, it was considered indecorous to use the least action in preaching. Henley thought otherwise, or, if he did not sincerely think so, his consciousness of possessing abilities for a different style of oratory, and his love of displaying those abilities, led him to make that profession. His manner, to use an expressive phrase, *took*. It was remarked that he could draw three times more money for a charity than any ordinary clergyman. People followed him to the different churches where he occasionally preached. He was, in short, the *Irving* of his day. But this success could not fail to draw invidious remarks. His style of preaching was stigmatised by his brethren as theatrical, and he, in reply, did not scruple to speak of humdrum drones. Insinuations were then made, probably with little foundation, against his private character, and these had the effect of losing for him a superior living which had been promised. In a contention of such a nature, it is easy to see which party must be victorious. Henley was ordered by his diocesan to retire to his country charge.

The orator, confident in his abilities and popularity,

answered, that 'it was beneath him to hold what it was in the complainant's power to take away,' and instantly resigned both his city lectureship and his country rectory. This happened in 1725.

Thrown entirely on his own resources, he fitted up a building in Newport Market as a place of public worship, under the name of an Oratory, and licensed it, under the Toleration Act, as a dissenting meeting-house. This conventicle was highly ornamented, according to the taste of the orator. The pulpit, celebrated by Pope as 'Henley's gilt tub,' was covered with scarlet velvet, richly fringed with gold. Over the altar-piece was written, in letters of gold, 'THE PRIMITIVE EUCHARIST.' The emoluments of the preacher were principally derived from the seat-rents, paid by annual subscribers; to each of whom was delivered a medal, the device of which was a star rising to the meridian, with the motto, 'AD SUMMA' (To the highest things), and below, 'INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM' (I will find out the way or make it). From casual auditors he levied an admission-fee of one shilling. He made no attempt to join any of the dissenting bodies of the day, nor to establish a new one: his whole object was to gain a livelihood by the exercise of his own peculiar talents. In form of service and doctrine he departed little from the English Church; and what little departure he made, was in favour of forms and professions which he considered as more consistent with those of the primitive Christians, though it would appear that, in respect of doctrine, the difference was such as to subject him to at least a suspicion of Arianism.

The style of his discourses, keeping out of view their eloquence, was moral and rational; and here, certainly, he did not take the method best adapted for attracting large religious audiences. What, however, was wanting in appeals to the feelings of his congregation, he endeavoured to supply by animadversions on public events and characters, and by every peculiarity of manner that was likely to amuse. The hostility of the established *clergy* was of course more than ever directed against

him; but he received it all coolly, denying every charge against his private conduct, and, with regard to his manner of preaching, remarking that, as there were so many religious dormitories in the metropolis, surely there was no harm in providing a place where people were kept awake. He did not confine his views to religious instruction, but established lectures for the Wednesdays on subjects in literature, morals, and the sciences in general. He even projected the establishment of a university in London, where a more liberal course of education should be pursued than at the existing institutions; and thus, according to a writer in the *Retrospective Review*, prefigured that which was afterwards accomplished by Lord Brougham and Sir James Mackintosh. That he should have ever conceived that men were to take any such institution from his hands, affords a striking proof that there must have been some craze in the mental constitution of Henley. We may make the same surmise from his having been sincerely of opinion, that he had made a great stroke for his own honour and the improvement of mankind, in the establishment of his gilt tub in Newport Market. 'That he should have the assurance,' he somewhere says, 'to frame a plan which no mortal ever thought of; that he should singly execute what would sprain a dozen of modern doctors of the tribe of Issachar; that he should have success against all opposition; challenge his adversaries to fair disputations, without any offering to dispute with him (!); write, read, and study twelve hours a day, and yet appear as untouched by the yoke as if he never wore it; compose three dissertations each week, on all subjects, however uncommon; treated in all lights and manners by himself, without assistance, as some would detract from him; teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; not to be terrified by cabals, or menaces, or insults, or the grave nonsense of one, or the frothy satire of another; but he should still proceed and mature this bold scheme, and put the Church, *and all that, in* danger;' to do all this, he conceives, *certainly redounds* greatly to his credit!

Every discourse of Henley was trumpeted beforehand by advertisements in the newspapers, stating the text or subject, and generally conceived in a style of the most ridiculous self-applause. His whole life became such an eccentricity, that he could not fail to attract much notice, and to be a theme of perpetual merriment and abuse in the public prints. We obtain from scattered notices in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731, some idea of the relation on which he stood towards those organs of opinion, as well as of some of his own practices. The *Grubb-street Journal* mentions: 'We hear that the Oratory subject for to-morrow evening will be Henley's apology for wit, and that Mr H. expects there one Dr Mitchell, who called him *impudent* in print, to a dispute on that problem.' The same paper afterwards relates that Henley, some years before, having an ambition to be a public writer, offered his services in one morning to two great men of opposite opinions, and that his rejection by both determined him to set up the Oratory. At a subsequent period, the *Grub-street Journal* defends itself for having formerly made Mr Henley the hero of an essay upon Impudence—is surprised to find that he takes it ill—and sees no reason why he should be angry, impudence being almost the only recommendation to preferment. 'Was that steady face of his, that goodly bronze, that more than English or Welsh copper in his dun and dusky countenance, given him for nothing? Is not the most consummate impudence exerted in all his words, actions, and gestures, and diffused over his whole person? Could anything but the height of impudence make him promise to perform impossibilities, and pretend to correct the whole learned world, proving them all to be in the wrong, and himself in the right? His medals, though of three different metals, are all *brass*,' &c. Henley seems to have now given up the controversy good-humouredly, for his advertisement of 21st August was concluded with, '*N. B.*—*If* anything ill be said of me, I am not the person. *J. Henley.*'

We also obtain a striking sense of the unhappy

predicament into which this man had brought himself by his interchange of Billingsgate with mean antagonists, from a paper in a journal called *Common Sense*, in 1738, in which the death of his wife is employed as a means of turning a stream of farcical ridicule against him.

In time he removed from Newport Market to a spot between Lincoln's Inn Fields and Clare Market, 'where,' to quote the reminiscences of a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1786, 'a large room (now a carpet-warehouse) lying backwards, and up a considerable flight of steps, proved a convenient situation for him; and here he remained till his death, confining the display of his talents to Sundays only. The Sardinian ambassador's house was, and still is, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, within a few doors of Henley's Oratory; the evening-service of his excellency's chapel was over soon after four, and Henley began at five: now it should seem that, to draw this congregation towards himself as far as he could, he for some years called his Oratory the little Catholic Chapel, and no doubt many of the younger and less serious caught the bait.' The same writer states that, falling into company with a Catholic gentleman, the orator squeezed his hand, saying emphatically: 'God bless you! I love you all; I love you all.' It has been elsewhere mentioned, that, having once taken part with an Independent clergyman named Guyse against Dr Chandler in a controversy, he was encouraged to apply to that person's congregation for the privilege of communion, but was refused upon full deliberation in the vestry, whereupon he made the parties a grave bow, and departed with the apostolical valediction: 'Finally, brethren, farewell.' It may be argued from these circumstances, that Henley's ideas in religion were, after all, of a latitudinarian kind—and that, in the words of Garrick:

'His first great ruling passion was—to eat.'

The most absurd and undignified act of his life seems to have been his advertising that he intended in next *lecture to teach* an art by which a pair of shoes could be

made in ten minutes; and then, when a crowd of shoemakers and others had collected, his taking a pair of boots, and cutting them down into shoes. On the other hand, there were occasions when Henley shewed that he possessed some genuine wit. Another correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1786, relates the following circumstance as having occurred in his presence:—

'About thirty years since, I dined one day at a chop-house opposite to the end of Palsgrave-Head Court, in the Strand: at my entrance, I found there no other guests than the Orator and an attorney of Clement's Inn, between whom I heard the ensuing discourse:—

Attorney. I remember the man well, but I don't know what became of him. I think they say he went to the West Indies, and settled at Ceylon, or somewhere thereabouts; in one of our islands, however.

Orator. In the first place, Ceylon is no island of ours; and in the second place, it is not in the West Indies, but in the East.

Attor. I deny that.

Orator. The more shame to you. I'll bring a boy of ten years old, who shall prove it to you.

Attor. Well, I thank God I know nothing about East or West either. I am no great geographer.

Orator. So, then, you thank God for your ignorance—do you?

Attor. (*Looking very angry.*) Yes, I do, sir.

Orator. (*Making him a low bow.*) Then, sir, you have much to be thankful for.'

The general protection which the two first kings of the house of Hanover were obliged to give to dissenters of all kinds, as a balance against a somewhat unfriendly church, kept Henley clear of all state trouble till the touching time of the Rebellion of 1745, when, probably from a mere spirit of opposition, he allowed himself to speak *unfavourably* of the government. It was said at that *time, though* untruly, that Herring, Archbishop of York, *in his zeal* against the rebels, appeared before his clergy *in regimentals.* This was a capital subject for the Orator,

who concluded a sarcastic discourse upon it with the remark, that 'there could be no treason in squinting at a *red herring*!' Incensed at these liberties, 'some adherents of the ministers repaired one Sunday evening to the Oratory, where they interrupted the preacher with contumelious language, drew their swords upon those who attempted to turn them out, and forcibly put an end to the service; thus, as Henley pointedly observed, 'breaking the laws to preserve the state.' Illegal proceedings like these are attended with little peril to those who break the peace on the side of power. In such cases, the never-failing recipe is to anticipate the complaint of the injured party. In pursuance of this approved method, the rioters circulated a paper, purporting to be a record of certain seditious expressions which had been uttered by the Orator in the course of his sermons. They also lodged an information against him in the office of Lord Chesterfield, who was then secretary of state for the home department, and who forthwith issued a warrant for the seizure of the Orator and his papers (December, 1746); but after a short detention, Henley was set at liberty, and his papers were restored to him.'* For some time after, he seems to have been under suspicion from the government, for, in 1748, he published a pamphlet, calling upon jurors to take 'rational preachers' under their protection, and asserting the right of every man to discuss the doings of human, and, consequently, fallible sovereigns. Much of the sentiment of this pamphlet is unanswerably just; but, Henley in writing it, appeared in the odious character of an apostate, as he had once supported the ministry in a periodical named the *Hyp-Doctor*, for which he was said to have received an annual stipend from the secret-service money.

Hogarth is said to have twice made Henley the subject of his satiric pencil. In one print, entitled 'The Oratory,' he is represented on a scaffold, with a monkey by his side, a box of pills, and the *Hyp-Doctor* lying beside him,

* *Retrospective Review*, xiv. 221.

a parson receiving the money for admission, a butcher acting as porter, Modesty in a cloud, Folly in a coach, and a gibbet preparing for Merit—people laughing, and underneath this inscription:

> 'O Orator, with brazen face and lungs,
> Whose jargon's formed of ten unlearned tongues,
> Why stand'st thou there a whole hour haranguing,
> When half the time fits better men for hanging?'

In another print, he is represented in the act of christening a child, and of this a copy is given in Caulfield's *Portraits of Remarkable Persons.*

Henley died in 1756, at the age of about sixty-four. Besides the works already noticed, he published translations of Pliny's Epistles, several works of Vertot, and Montfaucon's *Travels in Italy;* he also wrote a history of Sweden, a volume of Sermons, a version of Addison's Latin Poems, and some other productions of less importance. Some considerations of a useful character arise from the narrative of his degraded life. 'From the materials which lie before us,' says the writer in the *Retrospective Review* already quoted, 'we are convinced that Henley was a man of learning; that he entertained just notions of the extent to which religious liberty ought to be carried; that he was sensible of the defects of the system of academical instruction; and that he is entitled to the merit of having, at an early period, pointed out the expediency of an amelioration of their constitution.' Another respectable authority speaks of him as 'a scholar of great acquirements, and of no mean genius, hardy and inventive, eloquent and witty, and capable of being an ornament to literature as well as to the pulpit.' How comes it, then, that with such merits Henley has left only the reputation of a jack-pudding or buffoon? Obviously, because of his want of prudence and self-respect. The chance which a reformer has of being listened to, is in ordinary times not great; but it is diminished to nothing when he appears as one who has abandoned the decorums of the world, and who, instead of persuading, endeavours to bully or to ridicule mankind

In considering the lesson, it is not possible to exclude the idea of the teacher; and, accordingly, he who, while attempting to rouse men to a sense of certain errors, exhibits in himself not only a plentiful stock of the common foibles, but also an absolute want of that self-respect which is one of the first principles in the practice of virtue, is apt to be heard only with derision. There is something so *outré* in all new doctrines, that they would need to be advanced in a style of peculiar candour, plainness, and sincerity, and with even more than the usual appearance of worldly sense and prudence on the part of him who teaches them; this seems necessary, in order to overcome that impression of singularity, and even madness, which this kind of teaching is apt to convey. But when to novelty of doctrine is added something in the teacher that bespeaks a wild personal eccentricity, or perhaps some more questionable fault, then indeed are all his exertions apt to prove not only in vain for good, but positively pernicious.

A WHALE-CHASE.

On the 25th of June 1812, one of the harpooners belonging to the *Resolution*, of Whitby, under my command, struck a whale by the edge of a small floe of ice. Assistance being promptly afforded, a second boat's lines were attached to those of the fast-boat, in a few minutes after the harpoon was discharged. The remainder of the boats proceeded at some distance, in the direction the fish seemed to have taken. In about a quarter of an hour, the fast-boat, to my surprise, again made a signal for lines. As the ship was then within five minutes' sail, we instantly steered towards the boat, with the view of affording assistance, by means of a spare boat we still retained on board. Before we reached the place, however,

we observed four oars displayed in signal order, which, by their number, indicated a most urgent necessity for assistance. Two or three men were at the same time seen seated close by the stern, which was considerably elevated, for the purpose of keeping it down, while the bow of the boat, by the force of the line, was drawn down to the level of the sea, and the harpooner, by the friction of the line round the bollard, was enveloped in smoky obscurity. At length, when the ship was scarcely a hundred yards distant, we perceived preparations for quitting the boat. The sailors' pea-jackets were cast upon the adjoining ice; the oars were thrown down; the crew leaped overboard; the bow of the boat was buried in the water; the stern rose perpendicular, and then majestically disappeared. The harpooner having caused the end of the line to be fastened to the iron ring at the boat's stern was the means of its loss;* and a tongue of the ice, on which was a depth of several feet of water, kept the boat by the pressure of the line against it, at such a considerable distance as prevented the crew from leaping upon the floe. Some of them were, therefore, put to the necessity of swimming for their preservation; but all of them succeeded in scrambling upon the ice, and were taken on board of the ship in a few minutes afterwards.

I may here observe, that it is an uncommon circumstance for a fish to require more than two boats' lines in such a situation; none of our harpooners, therefore, had any scruple in leaving the fast-boat, never suspecting, after it had received the assistance of one boat with six lines or upwards, that it would need any more.

Several ships being about us, there was a possibility that some person might attack and make a prize of the whale, when it had so far escaped us that we no longer retained any hold of it; we therefore set all the sail the

* '*Giving* a whale the boat,' as the voluntary sacrifice of a boat *is termed*, is a scheme not unfrequently practised by the fisher when *in want of* line. By submitting to this risk, he expects to gain the *fish, and still* has the chance of recovering his boat and its materials. *It is only* practised in open ice or at fields.

ship could safely sustain, and worked through several narrow and intricate channels in the ice, in the direction I observed the fish had retreated. After a little time, it was descried by the people in the boats, at a considerable distance to the eastward: a general chase immediately commenced, and within the space of an hour three harpoons were struck. We now imagined the fish was secure, but our expectations were premature. The whale resolutely pushed beneath a large floe that had been recently broken to pieces by the swell, and soon drew all the lines out of the second fast-boat; the officer of which, not being able to get any assistance, tied the end of his line to a hummock of ice, and broke it. Soon afterwards, the other two boats, still fast, were dragged against the broken floe, when one of the harpoons drew out. The lines of only one boat, therefore, remained fast to the fish, and this, with six or eight lines out, was dragged forward into the shattered floe with astonishing force. Pieces of ice, each of which was sufficiently large to have answered the purpose of a mooring for a ship, were wheeled about by the strength of the whale; and such was the tension and elasticity of the line, that whenever it slipped clear of any mass of ice, after turning it round, into the space between any two adjoining pieces, the boat and its crew flew forward through the crack with the velocity of an arrow, and never failed to launch several feet upon the first mass of ice that it encountered.

While we scoured the sea around the broken floe with the ship, and while the ice was attempted in vain by the boats, the whale continued to press forward in an easterly direction towards the sea. At length, when fourteen lines (about 1680 fathoms) were drawn from the fourth fast-boat, a slight entanglement of the line broke it at the stem. The fish then again made its escape, taking along with it a boat and twenty-eight lines. The united length of the lines was 6720 yards, or upwards of three and a half English miles; value, with the boat, above £150 sterling.

The obstruction of the sunken boat to the progress of

the fish must have been immense; and that of the lines likewise considerable, the weight of lines alone being thirty-five hundredweights.

So long as the fourth fast-boat, through the medium of its lines, retained its hold of the fish, we searched the adjoining sea with the ship in vain; but in a short time after the line was divided, we got sight of the object of pursuit, at the distance of near two miles to the eastward of the ice and boats, in the open sea. One boat only with lines, and two empty boats, were reserved by the ship. Having, however, fortunately, fine weather, and a fresh breeze of wind, we immediately gave chase under all sail; though it must be confessed, with the insignificant force by us, the distance of the fish, and the rapidity of its flight considered, we had but very small hopes of success. At length, after pursuing it five or six miles, being at least nine miles from the place where it was struck, we came up with it, and it seemed inclined to rest after its extraordinary exertions. The two dismantled or empty boats having been furnished with two lines each (a very inadequate supply), they, together with the one in a good state of equipment, now made an attack upon the whale. One of the harpooners made a blunder; the fish saw the boat, took the alarm, and again fled. I now supposed it would be seen no more; nevertheless, we chased nearly a mile in the direction I imagined it had taken, and placed the boats, to the best of my judgment, in the most advantageous situations. In this case we were extremely fortunate. The fish rose near one of the boats, and was immediately harpooned. In a few minutes, two more harpoons entered its back, and lances were plied against it with vigour and success. Exhausted by its amazing exertions to escape, it yielded itself at length to its fate, received the piercing wounds of the lances without resistance, and finally died without a struggle. Thus terminated with success an attack upon a whale, which *exhibited* the most uncommon determination to escape *from its* pursuers, seconded by the most amazing strength, *of any* individual whose capture I ever witnessed. After

all, it may seem surprising that it was not a particularly large individual; the largest lamina of whalebone only measuring nine feet six inches, while those affording twelve feet bone are not uncommon.* The quantity of line withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture was singularly great. It amounted altogether to 10,440 yards, or nearly six English miles. Of these, thirteen new lines were lost, together with the sunken boat; the harpoon connecting them to the fish having dropped out before the whale was killed.—*Captain Scoresby's Voyage.*

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM RINKLE.

In the London papers, some years ago, appeared a report respecting an application made by one William Rinkle to a metropolitan magistrate for advice and assistance under very extraordinary circumstances—so extraordinary, that the case appears to merit a more durable chronicling than that of the newspapers:—

'Rinkle stated that, in the month of March 1832, he sailed from the port of London in a South-sea whaler, belonging to a very respectable firm in Rotherhithe. The ship had been at sea about fourteen months, when the crew were fortunate enough to meet with two whales. After the whales had been killed, all hands were busily employed in securing the blubber, when an accident happened to him of a very serious nature. The spade he was using slipped, and cut one of his feet very severely. One main artery was severed, and he bled so profusely, that he was obliged to leave off work. He was conveyed

* *It has been frequently observed, that whales of this size are the most active of the species; and that those of very large growth are in general captured with less trouble.*

below, and the captain and mate soon afterwards came to him, and accused him of cutting himself, to escape his share of the labour. He indignantly repelled the accusation, and displayed his foot, which was in such a state that he could not stand. Some words arose, and the mate gave him a severe blow on the head, which stunned him. On recovering his senses, he was conveyed to the after-hatchway, where he was confined as a close prisoner for two months, and was fed on a scanty allowance of bread and water. During this period, he suffered the most dreadful torture from the wound in his foot, owing to improper treatment and neglect. A locked-jaw ensued, and it was necessary to force open his mouth with an iron spoon, to enable him to swallow food sufficient to sustain life; indeed, on one occasion it was requisite to cut the lower lip to accomplish this object. (The man exhibited his lip, on which a large scar was distinctly visible.) After he had in some degree recovered, the captain directed that he should beg his pardon before all the ship's company. He declined doing so, and the captain immediately gave orders for him to be put on shore on an island near the Japanese dominions, from which they were not far distant. Accordingly, signs were made to the natives, who were watching the vessel from the shore, and a great number of them speedily came alongside in canoes, but they all refused to have anything to do with putting him on shore, and threats and persuasions were alike ineffectual. At length the captain gave directions to the cooper to knock off the iron hoops from some casks, and bribed the natives of the island, called St Andrews, forming one of a numerous group, to receive him. In addition to the iron, spirits were liberally supplied to the natives, and while they were rolling about in a state of intoxication, the captain contrived to smuggle two of the poor wretches on board the vessel, with whom he sailed. When complainant was put on shore, the natives all *surrounded* him, and seemed lost in wonder as they *examined* his dress, and the colour of his skin, as they *had never* seen a white man on the island before. He

was stripped of his clothes, which the natives tore into numberless pieces, and divided amongst themselves, and afterwards exercised their agility by dancing in a very grotesque manner around him. Rinkle remained on this island nine months, and, upon the whole, lived pretty well among the savages. Their principal food was cocoa-nuts and fish. On two or three occasions, the natives suffered much from a scarcity of food. They were not cannibals, but, thinking he might have a taste for human flesh, they once offered him a portion of the bodies of a woman and child who had died suddenly. He refused the proffered food with disgust, and made the natives to understand, that white men never ate human flesh. They appeared much surprised at this, and asked why the captain of the big canoe should take away two of their countrymen. He had been on this island about nine months or moons, when one day he perceived a ship in the offing, and made signals of distress, which, to his great joy, were perceived, and the ship hove-to. A boat was sent ashore to receive him, but the savages endeavoured to prevent him leaving the island. He, however, managed to swim to the boat amidst a shower of arrows, and was safely taken up by the crew. The vessel turned out to be the *Clementina*, a schooner, bound to Batavia. The captain was a Frenchman, but the rest of the crew were Malays. During the voyage, the Malay crew murdered the captain and mate, and seemed inclined to murder him, but they changed their minds, and put him ashore on Ascension Island, where he found five Europeans. Shortly afterwards, a launch or boat which had been dropped from an American ship drifted on shore. In this frail bark they went out to sea, and after suffering very great privation, and being buffeted about for four months, they reached the Sandwich Islands. They were taken on board the *Mable* schooner, and afterwards transferred to Her Majesty's sloop of war *Imogene*, in which they reached this country. He had been away for seven years, and had endured very great privations and sufferings. His friends had long since thought him dead, and

great was their surprise and joy when he presented himself amongst them.'

A respectable person gave testimony to the creditworthiness of this strange history, and some steps were ordered by the magistrate to be taken for the redress of the very great hardships suffered by Rinkle.

STORY OF SIR ROBERT INNES.

EARLY in the past century, a young gentleman, Robert Innes, fell heir to the baronetcy of Orton—a title of some standing in his name and family. By a concurrence of adverse circumstances, not one rood of land, nor any property whatever, followed the destination of the titular honours. This was particularly hard in his case, as he had received a liberal education, and such a general training, in short, as is usually bestowed on heirs-presumptive or apparent to titles that have a substantial amount of acres appended to them. After this statement, it is scarcely necessary to say that Robert Innes was brought up to no useful art or profession by which a livelihood might be won.

Few situations could be more painful than that in which the young baronet found himself, when he acquired the right to place before his name the important monosyllable which entitled him to hold a prominent place in society, while, at the same time, he was totally devoid of the means of maintaining that place with fitting credit and respectability. It is true that, having enjoyed various opportunities of viewing the ways of high life, he knew very well that many needy fashionables, and even men of title, contrive to pass their lives in apparent *ease* and splendour, by clinging tenaciously to the skirts *of wealthy* relatives and friends, or by preying on *strangers* not sufficiently experienced or sage to be

secure against the toils of the high-bred sharper or jockey. Sir Robert Innes knew that men in the like circumstances with himself lived, nay flourished, after this manner and fashion; but he was endowed with a spirit too honourable and manly not to revolt at the thought of eating the bread either of swindling or of servility. He therefore felt his position to be one of extreme difficulty, and was for a time altogether at a loss how to procure his maintenance, in a manner consistent with the preservation, not of his rank and dignity, but simply of honesty and independence of character. It may well be believed that he envied the craftsmanship even of the humblest artisan, who had learned to look to his hands, and his hands alone, for subsistence. But all trades, arts, and professions seemed in a measure closed against Sir Robert, since he possessed not the necessary means to train himself for any particular employment, even if that could have been effectively done at the comparatively advanced period of life which he had attained. One profession only, if it may be properly so called, remained open to him—namely, that of arms; and to this the young baronet naturally turned his attention. Had he besieged the doors of those who had known his family in better days, he might possibly have at once entered the military service in a station corresponding with his social rank; but the risk of encountering scornful refusals, and other such-like fears and feelings, caused the indigent baronet to shrink from becoming a petitioner, desirable as it would have been to attain the object in question. He therefore preserved the independence which he loved, by entering the British army in the capacity of a private soldier. The —— dragoons was the body in which he enrolled himself, retaining his own name, but dropping of course the title which had descended to him from his ancestors.

In this condition Sir Robert Innes remained for a considerable time, fulfilling regularly and peacefully the duties imposed upon him, and giving no expression to the regrets which could not but occasionally arise in the

breast of one moving in a sphere so far below that to which he was suited by birth and education. The monotonous tenor of his life was at length broken in upon in an unexpected and remarkable way. While standing sentry one evening at the quarters of Colonel Winram, the commander of the regiment, he was accosted by a stranger, apparently an officer of another regiment, who inquired if the colonel was at that moment engaged. The sentinel courteously answered that he believed he was, but probably would soon be at leisure, and then recommenced his short perambulations. The stranger followed, and continued the conversation, in order, ostensibly, to while away the time until the colonel should be at liberty to receive him, but in reality to satisfy himself on a point of curiosity which had sprung up in his mind. We shall not say more respecting this conversation, than that it served, by its tenor, as far as correct expression and judicious remark on the part of the young soldier were concerned, to confirm the stranger in the suspicion to which some glimmering recollection of features had given rise. When the gentleman who had been in conference with Colonel Winram was seen to depart, the stranger took leave of the sentinel, and entered the commandant's quarters.

'Colonel,' said the officer, after paying his respects on entrance, 'you are at present more highly honoured in one point than many crowned heads, though you may not be aware of it.'

'How may this be, my good friend?' asked the veteran.

'In respect of your attendant sentry,' said the officer; 'few princes can boast of a more honourable guard than the one now pacing backwards and forwards in front of your quarters.'

The old colonel was surprised at the grave assertion of his visitor. 'What mean you?' said he; 'you seem serious, and yet there can be nobody now on duty as sentry but one of the common soldiers of the corps, who have all been here ten times over already.'

'This may be,' returned the visitor; 'but I still assure you, that you have a rare and remarkable guard of honour at present, in as far as you have a Scottish knight-baronet, of old creation, standing sentry at your threshold.'

'Bless my heart, do you really say so?' exclaimed Colonel Winram, who, though a worthy man, and an approved soldier, carried his veneration for titles and family honours somewhat to excess. 'A man of title doing duty in the ranks of my corps!' continued the veteran; 'how, in the name of wonder, came this about; and how did you discover it?'

'I had seen Sir Robert Innes several years ago, before he came to the title, and while its late possessor still retained enough of the family property to keep himself and his heir in tolerable condition as far as appearances went. When it was discovered, on the accession of this young gentleman, that his ancestral possessions had long been in the deceptive condition of a husk with the kernel gone, many individuals who had known Robert Innes, and had admired his manly and virtuous character, were anxious to aid and befriend him; but the youth disappeared suddenly from society, and the rumour went that he had entered the army. Having heard of this report, I was much struck to-night by the look and bearing of the sentry whom I saw at your porch, and a closer examination satisfied me, that the soldier was indeed no other than Sir Robert Innes of Orton.'

'Gracious powers! can this be true?' exclaimed the veteran, and moved hastily to a window from which he could command a view of his titled sentinel.

Being over and over again assured by his friend that the young soldier was no other than the person who had been described, he immediately gave orders to have another private brought on duty, and the hero of our tale ushered into his presence. When the young man appeared before his commander, the latter plainly and candidly stated what had been communicated to him, and asked if *it was true that* he really addressed Sir Robert Innes.

The youth, after colouring a little from surprise, and partly, perhaps, from other feelings, owned that the information given to the colonel was correct, and that he was really Sir Robert Innes.

Colonel Winram was silent for a few moments, and then said: 'Believe me, young gentleman, when I ask you to inform me personally of the true motives which induced you to enter the ranks, I have a sincere wish to serve you, and am not actuated by mere curiosity.'

Sir Robert answered his commander by simply stating, that, finding himself possessed of a title without any of the requisite means for supporting it creditably, he had been under the necessity of quitting the society of his equals in station, but superiors in point of fortune. 'I chose,' said he, not without a degree of honourable pride, 'to enter on the humble yet independent condition of a common soldier, rather than make any attempt at gaining a maintenance in my own degree, by drawing on the bounty of others, and eating what must have been, at best, the bread of dependence.'

A tear trickled down the brown cheek of the old colonel, as he listened to the explanation. 'I admire your candour, sir,' said the veteran, 'and I honour your sentiments. You must be replaced in your proper station—in that station to which you were born, Sir Robert, and to which you will be a credit and an ornament. Thank Heaven, I have interest enough, I think, to procure you a cornetcy; and a cornetcy of British horse is a fitting station for any one—for the first noble in the land.'

The poor young soldier, in whose fortunes a great change was thus unexpectedly promised, could scarcely find language to thank his warm-hearted benefactor and commander.

But the colonel did not give himself time to listen to thanks. 'I think I am sure of the cornetcy on application,' continued he; 'but at the worst I can procure your discharge, and do something for you in other ways.'

Pursuing his kindly intentions further, the colonel gave

our hero a temporary release from regimental duty, and invited him to dinner on the following day, offering him for this purpose the use of a spare suit of plain clothes from his own wardrobe. Sir Robert joyfully accepted the invitation, but declined the use of the colonel's wardrobe, as he had chanced to retain a suit of his own, which was still capable of making a respectable appearance.

The young baronet dined with his commanding-officer, not once, but again and again; for the cornetcy of horse was obtained for Sir Robert Innes, and he became daily a greater and greater favourite with Colonel Winram, who found his protégé fulfil all the high promise that had appeared in him at their first interview. Handsome, well-bred, and accomplished in all the qualifications of a gentleman, Sir Robert was indeed very generally esteemed by his brother-officers, and all who met him in society. It was barely possible, however, for any one to view him with the measureless partiality of the old colonel, and of this the following conclusive occurrence will give ample proof. After the new cornet had held his station for some months, the veteran asked his youthful friend to join him in an excursion to the country. The request was of course cheerfully complied with, and the pair set out in the colonel's carriage. After they had gone a considerable way, the colonel told Sir Robert that his daughter and only child was then, for the completion of her education, residing at a neighbouring boarding-school, and that he was going to visit her. The boarding-school was accordingly reached, and Sir Robert in due time had the honour of being introduced to the only child of his benefactor. She was a young lady in the very spring of womanhood, and beautiful in countenance, though the full graces of her person were scarcely yet developed. The Scottish baronet thought to himself that he had scarcely ever seen filial affection under a more captivating aspect than when Miss Winram, unconscious of a stranger's presence, ran into the room to welcome her father, whose carriage she had seen at a little distance. In short, Sir Robert Innes thought the daughter of his old friend the

most charming girl he had yet seen, and the impression was not decreased by her modest, yet lively and intelligent conversation. When the visit drew to an end, he was even a little discomposed, while the veteran exhibited a more open degree of parting sadness. The young lady also looked regretful, but that of course was accounted for as relating to the departure of her father.

The colonel and his young friend were not very communicative for some space. At length the colonel half unconsciously exclaimed: 'She is much improved;' to which the other, with equal absence of mind, replied: 'She is quite lovely.'

The easy manner in which the stream of talk from the lips of each, thus set in motion, ran into one channel, shewed on what subject their thoughts had been bent. 'Do you really like her?' said the colonel abruptly, turning to his companion.

Sir Robert blushed, and stammered a little as he replied: 'I—I admire her much—it is impossible for any one not to do so, even on seeing Miss Winram for so short a time as I did.'

The colonel no doubt heard this answer, but he pursued his own train of thought and reasoning. 'Because,' said he, 'if you *do* like her, I think she might do worse than take you for a husband.'

The young man was completely stunned for the moment by this most unlooked-for overture. He could not believe that the veteran meant to sport with his feelings, yet some such notion suggested in part the answer which he gave to the colonel, after a pretty lengthened pause. 'Colonel Winram,' said he, 'I am poor—penniless—and you are wealthy. All I have I owe to you, but'——

The veteran somewhat impatiently interrupted the baronet. 'Well, well, that is exactly what I am thinking of. Margery happens to have a neat enough little fortune of her own, the bequest of a deceased aunt, and you have a title—a fair equivalent. I have always honoured ancestral dignities, at least when borne by such as your-

self, whom I already love as a son. My girl has been a good—a very good daughter, and will be a good wife. So again I say, if you like her'——

While the words were yet on his lips, fortune, or chance, or Farmer Thorpe of the Grange's boy Giles, suddenly gave an unexpected turn to affairs, by sending a troop of yearling cattle scampering into the highway, from the open gate of a park. The horses of the colonel's carriage were startled, and by their sudden bound aside, the reins were twitched from the coachman's hands. Feeling no control, the alarmed horses sprang forward at full speed; but they went no great way, ere their divergence from the mid-line caused a violent overturn of the vehicle into a shallow side-ditch. The inmates, who had travelled in barouche fashion, were thrown clear out upon one side of the road—which, fortunately, was a grass common. The coachman and Sir Robert Innes, being both of light frames, were very little injured, but the poor veteran's fall was a heavy and severe one. He lay at first perfectly insensible, with his usual ruddy complexion changed to an ashy whiteness. In a few minutes, however, he regained his consciousness, and in some degree his bodily strength, but complained much of pain in his chest and shoulder. Sir Robert, as may be supposed, was greatly agitated, and at a loss how to get his kind friend within reach of immediate advice and assistance. But the coachman was able, happily, to get the horses quieted and the coach raised with the baronet's assistance, and it was resolved to move slowly backward to the boarding-school, from which they were only a mile and a half distant.

The distress of Miss Winram, on seeing her kind-hearted father return so unexpectedly and in such a condition, was extreme, and her solicitude was fully participated by her instructress, Mrs Batty, who instantly despatched a messenger for the surgeon of the district. This functionary soon arrived, and relieved a material portion of the pain suffered by the veteran, who, however, continued to be very feeble, and was, besides, discovered

to have fractured one of his ribs. He occupied a sick-
for several weeks. In that time, he had such a nurse
his daughter, as often made him weep tears of gratit
to heaven for its kindness in giving her to him.
readers may well imagine that such a spectacle as
was a dangerous one for our Scottish knight, who
also continued in attendance. In truth, this young gen
man surrendered his whole heart to the veteran's daugh
and did it willingly and consciously, having no allo
his hopes for the future, excepting in as far as the s
of the young lady's affections was unknown to him.
in his capacity of occasional attendant upon the vete
the young baronet appeared in almost as favourabl
light to Miss Winram as she did to him, and this
soon brought to a decisive proof. One day, when the
gentleman was clearly and rapidly in a way of recov
he insisted upon the two young people taking the rec
tion of a walk, of which, he said, he was sure that Marg
at least was greatly in need, after so much confinem
The young lady would have hesitated, but was overpowe
by her father, who, while she was putting on her bon
in her own room, hastily said to his young favour
'She loves you, my dear boy; I have noticed her feeli
and her looks at your goings and comings. She loves
and you say you now adore her—is that the word?
her at once to marry you, then; and, what is more,
suade her to be the breaker of the matter to me. Gra
me in this, my dear fellow, though it is only a sor
whim that has come into my
Sir Robert Innes found that heathen gen
man with the wings—who been so
hackneyed and profaned in that the
mention of it now, in prose almost to ins
certain ridicule and condem , therefo
we shall leave our readers to selves—
made such conclusive prepa his fav
that he had no difficulty Marg
Winram an acknowledgment
affi was rather

the bearer of the news to her father. 'My dear Miss Winram,' said the young baronet, 'I am poor—indeed, utterly penniless. I owe to your noble-hearted father my recovered station, and all that is now prized by me. The thought that he should regard me—his dependent almost—as having insidiously stolen the affections of his daughter'——

'Have you not?' interrupted Miss Winram, archly but blushingly.

'Dearest Margery,' replied Sir Robert ardently, 'this indirect confession is more delightful than the other. But, listen to me. You know what feelings I would express, and what are the motives that lead me most earnestly to wish you should appear, as far as possible, to be acting from your own unbiassed will and choice. Grant me, dear Miss Winram, this one request.'

The lover prevailed, and the lady took upon her the task of hinting, at least, the state of their mutual affections to her invalid parent.

It was after anxiously arranging his pillow, and taking her own seat a little behind the curtain of his couch, that Miss Winram began to her promised disclosure. Her air and looks announced perfectly to the gratified veteran that the time was come. He resolved to help her a little. 'You are now getting quite a great girl—I beg pardon, I should have said quite a grown-up young lady, Margery.'

'Yes, papa,' said the daughter eagerly, falling at once into the toils; 'I am now within two months and four days of eighteen, and at that age—nay, seven days less—Miss Tipper was married out of this very house.'

'And has she been happy?'

'O yes,' replied Miss Winram; 'very, *very* happy.'

'But you, you giddy little thing, have never been so serious at any time as to think of marriage, I [illegible]e,' was the veteran's *leading* rejoinder.

'[illegible]s, papa,' replied the daughter; 'I have thought [illegible]e.'

[illegible]ell me, to amuse me, what kind of husband you

would prefer; I mean, as to his looks and his character, and such points. Tell me your ideas, Margery, about these particulars,' said the veteran.

The daughter paused a moment ere she began. 'I should wish him, first of all, to be a person liked by you, papa.' (Well hit, thought the old colonel.) 'I should wish him to be fair in complexion, with blue eyes and brown hair; and to be handsome, good-natured, intelligent, and a soldier, like my dear papa.'

'Why, girl, you are describing Robert Innes.'

The young lady rose, and stooped till her face was near the veteran's shoulder. 'Yes, dear father, it is Sir Robert Innes who was in my mind,' said she. 'We love one another. Will you break your poor Margery's heart or not, papa?'

'No, God bless thee! my sweet and innocent one, I will not,' exclaimed the veteran, moved to tears.

Our story now draws to a close. The marriage took place as soon as the veteran could leave his couch, and the career of the young Scottish knight, whom our narrative took up in so unpromising a condition, was, by the remarkable incidents detailed, rendered one of much happiness throughout the whole of its after duration. His beautiful lady brought him one sole child and daughter, whose personal charms in time attracted the admiration of the noblest in the land. One suitor for her hand was a gentleman who afterwards acceded to the title of Duke of Roxburgh; but, eventually, Miss Innes of Orton became the wife of the sixteenth Lord Forbes. Her son succeeded to that ancient title; and of her daughters, one became Duchess of Athol, and another the wife of Sir John Hay of Hayston.

This history would be thought one of Fiction's pleasant improbabilities, if told in the pages of a novel. We assure our readers, however, that the main incidents in the narrative have been described to us, upon good authority, as being perfectly true.

ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT HURRICANE IN BARBADOES IN 1831.

I WAS staying with a friend near Bridgetown, a part of the island which suffered most dreadfully, if one part could be said to be more ruined than another. The day and evening of the 10th of August presented nothing remarkable; the sun set finely, leaving a very red glow behind. At about eight o'clock in the evening, I was walking with my friend in the open air, when we both remarked the appearance of the sky, which, even then, retained a glow as if from the reflection of an enormous fire; but the air was perfectly calm, and very warm. I remember observing to Mr Brathwaite, that 'skies such as these were said to presage wind; and if so,' I added, 'we have a regular hurricane sky to-night.' I spoke this in jest, very little dreaming of its unfortunate truth.

We soon after returned to the house, and played several rubbers at whist till about nine o'clock, when the family retired to rest. All was still perfectly calm, but (I suppose from some affection of the air) I could not sleep. I knew not what to attribute this to, except indisposition; nor did I afterwards find that any one else was similarly affected. I lay restlessly till about ten o'clock, when a dog of Mr Brathwaite's, which had followed me to my room —which he had sometimes, but not often done before— started up, and came with a violent spring upon my bed, tearing at the same time a large hole in the mosquito net. I was surprised at the circumstance, and, vexed that he should have spoiled the muslin, I being a visitor in the house, hastily drove the dog off the bed. The wind was now rising, but it was as yet nothing—nothing to excite notice. Still I could not sleep, and the gale gradually, almost imperceptibly increased. About an hour after, the dog again sprang suddenly up, and leaped again upon the bed, tearing the curtain a second time. I

found it of no use trying to get rid of him, so let him
quietly by my side; but the animal was evidently i
state of agitation, and did not sleep any more than my
At about twelve o'clock, the wind had risen to a trem
dous height, and I began to feel considerable uneasin
Presently a copper roofing in an adjoining room
torn off by the gale, and flapped backwards and forwa
making an unpleasant noise. I now got up, and put
part of my dress, feeling very uneasy, and yet not lik
to disturb the family, thinking that my fears wo
only be ridiculed, and that I should be laughed at in
morning for my groundless apprehensions. I there
returned to bed, still remaining partly dressed,
listened to the storm, which increased fearfully. At len
at about three o'clock in the morning (11th Augu
Mr Brathwaite came into my room, and told me that
thought I had better get up. 'I hope in Heaven,'
said, 'that there is no great cause of alarm; but
hurricane increases most awfully; the hall-door has b
forced in, and in case of anything occurring, it is be
to be up and dressed.'

I immediately rose, and dressing in haste, I proceed
to pile up my trunk, desk, and dressing-case one u
another, on a chair, clearing the floor as much as possi
because I supposed it probable that the roof would l
considerably. I then joined Mr Brathwaite in
drawing-room. The house consisted of a ground-fl
on which this room was situated; a first floor, in wh
were our bedrooms; and a second floor, which contai
garrets, where the wine, &c., was kept. The drawi
room was upwards of twenty feet long. Passing by
of the windows, of which the shutters were close
observed how strongly the wind blew through them
was not at all aware that the glass was smashed to ato
for the wind was so tremendous, that it comple
drowned every other sound. I placed my hand aga
the shutter, to feel the current of air, and while I
held it there, the gale drove the whole shutter, wind
frame and all, completely into the room. I tried

replace it, and while I was so occupied, in came another and another window. The hall-door had been before driven open, and soon there was not another door left shut, or a window remaining in the house. There was one door which opened on a flight of stone-steps leading into the garden, and which was approached by a narrow passage, terminating at the opposite end in stairs which led to a garret; while this door was yet closed, I contrived, with the assistance of a servant, to place against it two boxes closely packed with house linen, and of great weight. We then left it.

By this time the drawing-room was so exposed by the breaking in of the windows, that the furniture was driven from one end to the other as though it had been on wheels, and had received a furious push; chairs and heavy tables sliding violently about. We quitted the drawing-room, and all made for the chamber which was over it. In this place was now assembled the whole family, consisting of Mr Brathwaite, his two sisters, myself, and a number of servants and slaves, amounting altogether to about twenty persons. The windows were broken in, and the rain poured into the room in torrents. I now proceeded to read prayers to the party, Mr Brathwaite being very old and infirm, and perhaps more agitated by the terrors of the hour. While we were thus engaged, the wine, which was kept overhead, was smashed by the falling roof; and being directly over us, we felt the shock, though the tremendous roar of the wind prevented our hearing the crash. One of the party now exclaimed: 'Mr Hobson, I think the wine has gone; you are kneeling in a pool of wet; I fear you will catch cold.'

I thought it very strange that the idea of catching cold should occur to a person aware that the roof had fallen in. The floor of the room above us now gave way, and broke the ceiling of that in which we were, so that we could see the sky; the window-frames were gone; and I long tried, but it was in vain, to keep a light burning under a glass-shade. We were involved

in pitchy darkness, except for the almost incessant li
ning, which was frightfully vivid, and made the succee
gloom more awful; the flashes were so close, that
thunder must have been tremendous; but in consequ
of the overwhelming noise of the wind, we could
hear a single clap. When the ceiling gave way, a
was made to the door; but the two or three persons
got first into the open air had their hats and ma
instantly whirled away by the storm, which alarmed
party within, and the cry was then: 'Come in, com
for God's sake! We shall all be killed, but let us
together!'

All now returned, and we stood linked tightly
in arm together, endeavouring to support ourselves
each other. The floor was now a foot deep of w
the wind blew completely through the room, and, ex
the lightning, all was perfectly dark. The time
inconceivably horrible; men, women, and chil
screaming and groaning in utter despair, or cr
piteously for mercy, endeavouring in that awful hou
make up a short account with Heaven—imploring
pardon and pity with the most fearful supplications.
words can give even the most imperfect idea of
horrors around us; not one of us expected to liv
hour longer. The hurricane raged till five A.M.,
August, when it began to abate, but so impercept
that we could not for a moment trust to its decrea
At length the day broke. I need not attempt to desc
what a blessed relief it was. I am confident that, du
that night, there was not one person in the Isle of
badoes, who in the least expected to see daylight a
I have conversed with many on the subject, and e
one has owned that he was in utter despair of life.

We now perceived that the bedroom I had been
to occupy—in short, all the rest of the house—had fa
in, though, notwithstanding their proximity, the
had prevented us from hearing the crash. I now
so much alarmed for the remainder of the building,
I proposed that we should tie together the sheets of

bed, and let ourselves down from the window into the open air; but having remembered the stone-steps, we now repaired to them. The wind had burst open the door, and driven the heavy boxes I have mentioned some way up the garret stairs; the force of the current of air in that narrow passage was almost incredible. We went down into the garden, but the wind was still so tremendous, that we were obliged to creep down on all-fours, it being impossible to keep our feet. Scarcely a tree was left standing, or those which remained were mere sticks, the boughs completely stripped off; it was wonderful to see huge mountain cabbage-trees, more than eighty feet long, lying everywhere prostrate. I was told by a young man who clung for refuge to the stump of a newly-felled tree, not above ten feet in length, and of great size and strength, that the wind shook it tremendously.

By about eight A. M., the storm had completely subsided; the day which succeeded was lovely in the extreme; not a cloud was visible, but the air was very close. Mr Brathwaite and myself walked round the estate, to see the extent of the damage. The scene of desolation was most horrible; it was as if fire had gone all over the country, which presented a brown and scathed appearance, where only the evening before had been the most beautiful fertility; the wooden buildings were everywhere levelled. In Coddington College, a stone edifice consisting of a centre and wings, the top story of each of the latter (containing together sixteen rooms) was carried smoothly away. The ground was everywhere stuck closely over with large splinters of wood, carried by the wind, and driven in so far that a man could not extricate them, and even into trees of hard wood. A poor woman had one of these splinters driven by the wind through both her legs; amputation was necessary, and she died while they were cutting off the second leg. In the fields round the college, I observed whole heaps of dead birds piled together at regular intervals, as if they had been laid there mechanically. The mills,

being circular stone buildings, were left stan
at this late season of the year the sails were
down; but the power of the wind even over
arms was so great as to set the mills in moti
man, who had taken refuge in a mill, without
idea that it was moving, was caught up and
killed.

The effect of the storm upon animals was
Every horse, cow, or other domestic animal
appeared in a state of utter stupefaction. Tl
ears, and nostrils were filled with blown marl,
sand, and they seemed to have been completely
by the tempest; where they were not in th
madness had been the consequence. Horses,
out of their stalls, rushed furiously about, and
threw themselves over precipices into the sea,
declivities, where they were dashed to piec
the effects on human minds were most horrit
Every man felt himself at once utterly ruine
thing seemed swept away, and starvation sta
the face. This was dreadful enough, but it wa
worst. In every place were met mothers di
searching for their children, husbands for th
children for their parents, amidst the ruins
fallen habitations. The most affecting incidents
Sometimes whole families having taken refug
cellars, the entire house fell over, and buried
no rescue could be attempted; the survivors
much engaged in digging among the ruins of
dwellings, or searching the country for their
and friends.

The number of the wounded was frightfully i
the cathedral, and two other churches which
standing, were immediately converted into hos
filled with wounded; but many persons had
most dangerous cuts and contusions, without be
least aware of it, so great was the universal te
we saw many riding and walking about with
wounds, themselves quite unconscious of the inj

had received. Every face wore a look of heart-rending despair and stupefaction.

To return to Mr Brathwaite and his estate. I have said that the house was almost entirely ruined. One very small room, in which harness used to be kept, and which was paved with brick, was the only refuge we could find; our sole refreshment a cup of coffee, which we did not get till one P.M.; and in this miserable place we had to pass the night. We piled together old tables and chairs, and placed on the top some wooden shutters, and this place was assigned to the females, while we disposed of ourselves as we could. Ladies, slaves, and servants were all huddled together, for of course all form and ceremony was completely done away with; all were on a level of misfortune. Sleep was nearly impossible, and in this comfortless state several nights were passed. Meanwhile, the most alarming reports were everywhere circulated: at one time, we heard that the blacks were in insurrection, and that they had resolved on a general massacre of the white population; at another, that the garrison was in mutiny; and every individual had some affecting tale to tell of his total ruin, his dangers, and escapes. One young man told me how, his whole family and children being assembled at prayers, they saw the whole front of the house fall forward into the street; his wife was beside him, and a heavy piece of furniture falling on her legs, prevented her from moving, and it was by a considerable exertion of force that he succeeded in dragging her out. They then escaped with their children into the open fields, when the wind forced them apart, driving his wife and one child towards an extremity of the field, forcing himself and the others in opposite directions. While he was searching for his companions, a flash of lightning struck him, and he fell insensible; nor was he restored without much difficulty when he was found next morning. On recovering his senses, he went in search of his wife, and then, both together, they looked for the children—all were found in different parts of the plain, completely numbed with

cold and rain. The cold during the storm was excessive; but it is a singular circumstance, that no one died from the inclemency of the weather, but the slightest wound festered and mortified, so that locked-jaw was continually ensuing; every hour brought numberless deaths. Those whom we had seen the day after the hurricane riding or walking about, quite unconscious of having received a scratch, we heard of the next day as confined to bed with fevers, locked-jaws, &c., which proved fatal in almost every case. Numbers had been dreadfully lacerated in their feet by the broken glass and crockery everywhere strewed about, and from nails sticking in the shingle, which was blown off the roofs. I heard of one particularly singular death in this way. Two sisters, daughters of a clergyman, left their room together; just as they crossed the threshold, one stumbled and fell, dragging down with her her sister, whose hand she held, and who was unable to rise. When they were found in the morning, the one who first fell still clasped her sister's hand, who, when recovered, conceived that she was in a state of insensibility occasioned by terror, and attributed her coldness to the rain; but the cause was more fatal: she was dead and stiff. Two wounds were found—one on the top of the head, apparently produced by a blow from a beam; another at the back of the neck, attributed to a piece of shingle, which was everywhere flying about, and which, having a nail through it, had stuck in, and produced instantaneous death. I heard only of *one* person on the island who had had any anticipation of the catastrophe—a Mr Shaughan, who, on the evening of the 10th, was dining with a party of gentlemen: he rose after dinner, and said: 'Gentlemen, I would advise every one who has any regard for his property, to return home and secure it immediately, for I am certain that a very severe hurricane is approaching; if any one will put his ear to the ground, he will be aware of a very uncommon noise.' The company, however, put no faith in his words, and thought him intoxicated; he instantly returned home, and gave orders for securing his property as well

as possible; his wife and family also attributed his behaviour to convivial excess, but he, insisting on obedience, saved much of his possessions.

We now began to clear away the rubbish, and found a great deal of our property, but broken — or, as the Barbadians expressively say, *mashed* in pieces—and on Saturday we enjoyed the relief of clean clothes and water, Mr Brathwaite and I performing our toilet at a pond, resigning of course the room to the ladies. On Monday, I went to the town, a distance of about ten miles, and was constantly obliged to use a bottle of salts, for dead animals and birds were lying in numbers on the way, and the air was in a dreadful state with their putrefying carcasses. It was wonderful that no plague ensued. During this day's ride, I saw numbers of persons who were obliged to take refuge in the marl-pits, &c., with no covering but an old umbrella, in the most extreme state of wretchedness.

The manner in which the houses in the town were rent was exceedingly curious, and seems to countenance the idea that an earthquake accompanied the storm. Among the strange objects observable in the street, was a large block of mahogany, which the wind had carried from the quay some way up the street: I say *the wind*, for though the sea rose considerably, it never advanced far enough or in nearly sufficient depth to float the block to where I saw it. In like manner, the wind had blown the ships completely out of the water, and laid them high and dry; the sailors made no attempt at resistance, but remained quietly on the beach in a very snug shelter. It is said that the sea was very much agitated before the wind came, but I was not near enough to the ocean to confirm or deny the assertion. An army ship being near the island, stood off and on during the night, and in the morning ran into the bay; she perceived immediately what was our state, and instantly made for the other islands, to give notice that Barbadoes was in ruins. In about eight days, supplies began to arrive from the other islands. Our fears of famine were ill-founded, for the

corn, though damaged, was almost ripe, and was thrown heaps, and still quite available. One hundred thousa pounds was granted by England for our relief, L.75,0 of which was allotted to Barbadoes, the rest to St Luc and St Vincent, which, however, suffered nothing in co parison. A very large subscription was also raised England, and happily the crops had been shipped before the hurricane occurred. The deaths were abo 1700 in a population of 100,000.

It was surprising to see how soon the buildings we raised again; in three months, the island looked qui restored, for there was much rain, and the weath altogether was very favourable for vegetation.

THE SPANIEL OF DARMSTADT.

According to a French newspaper, a few years ag there appeared a new phenomenon in the musical worl Marvels of this kind are not uncommon, in the shape little biped urchins, not yet out of petticoats, who execu variations upon the fourth string, and write fugues witho knowing a note of music. But this novel phenomenon of an entirely different order, being a modest quadrup of the canine race. Dogs have been occasionally observe both in modern and past days, to shew an extren sensibility to music. On some of them, fine music h been known to produce an apparently painful effe causing them gradually to become restless, to mo piteously, and, finally, to fly from the spot with eve sign of suffering and distress. Others have been seen sit and listen to music with seeming delight, and even go every Sunday to church, with the obvious purpos enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the orga All these displays, however, of musical tendencies on t part of the canine race, are as nothing in compari

with the following, which a German paper gives an account of, for the amusement of the world of harmony:—

'Frederick S——, a musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the grand duchy of Hesse, possesses a female spaniel, which has become a strange source of terror to all the mediocre musicians of the place and its vicinity. Having acquired a competency by commercial industry, Mr S—— retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the daily and hourly enjoyment of his favourite science. Every member of his little household was by degrees involved more or less in the same occupation, and even the housemaid could in time bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert. One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical entrancement; this was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the mansion. Mr S—— felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds into the head of Poodle, but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear *some* part or other in the general domestic concert, and by perseverance, and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a *false note* escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as any blunder, of whatever kind, was committed by the members of the musical family (and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally)—down came its master's cane on the back of the unfortunate Poodle, till she howled and growled again. By and by, simple menaces with the stick were substituted for blows, and at a still more advanced period of this extraordinary training, a mere glance of Mr S——'s eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end, Poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with, and attentive to, false notes and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was infallibly signalised by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary upon the misperformance.

'When extended trials were made of the animal's acquirements, they were never found to fail, and Poodle became, what she still is—the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the duchy of Hesse.

as may be imagined, her musical appreciation is entirely negative: if you sing with expression, and play with ability, she will remain cold and impassible. But let your execution exhibit the slightest defect, and you will have her instantly shewing her teeth, whisking her tail, yelping, barking, and growling. At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr Frederick S—— and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, *the dog*. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band, whether violin, clarionet, hautboy, or bugle, all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looks at its master, erects its ears, shews its grinders, and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce on it the same effect.

'It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature is confined to the mere *execution* of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its training, its present and perfected intelligence extends even to the secrets of composition. Thus, if a vicious modulation, or a false relation of parts, occurs in a piece of music, the animal shews symptoms of uneasy hesitation; and if the error be continued, will infallibly give the grand condemnatory howl.' In short, Poodle is the terror of all the middling composers of Darmstadt, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. Sometimes Mr S—— and his friends take a pleasure in annoying the canine critic, by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds, from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self-command, its eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls respond to the immelodious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far; for when the dog's patience is tried to excess, it becomes altogether wild, and flies fiercely at the tormentors and their instruments.

'This dog's case is a very curious one, and the attendant phenomena not very easy of explanation. From the animal's power of discerning the correctness of musical

composition, as well as of execution, one would be inclined to imagine that Mr S——, in training his dog, had only called into play faculties existing—but latent—before, and that dogs have in them the natural germs of a fine musical ear. This seems more likely to be the case, than that the animal's perfect musical taste was wholly an acquirement, resulting from the training. However this may be, the Darmstadt dog is certainly a marvellous creature, and we are surprised that, in these exhibiting times, its powers have not been displayed on a wider stage. The operatic establishments of London and Paris might be greatly the better, perhaps, of a visit from the critical Poodle.'

ANECDOTE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE following narrative, while it strikingly exhibits the fallible and uncertain nature of circumstantial evidence, affords also a convincing proof of the indispensable necessity of procuring medical testimony of the highest order, in all criminal cases relating to injuries of the person. The narrator, Mr Perfect, a surgeon at Hammersmith, sent the statement to the editor of the *Lancet* (Mr Wakley) in January 1839:—

'It is now thirty years ago, that, accidentally passing the Packhorse, Turnham-green, my attention was attracted by a mob of persons of the lowest order, assembled around the door of that inn, who were very loud in their execrations against some person who was suspected of having murdered his brother; in corroboration of which, I was told that his bones were found near the premises where he formerly resided, upon view of which a jury was then sitting, after an adjournment from the day preceding. I found that two surgeons had been subpœnaed to inspect the remains, and I had no doubt but that every information as to their character had been

was dissolute and irregular to a degree that of
voked the anger of his elder brother, and so
begat strife and violence between them; that the
of the elder brother was as little under contro
conduct of the younger; and, in fine, that the
very uncomfortably together.

'One winter night, when the ground was cove
snow, the younger brother absconded from the h
they both lived together), by letting himself do
his chamber window; and when he was mis
ensuing morning, his footsteps were clearly tracke
snow to a considerable distance, nor were there a
footsteps *but his own:* time passed on, and after a
some few years no tidings were heard of his ret
perhaps have there ever been since. Some all
in the grounds surrounding the house having bee
taken by a subsequent tenant (for the elder bro
then left the farm), a skeleton was dug up,
circumstance appeared so conclusive that one
had murdered the other, that the popular clam
raised to the utmost, and a jury impannelled to in
the case.

) an aged person. But what was my surprise when I :onstructed the bones of the skeleton, and found the ıwer bones of the trunk to be those of a female. I nmediately communicated the fact to the jury, and :quested that the two medical men who had before ıven their opinions might be sent for, one of whom :tended, and without a moment's hesitation corroborated ıy report.

'I need not add that the proceedings were instantly ; an end, and an innocent man received the *amende ɔnorable*, in the shape of an apology, from all present, ı which the coroner heartily joined. It has since been roved beyond all doubt, that the spot where the bones ere found was formerly the site of a large gravel-pit, in hich hordes of gipsies not only assembled, but occasion- .ly buried their dead, and perhaps more skeletons are et to be found in that vicinity.'

At the distance of thirty years, the narrator of this :currence may well look back upon it with pleasure, and ɔngratulate himself upon having been 'the happy instru- ıent in the hands of Providence of rescuing a worthy ıd innocent man from the obloquy, and perhaps the ıte, of a murderer.'

ANDREW ANDERSON.

ATHER more than one hundred years ago, there resided, in ıe town of Elgin, in the north of Scotland, a young woman amed Marjory Gilzean. She was the child of decent arents, and possessed considerable personal attractions. bout the time of the Rebellion of 1745–6, a foot-regi- ıent was quartered in Elgin ; and in this regiment there as a private soldier named Anderson, a native of a eighbouring parish, who had recently been enlisted, and ho became deeply smitten with love for Marjory Gilzean. he listened to his suit, and when the regiment was

removed, she left the town in his company, but not till a private marriage had taken place, though the contrary was believed at the time. Of her history in connection with the regiment, nothing is certainly known. That her husband was sent abroad, whilst she was forced to remain behind—that he was killed in battle—and that he used her harshly, and cast her off—were various rumours, grounded probably on little more than mere surmise. Certain it is that, in or soon after the year 1747, she returned to Elgin, in an emaciated and distressed state, unsettled in her mind, and carrying a baby in her arms. Her parents, who, even though they could have been convinced of her having been married to the soldier, would still have regarded her as one who had brought discredit upon them, did not receive her in a forgiving spirit. Neither did the other persons who had known her in her better days like to shew any countenance to one whom they believed to have been little, if anything better than a wanton. The reception she met with, and the wild fancies of a wandering mind, induced her to take a strange step. Close beside the burgh are the yet majestic remains of an ancient cathedral, the area and precincts of which have continued since the Reformation to be used as a burying-ground. Amidst these crumbling ruins there is one chamber still entire, a small cellar-like room, about five feet square, with scarcely any light, and which is said, in ancient times, to have been the sacristy, or place for keeping the vessels used in the offices of religion. Here the poor outcast took up her abode, rendered insensible, by her obscured reason, to the nocturnal horrors of a place which, in a better state of mind, she would have dreaded to approach after dusk. There was in this room an ancient sculptured font, which she used as a bed to her infant. Other furniture she had none. When it was known that she had gone to reside in this dismal place, the people felt as if it were an imputation against their Christian feelings. She and her babe were repeatedly carried by some one or other of them to their houses, but she always made her way back to the

sacristy. At length, finding her determined to live there, they contented themselves with giving her food and alms, and for several years she wandered about with her boy, under the appellation of *Daft May Gilzean**—a harmless creature, who wept and sang by turns. Her lover or husband was no more heard of in the country, although he had several relations living in the neighbourhood, with whom he might have been expected to correspond, if he had remained in life.

Andrew Anderson, the son of May Gilzean, grew up in all the raggedness and misery which might be expected under such circumstances to fall to his lot. It is questionable if he ever knew the comforts of a bed, or of a cooked meal of any kind, till his boyhood was far advanced. The one solacement of his forlorn existence, was the affection which his mother always continued to feel for him. It is a custom in the grammar-school of Elgin, to give gratuitous education to a poor boy, who undertakes, in consideration of that boon, to prepare the fires and sweep the rooms: this boy bears the name *par excellence*, of 'the Pauper.' Anderson consented to become the Pauper of his day, and thus acquired the elements of a classical education. In proper time he was bound apprentice to an uncle by the father's side, who carried on the business of a staymaker in the adjoining parish of St Andrews Lhanbryd. This man was of a harsh and ungenerous nature, and did not think himself called upon to extend to his poor nephew even that limited kindness which he shewed to his own children. Thus, while the sons and daughters of the staymaker had milk for their oatmeal-porridge, their cousin was condemned to take that meal with a thin liquor formed by steeping the husks of grain†—a species of relish, or *kitchen*, which was never resorted to by the Scottish peasantry except when milk was unusually scarce and dear. The treatment which young Anderson received here was altogether so intolerable, that he resolved to

* The *z* in this name is not pronounced.

† Called in Scotland raw sowens.

throw himself upon the world for a home. Taking a proper opportunity, he left his uncle's house, and disappeared from the country. He made his way to Leith, and thence to London, where he was taken into the workshop of a tailor, who, finding that he wrote neatly, and had a knowledge of accounts, began after some time to employ him as a clerk. He was one day commissioned to take home a suit of clothes to a military gentleman, and to grant a discharge for the account. This gentleman was himself a Scotsman, and bore a commission in a regiment about to proceed to the East Indies. He was, like all Scotsmen at a distance from home, interested in hearing his native tongue spoken, by however humble a person. When, in addition to this, he observed the pleasing countenance and manners of the youth, and found that the discharge appended by him to the account was in a good regular hand, he entered into conversation, asked whence he came, what were his prospects, and other such questions, and, finally, inquired if he would like to go abroad as a soldier and officer's servant. Anderson, who was not perhaps disinclined to leave a country in which there was at least one individual whom he had reason to dread, required little persuasion to induce him to enter into the stranger's views. He enlisted as a private, and immediately after set sail with the regiment in the capacity of drummer, acting at the same time, according to previous agreement, as the valet or servant of his patron.

It would be soon after the beginning of the reign of George III., that Andrew Anderson absconded from the neighbourhood of Elgin. There, the poor ragged boy, who had been cradled in a church-yard ruin, educated as a pauper scholar, starved and tyrannised over as a stay-maker's apprentice—the child of *Daft May Gilzean*—was erelong forgotten, or only remembered amongst the thousands of other indifferent things that had passed and gone about the same time. No ray of intelligence respecting him ever found its way to Elgin. His mother was laid with her sorrows in that church-yard

which, living, she had already adopted as her abode. *Her* parents also died in their time. The cruel staymaker perished like the rest. Even those who were kindred to him in blood, had ceased to remember the poor outcast boy—at least as one who had any claim upon their friendship.

* * In the year 1811, an elderly gentleman, attended by a single servant, arrived one evening at the Gordon Arms Hotel in Elgin. He ordered a slight repast, went to bed, and rose by times in the morning. His first question, like that of many strangers in Elgin, was about the cathedral. 'It was walled in,' the waiter said; 'but the sexton, an old man, called Saunders Cook, residing in a cottage close beside the western gate, partly lived by shewing the ruin, of which he could give all desirable particulars.' The old gentleman soon found his way to the residence of Saunders, who forthwith admitted him to the precinct of this splendid relic of the heavier Gothic architecture. Saunders, according to the recollection of a correspondent, was a rather short, broad-built, white-haired, in-toed old shoemaker, about sixty-five, and a great talker. Except on Sundays, and on the occasion of great funerals, he wore a Kilmarnock night-cap on his head, and a leathern apron that tied round his middle, and hung at the top by a punt or thong that went round his neck. It was his custom to saunter on before any stranger, or group of strangers, pointing out the various parts of the building, and relating all that he had to tell respecting it in the sing-song drawling voice usual amongst functionaries of his order. As he was going through his ordinary routine, on the present occasion, the stranger asked if he knew whereabouts in the church-yard a poor woman called Marjory Gilzean had been buried. 'Na,' answered Saunders; 'she was a *puir worthless craitur;* naebody kens where she is buried. But I can tell ye where she lived. It was in that place there they ca' the Sacristy. She brought up a bairn there, in a hollow stane, that was ance a font for holy-water. I mind the laddie weel: he grew up a brawe

loon [Morayshire for a stout boy], and was Pauper at our schule.' Chancing at this moment to look about, he observed the visitor to have his handkerchief at his eyes. While he paused in his recital, the stranger, when agitation allowed him to speak, said: 'Unfortunate I knew she was, but I never heard she was worthless.' Well was he entitled thus to take the part of the hapless maniac, for he was that very son whom she had brought up amidst privations inexpressible in this dismal place of shelter. He was now, however, Lieutenant-General Anderson, of the East India Company's service, the honourable possessor of an ample fortune, by means of which he was for ever to abolish, in his native town, the office of Pauper, by extinguishing the necessity which had hitherto compelled the poor scholar to become the drudge of the school, as the price of his scanty education.

General Anderson had returned to his native place, full of the best feelings towards it. Overlooking the painful recollections of his youth, he felt only that charm which the scenes of early years never fail to have for him who has spent his middle life elsewhere. He took a house, first at Leuchars, in the neighbourhood, and afterwards in the town itself, and there lived for several summers, returning to London to spend the winter. Being a man of modest and reserved manners, he spoke little of his life abroad. It was learned, however, that he owed his first steps in promotion to a power he had of readily acquiring languages. Having mastered the Hindostanee, he was sent to a distant place in the interior of India, to act as interpreter on some important occasion. He rose step by step, and at the taking of Seringapatam in 1799, he held so conspicuous a rank, and acted in so creditable a manner, as to be mentioned with honour in some of the public journals. It is thought that his share of the spoils at Seringapatam might be the chief foundation of his fortune. He ultimately retired with the rank of lieutenant-general in the Bombay army.

At London, on the 23d of November 1815, General Anderson executed a trust-disposition and deed of settle-

ment, assigning his whole heritable and movable property to six gentlemen, most of them resident in Elgin, to be by them employed in the first place, for the payment of a legacy of L.500 to a gentleman who seems to have been his godson,* and of one annuity of L.100, and two of L.200, to three females, two of whom were distantly related to him, while the third had been his housekeeper at Elgin; and next and chiefly, 'for the uses and purposes of founding and endowing an hospital, a school of industry, and free school, within the burgh of Elgin—in the first place, an Hospital for the maintenance of indigent men and women not under fifty-five years of age; secondly, a School of Industry for the maintenance and education of male and female children of the labouring-classes, whose parents are unable to maintain and educate them, and for putting out the said children, when fit to be so, as apprentices to some trade or occupation, or employing them in such a manner as may enable them to earn a livelihood by their lawful industry, and make them useful members of society; and, thirdly, an establishment of a master and mistress properly qualified to conduct a Free School, for the education of such male and female children whose parents may be in narrow circumstances, but still able to maintain and clothe their children.' With magnanimity rarely exemplified on such occasions, he gave no directions for the perpetuation of his own name in connection with the results of his beneficence. 'Which hospital and schools,' says the will, 'shall in all time coming be described and called by the name of THE ELGIN INSTITUTION FOR THE SUPPORT OF OLD AGE AND EDUCATION OF YOUTH.' None were to be admitted into the hospital who had any pension or allowance from other sources, and who were not 'of decent and respectable character:' it was also provided that inhabitants of the burgh of Elgin should be preferred; failing them, inhabitants of the other parts of the parish; and, failing these, inhabitants of the

* 'Archibald Andrew Anderson Lauriston, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Lauriston of the East India Company's Service, residing in Edinburgh.'

county. The benefits of the two schools were open to children of the county; and the testator expressed his wish that, as far as circumstances would admit, the Madras system of education should be conformed to.

This interesting and truly noble-minded man died at his house in Baker Street, London, on the 16th of September 1824. His age is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as seventy-nine, which would place his birth exactly at the time when the insurrection of 1745 broke out. The age of seventy-seven, assigned to him by an authority which we have consulted in his native town, is probably nearer the truth, as it seems unlikely that a foot-regiment would be quartered in Elgin till after the suppression of the rebellion.* It is satisfactory to know that, after the death of General Anderson, the honour, although perhaps not the prudence, of his mother was cleared by legal proof—Elspet Anderson, of Garmouth, the daughter of the staymaker, having satisfied a jury that she was the *lawful cousin*, and nearest *legal heir*, to the deceased.

Since his death, his trust-disposition has been duly acted upon, and a fine building at the east end of the burgh of Elgin now stands as a lasting monument of his benevolence. We find, from an account of the parish published some years ago,† that five males and five females belonging to the town were enjoying the benefits of the Hospital for the Aged; that twenty-two boys and eighteen girls, from every parish in the county, were reared in the School of Industry—which number would probably be increased by other twenty, on the death of two annuitants; and that 230 children were receiving in the

* As the statements in this paper are of a somewhat extraordinary nature, it may not be superfluous to inform the reader that they are all, to the best of our knowledge, true. The obscurity which rests over a large portion of the history of the hero may have led to *some slight* incorrectness in a few of the less important details; but *we have* used every effort in our power to be correct, and, we believe, *are so in* all the more important features of the story.

† *New Statistical Account* of Scotland, by the Ministers of the respective Parishes, No. VIII.

Free School 'a gratis education suited to their station.' Thus the fortune of the founder was contributing, at the period to which we refer, to the happiness of no fewer than 300 persons.

Thousands every year flock to Scotland, to fall into raptures with the physical sublimities of its hills, and lakes, and waterfalls, or to muse over scenes which genius has peopled with the imaginary beings of romance. It is strongly impressed on us that many, after indulging themselves with the contemplation of these objects, if brought to the remote burgh of Elgin, and informed of the circumstances narrated in this paper, would confess that they had found something still more beautiful, still more romantic, still more sublime. Let them first behold the edifice in which so many find shelter from the evils of destitution, and so many more receive that nurture which is best to enable them to befriend themselves through life; and then be taken to the small dark cell, where May Gilzean cradled in a hollowed stone, in darkness and wretchedness, the hapless babe whose inherent gifts and honourable use of them were to give him the means of indulging a singular benevolence in shedding all these blessings on his native district; and then let them confess, that human nature and human life have their sublimities as well as inorganic nature—and that 'these be of them.'

A PARTY OF CRUSOES ON A DESERT ISLAN

In the London newspapers of 1823, there appeared a m interesting and affecting account of the wreck and los a small English trading vessel in the Indian Ocean, w a narrative of the preservation of the crew on so obscure islets lying out of the usual track of navigati at the distance of 600 or 700 miles south-east from Cape of Good Hope. The account presented was substance as follows :—

On the 9th of May 1820, the *Princess of Wales* sma of seventy-five tons burden, commanded by Mr T. Be with, sailed from the Thames for Prince Edward Isla in the Indian Ocean, with a crew of fifteen men, for purpose of catching seals and other cetaceous animals the sake of their skins. The voyage was every way pl perous; the vessel arrived at its destination, where seal-catching commenced on the 1st November, a remained till the subsequent March 1821. Having, a would appear, exhausted the objects of pursuit in t quarter, the vessel proceeded further to some des islands, called the Crozettes, situated 47 degrees so latitude, and 47 degrees east longitude. This prove fatal adventure. On the 17th of March, on reaching Crozettes, a party of eight seamen was despatched in boat to one of the islands, there to remain some ti seal-catching, while the vessel proceeded to anotl island, to land a party for the same purpose. In course of the day, after reaching the second island heavy swell began to set in towards the shore, and captain, in order to gain an offing, was obliged to slip cable, and endeavour to stand out to sea. Such, howev *was the* strength of the current, and the unmanageab *ness of* the vessel, that the most serious apprehensi *were* entertained for its safety. In this condition *crew* continued in hourly expectation of striking on

lying reefs until midnight, when, to settle all doubts on the subject, the unfortunate bark struck with tremendous force.

The striking of a vessel, whether on sand-banks or rocks, particularly the latter, is ordinarily the signal of destruction. On the present occasion, the crew instantly expected such a catastrophe, and proposed to get out the boat and try to gain the island; but the captain, who knew its desolate condition, and believed they could only linger out a few days there in dreadful want, opposed the proposition, and he chose rather to close his sufferings by a speedy death as the less horrible alternative. The crew, however, considered that there was still hope, and, under the circumstances, assuming the right of acting for themselves, they got the boat out over the gunwale, and threw into her a few things which they were able hastily to collect. Still, however, they refused to leave their captain to perish, and, after some entreaty, they prevailed upon him to commit himself to the boat with them. The night was dark, rainy, and boisterous, and the sea dashed over the rocks by which they were surrounded. They found the shore to be much nearer than they expected, but could not land, as it was bounded by a perpendicular rock. After rowing about for nearly four hours, they came into a sort of cove, where they got on shore in safety, but the boat was swamped. How they escaped the rocks in that darkness and heavy sea, was afterwards matter of astonishment to them. They hauled up the boat, turned it over, and got under it.

When the day broke, they perceived the vessel lying on her beam-ends, with a large hole in her lower planks, which proved that from the instant she first struck she could not afterwards have lived. The sea was washing over her, and it was evident that she must soon go to pieces. They were unable to launch the boat to save anything from the wreck. Amongst the articles put into the boat was a tinder-box, and with a few materials which they *picked up* on the shore they made a fire, and caught *a few birds, which* they dressed.

On the next day, they succeeded in launching the boat, and proceeded in her to a cove at about five miles distant, which was nearer the vessel. They succeeded in reaching her, and getting out the captain's and the mate's chests, landing them, and in picking up a number of planks. The next day they picked up a try-sail, and some casks of bread which were spoiled, but a gale coming on, prevented them from putting out in the boat to visit the wreck, as it blew furiously. The next day they saw, to their distress, that nothing was left of her but the masts, which had become entangled by the rigging among the rocks, and these soon disappeared. They then hauled the boat up, to live, or rather to sleep under her, and this was their only shelter for three weeks, during which time they subsisted chiefly on birds, and the tongues and hearts of sea-elephants. They had got some of their hunting implements on shore, and were able to kill this animal with ease, whenever they caught it, and its great importance to them will appear in the course of the narrative. The weather was so rainy and inclement, that, until the end of three weeks, they were unable to begin to erect any commodious shelter. At the expiration of that time, they collected all the timber they could find, for the island did not produce a shrub. With a part of these materials and some stones, at the end of a few weeks they completed a house or shed. They covered the top with sea-elephants' skins to keep out the rain, and the weather at the sides, by means of turf. They made their beds of a soft dry grass, with which the island abounded, and over this they had coverlets of sea-elephants' skins, and on the whole, they made their shelter tolerable. Knowing that it was useless to repine, they soon organised a settled course of life in their little community. Their chief occupation consisted in foraging for the means of subsistence within the limits of the island. Seals and *sea-elephants* were the game which they principally depended *upon*, and these they daily went in quest of. The *sea-elephant* was their grand mainstay, for it yielded not *only* some parts fit for food, but a large quantity of

blubber, which, being mixed with dried grass, made excellent fuel. They likewise hunted a species of sea-fowl which settled on the island to burrow and lay eggs in the sand, and which they seized without any difficulty. In the mornings, they rose about eight o'clock and breakfasted on these birds; after which they went out to hunt, leaving one or two behind to cook dinner. This dinner consisted generally of a sort of soup composed of sea-elephants' flippers, heart and tongue, chopped in pieces. They could find no vegetables on the island, which produced nothing but grass, excepting a plant like a cabbage that was extremely bitter, and this they made use of occasionally to flavour their soup. Great inconveniences were at first sustained for want of proper eating utensils, as there was only the large kettle in which their soup was made. They managed, however, to make some wooden spoons for themselves. They next cut down an old cask, and with it made a kind of soup-tureen, out of which they all ate together.

Their last improvement was to manufacture a sort of wooden trencher for themselves, when they ate comparatively in a superior style of comfort. In the soup they sometimes put elephant-skin, which had the appearance of tripe, but in taste and substance it is described as of a more 'leathery' nature. After dinner, some of them went out again to hunt for 'grub,' some remaining at home, the swiftest runners being chosen to hunt the seal. At 'tea-time,' or dusk, they returned, and partook of a mess composed of penguins' eggs boiled in water. Now and then they killed the albatross, which is rather a strong bird, and roasted it; but as the young ones were highly esteemed, and as the mariners daily began to lose their hope of being delivered, they were afraid to kill the old birds lest they should quit the island, and in this fear they permitted them to live as 'stand bys.' For the same reason they spared the penguins, which supplied them plentifully with eggs. The young seals were considered as the greatest luxury, but they, as well as the old ones, were but too scarce, and their skins were in

high request for clothes; for, at the end of a few months, from their mode of life, their garments gave way, and, indeed, the climate was so cold and wet, that they were not fit to withstand the inclemency of the weather. The men set to work, and made themselves clothes of the seal-skin, some using the hair inwards. They made a needle out of a nail. For shoes they made themselves a sort of socks or buskins of the same material, and they constructed various kinds of caps, which, as their beards were pretty long, by no means tended to improve their physiognomy.

We now turn to the history of the party of eight men who had gone ashore on the first island in the group, and from which they expected to be taken up in the course of a week. During the week, for which they possessed a sufficiency of provisions, they pursued their occupation of hunting the seals on the low sandy shores and inlets, and gathered a large quantity of the skins of these animals to carry with them on their return. At the end of the week, however, the smack did not make its appearance, which perplexed them not a little; but their distress may be conceived, when they found portions of the wreck driven ashore by the waves, giving too certain evidence of the destruction of their vessel, and, as they feared, of the loss of their comrades. For six weeks they continued to watch the horizon, with a lingering hope that a sail would present itself to their anxious gaze; but nothing of the kind appeared, and the party then removed to another quarter of the island more productive of animals for subsistence. At the spot selected, the eight seamen stayed during the winter, living on seals and sea-elephants, which they also cooked by means of the blubber. When winter had passed away, provisions were found to be scarce, and there was a necessity for seeking new quarters. As the small boat was left to them, they proposed to sail to the island lying at the distance of ten miles where the smack had been wrecked, and, putting this design in execution, they landed, as it happened, close by the spot where their wrecked shipmates had built their house, and there they

met, to the great joy of both parties. The fishing-party added to the comforts of the establishment, by bringing with them their kettle, frying-pan, and some other implements, which were highly acceptable. There was now a more numerous party to be provided for on the island, and consequently additional exertions were necessary for procuring food. Hunting the seal, the sea-elephant, and various birds, was kept up at all times when the weather permitted; and when storms of rain, snow, and wind, swept across the island, and rendered it impossible for them to move out with safety, they remained shut up in their rude dwelling, in which their only mental solacement consisted in reading a Bible that had been fortunately spared among the materials of the wreck. Influenced by pious and rational sentiments, they formed a peaceful and orderly community, such as is seldom witnessed in similar cases of extreme personal inconvenience and privation. During their sojourn on the island, there were no parties amongst them; no quarrelling, and none assumed command, but obedience of the best kind existed—namely, that produced by a conviction of the utility and propriety of the thing proposed, and a mutual desire to be serviceable. They all gave their utmost exertions to the execution of whatever was suggested by the most experienced, or received the sanction of the majority.

After they had been together for about three weeks, and the prospect of deliverance from the dreary solitude getting every day more remote, it was proposed to construct a vessel with the timber of the wreck, and the materials of which the house was built. There were the remains of a hut built on the other island by some Americans who visited it some years before, when seals were more plentiful. With these, and what had been saved from the wreck, the carpenter reported that a vessel might be built, and they set to work upon that object immediately. The sails were to be made of seal-skins sewed together, and a party, consisting of eleven, went to the first island, for the purpose of collecting and

preparing them, and digging up the timber which had been used for the house. The collection and preparation of the skins took three weeks, and in a week more they collected all the timber for the building of the vessel. From the state of their provisions, it was found convenient that five of their number should return and stay at the other island, as there was not sufficient food for the subsistence of all at the island where the house was built. This party, therefore, having received a proportionate share of the utensils, namely, one kettle, and the bottom of an old one, which was used as a frying-pan, they set off. Those who remained, in order that they might apply the timber used in constructing the old house to the building of their vessel, set to work to build a new habitation, which they formed chiefly of stones and turf. This house appears to have been an improvement on the first, inasmuch as it had the luxury of three chimneys, which, however, either would not draw, or were insufficient, as the inmates were obliged to cut a hole in the gable-end to let out the smoke. At this time they used the elephants' bones, with the blubber as fuel, the fumes from which were by no means agreeable. Having finished this, they shifted their things into it, tore down the first, and then cleared the place where it stood, for the purpose of building the vessel upon it. They laid the keel, made from the topmast of the wreck, to erect a vessel whose keel should be twenty-nine feet, and built like a lugger, and of about four feet and a half high. It was calculated that she would be about twelve tons burden. They worked at it with assiduity, animated by the hope of delivering themselves. The history of their various expedients to supply the place of regular tools and materials, though unintelligible to general readers, would be highly interesting to nautical men. At the end of five months, they had completed her with her seal-*skin* sails, and they set off to the other island to fetch the *other* five men, that they might assist in the launch.

Nearly two years had passed since they were wrecked —a *time* which, as marked by their privations and

anxieties, appeared as long as the former portion of their lives. The five men on this first island were dispersed in search of food, and the larger party were obliged to go in pursuit of them. On the next day after their arrival, a gale sprang up, their boat was driven about seventy yards from where she was made fast, and her stern knocked to pieces. This was a fearful disaster, which threw the party into dismay, yet, out of evil, good sometimes comes. The day being fine, an old man, one of the sailors, was sent to a mountainous point to try if he could discover their comrades, and he had not been long gone ere he returned in a bewildered breathless state. When able to speak, he informed them that he had seen a vessel standing in towards the shore. This none of them would believe, and all said it must be a bird sitting on the water, an object which had often deceived their hopes. The man, however, was convinced that he was not mistaken, and asked who would go with him to see the vessel, when one offered to go with him, and ascertain the fact; and a tinder-box was given to them, that they might, if it were true, make a fire to shew those on board that there were human beings on the island. To their indescribable joy these two men, on getting to the place where she was first discovered, saw a schooner standing along shore, and, from the carcass of a sea-elephant, just killed, and other traces, perceived that the crew must have been on shore. They then sought for and killed one of those animals, and with its blubber they soon made a fire on the promontory, that evidently caught the attention of the schooner, as a boat was seen to proceed from her towards the shore. The men ran down eagerly to meet her, but when the boat got near the shore, the crew evidently hesitated, on seeing the two men, whose appearance must certainly have been of a dubious nature. They were naked, with the exception of their rough brown fur jackets, as they had thrown off their skin trousers, which were exceedingly thick and heavy, for the convenience of running. They, however, hailed the crew, in a manner which proved them to be civilised beings, and they were

taken on board. The vessel turned out to be an American schooner, which had come for the purpose of sealing and trading in those seas. The captain received them kindly, and gave them shirts and trousers. It was sunset when they were taken on board, and the next day the captain and the remaining party were fetched. They proceeded in search of the other party, who descried the vessel with a degree of joy equal to that of the first man who saw it, and on the boat approaching the shore, hailed it with three cheers, which were returned by their comrades on board. Those on shore were so overjoyed, that they did not wait for her coming to shore, but rushed into the water to haul her up. They were all taken on board. They assisted the schooner in loading, and after taking all their things on board, she sailed for her destination—the Isle of France.

Although thus rescued from a desert island, the misfortunes of the party were not terminated. On the way to the Isle of France, the mate of the smack had a disagreement with the American captain, and he and his companions, three excepted, were at their own desire put ashore on the island of St Paul, where there are plenty of wild pigs and provisions such as the mariners had been lately used to, and which island is in the track of the vessels trading in the direction of the Mauritius. Here they intended to wait till picked up by a vessel in passing, of which they had no apprehensions. Of their fate no further account is given, though there is little doubt that they soon after reached England by some trading vessel. The three men that preferred going on with the American schooner, were landed at the Isle of France, whence they found their way to the Cape of Good Hope, and from that they returned to London in the *Lord Exmouth* in a most destitute condition, but in good health, notwithstanding the straits and miseries they *had* undergone.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

'Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross.'

THE true history and character of the individual, to whom the Muse of Pope, thus invoked, arose and gave immortality in song, are but little known to the world at large, although almost every reader of the poet's lines must have felt an interest in a being so noble as the Man of Ross was there represented to be. John Kyrle was the proper appellation of the person whom local circumstances, as will be explained in the sequel, caused to bear the title of the Man of Ross. He was a native of the parish of Dymock, in the county of Gloucester, and was born on the 22d of May 1637. He was descended from a respectable family, once possessed of considerable estates on the borders of Gloucester and Hereford shires, and one of his immediate progenitors filled the office of high-sheriff of the latter county. The paternal grandmother and great-grandmother of the subject of our memoir were both personages of distinguished extraction—the former being the sister of Waller the poet, while the other stood in the same degree of relationship to John Hampden the patriot. Though the patrimonial property of the Kyrles—or Crulls, or Curls, as they had occasionally been named—had greatly decreased in extent previously to the time of John Kyrle, his father was yet in a comfortable position in society, and able to give the son a most liberal training, and every educational advantage which the country and time could afford. Being intended for the bar, young Kyrle was entered a commoner of Baliol College, Oxford, on the 21st of April 1654. On his admission, he presented a piece of plate to the college, in the form of a tankard, promising to enlarge this donation *when any* other person gave a better. Apparently, *such an event* really happened; since the plate,

which weighed originally little more than eighteen ounces, was increased, in or before the year 1670, to a degree of gravity exceeding sixty-one ounces. The tankard is understood to be still in use in Baliol College.

At the decease of his father, John Kyrle, who was the elder of two sons, found himself inheritor of little more than the family dwelling-house in the town of Ross, in Herefordshire, together with a few patches of land in the neighbourhood. But these possessions seem to have been quite sufficient to maintain him respectably, as he did not follow up the profession of the law, but permanently took up his residence in the district of his nativity. In truth, his frugal way of life, as well as his economical and judicious mode of managing his property, soon placed him in the most easy circumstances, and enabled him to make repeated accessions, by purchase, to the patrimony which had descended to him. But, though frugal in his habits, the subject of our notice was far, very far indeed, from exhibiting at any period of his career a spirit of avarice or money-hoarding. On the contrary, he was endowed with one of the most generous and noble hearts that ever fell to the lot of man, and hence, in reality, his celebrity—hence the immortality of his name as the Man of Ross. It was as a most extensive and unostentatious benefactor of his species that Pope enshrined John Kyrle in undying verse, and gave his name to all coming time. Before quoting the poet's lines, we may briefly describe to the reader the personal appearance and habits of Mr Kyrle, as far as any records on these points permit us to do.

The portraits of the Man of Ross display a regular, well-formed countenance, rather square in general outline, and strikingly expressive of mild cheerfulness and benevolence. The brow is open and expansive. In person, Mr Kyrle was tall, thin, and well-shaped, and during his whole life his usual attire was a suit of brown, after the fashion of the day. He maintained his health by regular exercise from his youth upwards, turning his own hands to service in his favourite pursuits of horticulture

and planting. A spade and a watering-pot were usually seen in his grasp, as he passed backwards and forwards between his dwelling and his fields. Having speedily increased his means, as we have said, and made his income respectable, he lived well, and enjoyed himself frequently with his friends, though much company was not agreeable to him. It was his practice, as his habits became fixed, to entertain a party of his acquaintances on every market-day, and on every fair-day, in the town of Ross. Nine, eleven, or thirteen—he seemed partial to odd numbers—were the usual sum of the guests at his invitation-dinners, including himself and a kinswoman, Miss Bubb. His dishes were plain and good, and the only beverages which appeared on his table were malt liquor and cider. At ordinary times, moreover, he loved dearly to see his neighbours dropping in upon him in the evening, was cheerful always with them, enjoyed a pleasant tale, and was uniformly discomposed and sad when time brought round the parting-hour.

Such were the personal peculiarities and the merely personal habits of the Man of Ross. Let us now depict him in his character of a member of society, and display his conduct in his relations to his neighbours, to the poor around him, and to his fellow-creatures at large. Did that conduct justify these high commendations of the poet Pope :

> 'P. But all our praises why should lords engross?
> Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
> Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
> And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
> Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
> From the dry rock who bade the water flow?
> Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
> Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
> But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
> Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
> Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
> Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
> Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
> "THE MAN OF ROSS," each lisping babe replies!
> *Behold the* market-place with poor o'erspread—
> *The Man of Ross* divides the weekly bread.

He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate.
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue,
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply,
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!
B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, almost his name unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history.
Enough, that virtue filled the space between—
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.'

In every particular item of this panegyric, the poet's assertions were founded in strict truth. Pope acquired his intimate knowledge of the circumstances from being in the habit of occasionally visiting a Roman Catholic family resident in the immediate vicinity of Ross. We shall not attempt to tell at what periods of Mr Kyrle's life, which was extended to the term of eighty-seven years, the individual actions and events to be alluded to took place. Some of these acts were continued, indeed, through a long series of years. The clothing of 'the sultry mountain with woods,' and the bestowal of the blessing of 'water upon the swains of the vale,' to which Pope refers, were public acts, performed for the service of the people of Ross, at great private cost to Mr Kyrle. The 'causeway,' and the 'seats for weary travellers,' were matters of a similar character, and the 'heaven-directed *spire*,' was another benefit, or rather ornament perhaps, to *the town* of Ross, conferred by its indefatigable MAN. Mr *Kyrle* thought the old spire in danger of falling, and his

humane mind never rested till a new one was substituted, to the erection of which he contributed most amply. These are but one or two of the public benefits which so deeply endeared him to the people of Ross. But higher and nobler deeds are to be mentioned. His care of the poor was incessant. He fed them, clothed them, and cared for them every way, and this not for a time, or to relieve a passing necessity, but for long years—from the time, in truth, when he was in his manhood's pride, to the term when his head was white and hoary.

> 'Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread,
> The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.'

This was strictly true. Some pious bishop or lord of former times had decreed, that the tolls paid for all corn brought to the Ross market should be the property of the poor, and the grant remained long in force. But the poor, through imperfect management, derived no good from the privilege, until the Man of Ross took the matter under his care, ground the toll-corn, and had it baked into bread at his own house; after which, he distributed it every Saturday with his own hands in front of the market-house. 'Tradition reports in homely language,' to use the words of a notice of Mr Kyrle, 'that it would "have done one's heart good to see how cheerful the old gentleman looked—for he was then very old—when engaged in distributing the bread."' The 'alms-house' to which Pope refers, was one in reality 'fed' daily by the Man of Ross, since every day saw food taken from his own table to that of the charity. But, to speak the truth, any person who claimed this benevolent being's hospitable assistance received it, and that again and again. To poor girls he often gave marriage-portions, and paid the apprentice-fees for poor orphan boys. At his kitchen fireplace was placed a large wooden block for poor people to sit on, and to the poor, also, a piece of boiled beef, and three pecks of flour in bread, were given every Sunday.

> 'Him *portioned* maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
> *The young* who labour and the poor who rest.'

'Is any sick?' continues Pope, and describes the attention of the Man of Ross to the sick poor; his purse, his medicine-chest, and, what was more, his personal ministerings, being ever ready for their relief. The passage, 'Is there a variance,' &c., has reference to another feature in the life of the subject of our memoir. Averse to all quarrelling, legal or otherwise, he exerted himself to maintain harmony among his neighbours, and for much more than half a century he was arbitrator in all their disputes—the chosen judge, in fact, of all civil causes in the district. Perhaps, in this character, his influence was more beneficial than in any other. In closing now our comment upon the text of Pope, we come to the most remarkable point in this whole history. Upon what mines, says the bard, did this mirror of benevolence draw to supply the demands of his boundless charity? No princely or ducal estates were his.

'This man possessed five hundred pounds a year.'

A truly wonderful instance this is, indeed, of the vast amount of good which prudent management may put in the power of those even of limited fortunes. Yet the whole is but another proof that Will and Skill can accomplish all things.

The town which Mr Kyrle so long adorned was justly proud of him during his life, and deeply reverenced his memory, when he was laid in the tomb. The name of the Man of Ross was not bestowed in the first instance by Pope, but was previously the common and popular designation of Mr Kyrle in the country around Ross. The subject of our notice never married. The poor of his district were his children and his family. From them he was removed at the venerable age we have mentioned, and the whole population of Ross and its vicinity followed the remains of the good man to the *grave*. Numerous as were the eyes that beheld the *earth* closed over the Man of Ross, perhaps not one *individual* there could not say: 'There is the last sight *of my* benefactor.' The day of his death was the 20th

November 1724, and he was laid in the chancel of Ross in Herefordshire. For a long time no other monument marked the place where he lay, than a flat stone with the initials J. K. But in later years a handsome stone has been erected over the body of the Man of Ross. The spot is a hallowed one to the inhabitants, and, indeed, everything connected in the remotest degree with his memory is matter of reverence to the people of the place. One striking proof of this was afforded recently, when the church underwent a repair or renovation of its pews. The community, with one voice, exclaimed against the removal of one portion of John Kyrle's pew. It was left precisely in the position in which it was when occupied by him.

STORY OF MARTIN GUERRE.

MARTIN GUERRE, a native of Biscay, was married in the month of January 1539 to Bertrande de Rols, with whom he lived for many succeeding years at the village of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, in Upper Languedoc. The condition of Martin Guerre was that of a small farmer, and the property possessed by him and his wife was very considerable for people of their rank in life. Married at a very early age, they were not blessed with children until the tenth year of their union, when a son was born, to whom was given the name of Sanxi Guerre. Shortly after this event, Martin Guerre had the misfortune to quarrel with his wife's father or uncle, and in consequence, took the resolution of leaving Artigues for a time. He seems to have found a wandering life agreeable to his disposition, as he never shewed himself again at his home for many long years, nor were any tidings of him received all the while by his family.

This unjustifiable conduct of a husband and father led to strange consequences. Upwards of eight years after

Martin Guerre's absence, a man presented himself at Artigues, declared himself to be Martin Guerre, and was at once recognised as such by the *four sisters* of the absentee, by his *uncle*, by the *parents and relatives* of his wife, and by the *wife* herself. Not the slightest suspicion of imposture was entertained by any one, as the self-named Martin Guerre was found perfectly acquainted with a thousand little matters, both domestic and otherwise, which none, it seemed, but the original actor in them could possibly have known. The marks and scars, also, which had characterised Martin Guerre's countenance and person, were all apparent in his representative. Accordingly, the latter was received with joy by the wife and all her connections, and assumed the place which he was supposed to have vacated eight years before. Bertrande de Rols (or Guerre) had in times past shewn the strongest attachment to her husband, and her conduct in his absence was irreproachable. She now lived for three years in perfect concord and happiness with him who personated her husband, and bore two children to him, only one of whom survived for any length of time.

This state of tranquillity first received a shock through an accidental discovery made by Pierre Guerre, the uncle of Martin. A stranger, passing through Artigues, expressed the utmost surprise on hearing it said that Martin Guerre was living with his wife and family, and unhesitatingly declared that there must be imposture in the case, as he himself had recently seen Martin Guerre in Flanders, and had been told by him that he had a wife and child in Languedoc, but did not intend to return home till a certain relation was dead. The stranger moreover stated, that the real Martin Guerre had lost a leg at the battle of St Laurent, before St Quentin. The traveller's statement was heard by Pierre Guerre, and appeared to him so clear and distinct, that he began to entertain suspicions, which speedily spread from him to the relatives of Martin's wife. A number of little circumstances, all *tending* to strengthen the notion of imposture, were now *gradually* noticed by the uncle and friends, and at length

they finally became so assured of the justice of their fears, as to adopt the resolution of publicly punishing the villain who had so grossly deceived them. But they found very great difficulty in persuading the wife of Martin Guerre that the man with whom she had lived peacefully for three years was not her true husband. At length, however, the poor woman was brought to something like a conviction of the sad truth, and was induced to take steps for prosecuting the actor in this strange deception, who was taken into custody to wait his trial.

On a day appointed, the prisoner was brought into court, where the chief criminal judge of Rieux sat as president, and where an immense crowd of people had assembled to watch the issue of a case which had already excited the deepest interest. Numerous witnesses were present to support the one or the other side. Out of nearly one hundred and fifty persons examined, between thirty and forty gave evidence in favour of the accused, deposing that they believed him to be the real Martin Guerre, and referring to many circumstantial proofs in support of their belief. On the other hand, a still greater body of witnesses declared their impression that the prisoner was *not* Martin Guerre. Who the panel *really* was, was announced by various of these witnesses, but in particular by Carbon Barreau, who recognised the accused as his nephew, by name Arnaud du Tilh, a native of Sagias, in Languedoc. The old man, Carbon Barreau, while acknowledging his nephew, wept for the disgrace he had brought on the family. While such testimonies were given by the witnesses for and against the prisoner, there was a third body of witnesses, more numerous than either of the others, who declared that the resemblance to Martin Guerre puzzled them so much as to render them totally unable to tell whether the accused was that individual or not.

Much weight, comparatively, was of course laid on the evidence given by the relatives of Martin Guerre. Strange to say, *these relatives* were as much at variance as others. *His four sisters* unhesitatingly and unequivocally declared

their belief that the prisoner was their brother, and else, and by this opinion they held to the last. The of Martin, again, and the wife's relations, maintain opposite side of the question. As for the wife, wl from weakness or distress of mind, her evidence w: productive of much light in the matter. What sl say weighed in the prisoner's favour, as, on his tested afterwards, it was found that he knew all th secrets of her wedded life as well as she herself did told of private occurrences of old date, that tall every point with her private revelations on examii When the prisoner himself was asked to speak defence, he entered without the slightest embarras on a long narration, calculated to prove his claims character he had assumed. He began with asc avaricious motives to Pierre Guerre, as the cause person's animosity. He then related every par step of his career, from his birth to his departure home; and those who best knew Martin Guerre dec that all the incidents related had occurred to him t certain knowledge. The prisoner described his ma with particular minuteness, mentioning the nam even the dress of every important individual the there present, as well as many other minute point nected with the ceremony. Notwithstanding these st statements of the prisoner, and notwithstanding the of the witnesses, the criminal judge of Rieux con the charge to be *proven*, and pronounced the pr guilty.

But this only led to new investigations. The pr appealed to the parliament of Toulouse, and by its inquiries were entered upon of a still more searchin than formerly. To shew how great were the diffi in which this case was involved, it is only necess state a few of the facts that came out on both *Against* the prisoner, it was averred that Martin G *was* a taller man, and darker in hue; and that h *slender* limbs, stooping shoulders, and a hanging *lip*, whereas the prisoner had stout limbs, an

person, and no particular mark about his lips. The shoemaker who had made shoes for the true Martin Guerre, also declared that the feet of the latter were of the twelfth size, while the accused person's were of the ninth. Martin Guerre, it was also proved, was skilled in wrestling and other sports, at which the prisoner could do nothing. Moreover, Martin Guerre, being a Biscayan, was thoroughly acquainted with the Basque tongue, of which the other knew only a word or two. These are specimens of the proofs against the prisoner. The opposite evidence seems almost equally strong, and this may be said of the personal resemblances in particular. A cicatrix above the right eye, the mark of an ulcer on the face, a drop of extravasated blood on the left eye, two peculiar teeth, a split nail on one of the forefingers, three warts on the right hand, and one on the little-finger—all of these marks were on Martin Guerre, and all of them on the accused! Other witnesses in the prisoner's favour deposed to his having alluded to circumstances which had passed privately between them and Martin Guerre, ten, twelve, and fifteen years before. Above all, the bride-maids of Bertrande de Rols declared, that the prisoner had minutely described incidents which proved him to be no other than the man who was bridegroom on that occasion.

Such were among the difficulties surrounding this question. The confident bearing of the accused added to the general perplexity, as he on every occasion assumed the part of an injured and persecuted man. He even made a solemn public appeal to the wife of Martin Guerre, declaring that, as she believed in his identity or otherwise, he was willing to be held guilty or innocent. But the wife would not take an oath on either side, although she said that, under the circumstances, she could trust in nothing that *he*—the prisoner—could say.

Things were in this state of incertitude, when the *real Martin Guerre*, who had been fruitlessly sought for, appeared suddenly on the field, 'as if,' says Gayot de *Pitaval, in the Causes Célèbres*, 'he had dropped from the

skies.' The judges ordered him into confinement before he had seen his relations, or any one who was concerned in the cause. Martin Guerre, as had been stated by the traveller, was without one of his limbs, and had a wooden substitute. When privately interrogated upon some known facts in Martin Guerre's life, he answered freely and correctly, but did not give so many proofs of his identity as the prisoner had done under the like examination. Arnaud du Tilh and the lame Martin Guerre were then confronted with one another. Each treated the other as an impostor; but the first mentioned of the two displayed far more confidence, and scornfully declared, that he would consent to be hanged if he did not prove the whole to be a machination of Pierre Guerre, and the man with the wooden leg to be but a creature of his. The latter seemed to lose his presence of mind at the sight of the other's consummate boldness and effrontery. The judges were yet quite at a loss, but they resolved upon assembling all the relations of Martin Guerre, and all the principal witnesses in the case, with the view of leaving it to their decision on beholding both parties together.

Accordingly, all the summoned parties made their appearance on an appointed day. The eldest of the four sisters before mentioned, was the first to enter the court, where the rival Martins already were, and her testimony was almost decisive. It will be remembered, that she and her sisters were the most influential witnesses in favour of the impostor. Now, however, when her eye fell on the lame man, she sprang to him, and embraced him with tears, exclaiming to the judges: '*Behold my brother, Martin Guerre!* I confess the error into which this abominable traitor,' pointing to Du Tilh, 'has led me, and in which he has kept me for so long a time, as well as others.' Martin Guerre mingled his tears with those of his sister, as he received and returned her embraces. The other sisters also recognised their brother at once, as did all the witnesses, in short, who had been most *obstinate* in favour of Arnaud du Tilh. As usually happens in cases of the closest resemblance of persons,

the confronting of the parties at once dispelled the illusion which had memory only to depend on. After other recognitions, Bertrande de Rols, the wife, was called into court. No sooner had she cast her eye timidly on the lame stranger, than the spell was at once broken in her case also. She became strongly agitated, trembling like an aspen leaf, and weeping abundantly. Then she ran to embrace her husband's feet, and besought his pardon for the fault which the artifices of a wretch had led her to commit. She entreated him to remember that his four sisters and others had been deceived also, and reminded him that her very love for him had its influence in causing her to be misled. She declared that such was her grief and shame when the impostor was discovered, that she prayed for death, and, but for the commands of God, would herself have put an end to her days. 'The touching air,' says Gayot de Pitaval, 'with which Bertrande de Rols spoke, her tears, and her beauty, which was still great, the expression of agony spread over her visage, pleaded eloquently for her.' But her husband, who had appeared so sensible to the tokens of affection coming from his sisters, appeared insensible to those of his wife. He told her, that *she* ought to have known her real husband from all others, although the whole world had been deceived; and he had the cruelty further to say to her, that he looked upon her as the cause of all the disgrace and wretchedness resulting from this affair. The judge checked Martin Guerre for this conduct to his wife, which came with an ill grace from the lips of a man who had deserted his family for so many years, and who was the true cause of all the mischief, by thus leaving them at the mercy of the designing. Moreover, had not Martin Guerre made revelations to the impostor, Arnaud du Tilh, respecting his family affairs, his wife never could have been deceived as she had been. Such considerations, nevertheless, could not overcome the angry feelings of Martin Guerre, when he met his wife in court. But as we firmly believe in the wife's innocence, from an *attentive consideration* of all the minutiæ of the case, we

have pleasure in recording, that the last words of the original narrative on this point are, 'time only caused Martin to change his sentiments.' The court of Toulouse, also, took into consideration the question, whether Bertrande de Rols was or was not an accomplice of Arnaud du Tilh, and decided unanimously in favour of her innocence.

The communications of Martin Guerre to Arnaud du Tilh have been alluded to as the chief source of the latter's ability to accomplish his imposture. Du Tilh spent two years in the other's company in the military service, and was his intimate friend and confidant. On returning from the wars alone, he was mistaken for Martin Guerre by several acquaintances of that person, and this first suggested to him the idea of establishing himself comfortably in life by personating Martin Guerre, and becoming master of his property. Before attempting this, however, he secretly made himself acquainted with every possible particular relative to the family and history of the man whose name he was about to assume. This step over, he boldly presented himself, and the issue was as we have seen. All these things Arnaud du Tilh confessed, after being sentenced to death for his crime. Previous to execution, he was doomed to walk through the street of Artigues with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand. As he performed this part of his sentence, having latterly become penitent, he besought pardon of Martin Guerre and his wife, the persons whom he had most injured. In front of their house he was hanged—a retributive compliment of the law which they would most probably have been willing to dispense with. September 1560 was the date of this execution.

A SEAMAN'S TALE.

LISTENING one evening to the conversation of the seamen during a passage made from Portsmouth to New York in the *Juliana*, in 1775, I heard them telling one another what were the respective causes which had sent them to sea. One of them, a very good-looking, well-mannered, and neatly-dressed young man, on being asked what had made a sailor of him, replied smilingly: 'Upon my word, it was a little *stumble* over a *stone*.' No further queries were put to him at the time, but my curiosity was so much excited by the young seaman's words, as well as by the superior cast of his looks and deportment, that I took an early opportunity to enter into conversation with him, and to ask him the particulars of his story. He told me as follows:—

My father, sir, is a humble tradesman in a small town in Dorsetshire, near to a seaport of some magnitude, and there was I born and brought up. My father, whose name is Roger Alison, trained me to his own business of a joiner, and I continued at it till nearly eighteen, when an accident changed my whole prospects in life. The street of our town was narrow, and directly opposite to our shop was a little inn, kept by a Mr and Mrs Whitroe, whose only daughter, Sally, was nearly of my own age. We had from an early age entertained a strong partiality for one another; and as Sally had all the drudgery of drawing and serving the beer, it was my great amusement and delight at leisure hours to assist her in her toil. Though a sweet and well-formed girl, she was not strong, and was very grateful to me. In fact, we were declared lovers, as far as anybody could be so at our age. But one day, when Sally required my assistance, I started like a deer from our own door to run across the street, *stumbled, fell in* the mud, and rent my clothes rather

extensively. A great many people were then in th street, and about the doors, and they set up a genera laugh. As I rose, I saw a little smile even on Sally' countenance. There was nothing very cruel in this, as i was plain that I was not hurt. But an exposure of thi kind puts a young fellow sadly to the blush, particularl if he is just at that age when he begins to think himsel a man. I slunk hastily back to our own house, and, lik a great booby, sat brooding and blushing over the acci dent; so much so that, in the heat of my childish vexa tion, I packed up my clothes in a small bundle, and, with out saying a word to any one, set off that night for Pool By morning, I got there, and finding a vessel on the poin of sailing for the Newfoundland fishery, offered mysel without wages, and was accepted. On the second morning I was far out of sight of my native Dorsetshire.

After seeing the fishing over for the season, feeling disinclination still to return to England, I got a passag to Marble-head, on the North American coasts, and then entered myself in a new vessel for a Levant voyage. began to like the life of a seaman, and during this secon voyage applied myself, with the help of the mate, to th study of navigation, in which I became a considerabl proficient. On returning to Marble-head from th Levant, I was paid my wages, which I laid out in book to complete me in navigation, and on clothes as well a other necessaries. My third voyage was to the Wes Indies; and when it was over, I entered on others fro the same port, for the space of about three years in all During this time, the people with whom I came in con tact about the port had adopted the notion that I was a la of good family and breeding, which my decent style o dressing when on shore, and also my good behaviour, ha probably originated. I was admitted to the acquaintanc of various respectable families of the place, and parti cularly that of Mr Reade, an extensive and rather wealth *trader*. This gentleman became my warm friend, an *gave me* the charge of rigging a new vessel of his tha *was soon* to be launched, and of which I was to be chie

mate. Mr Reade had three daughters, to whose society I was also freely admitted. Of these girls, Miss Ruth Reade was my favourite; but I never presumed to think of her as a match for one like me. Yet, when I brought presents from my trips, I was sure, almost unconsciously, always to make Ruth's the best.

One day, Mr Reade said to me: 'Suppose I were to make you captain of the new brig, do you think, William, you have experience enough to manage her?' I answered: 'I have impudence enough to try, if you will trust me with her.' 'Well,' returned he, 'come to my house this evening; the girls want to see you, and then we can talk about it.' It for the first time struck me, from Mr Reade's manner on this occasion, that he had a thought of connecting me with his family, as well as with his vessel. I was punctual in my visit at night, and my suspicion was confirmed, on finding that the family contrived to leave me alone for a time with Ruth. I grew greatly agitated at the moment, and told the young lady that I felt suddenly unwell. She expressed great concern, and I took my leave, and went home to reflect on my situation.

A connection with such a family as Mr Reade's was beyond my most sanguine hopes as regarded my settlement in life, and the idea of being loved by the young and beautiful Ruth was so flattering, that at first I felt resolved to take advantage of the prize which fortune seemed to hold out to me. But as I lay that night on my solitary bed, the image of my poor Sally, my own dear Sally, rose uppermost in my mind. The recollection of all our fondness for each other, from our very cradles, came fresh upon my memory, and with her remembrance came also that of my poor parents, weeping for their only child, who had cruelly left them ignorant hitherto of his fate. I arose from my bed next morning in some measure a changed being, resolute to go without delay to England, and also to let the Reades know, if it proved necessary, that, for the sake of Sally Whitroe, I would *go a disengaged man*, ready to give her my hand, if I found *that she loved* me still, as I did her. When I saw Mr

Reade, I told him of my determination about my parents, and he commended it; but it was when I went to his house, and was again left alone with Ruth, that my trial came. I sat for some time silent, and the tears came to my eyes. Ruth also was silent, and her eye was also tearful. 'Will you go then?' she said at length in a soft voice. Still I could not find words to tell what I was resolved at heart to do. I only took her hand, and put it to my lips. 'Suppose, William,' said she, 'you should write to your parents, and invite them to come to you. Tell them your prospects are good; and if they agree to come, my father will give you a vessel to go for them.' I saw now that the longer I delayed to tell the sweet girl the whole truth, the more painful it would finally be. 'Dear Miss Reade,' I said, 'you know but part of my errand to England. I came now—I came resolved to tell you all'—— Here I stopped. 'Oh! William,' cried Ruth hurriedly, 'you could not have an attachment to any one before leaving England? You were so young!' My eyes remained fixed on the ground. 'Oh! then it is so,' she continued, and a new flood of tears from her eyes threw me into the greatest distress. 'Tell me all,' she said after a time; 'let me be your confidante at least.'

I then told her my whole history, and ended by saying: 'Forgive me, dear Ruth, if, on examining my heart, I find that one I loved long ago still occupies the first place there.' 'I have nothing to forgive, William,' she replied; 'I had hoped that it was otherwise, for you are the first and only object on whom my own affections have been placed.' But I esteem you the more for your constancy, and approve of what you propose to do.' We parted, and I promised, at her anxious request, to write immediately on reaching England.

Not many months afterwards, I found myself in Dorsetshire, and entering, with a beating heart, my *native* town. I had taken a postchaise for the last part *of* my journey, and was very well dressed, so that I was not surprised that the landlord of the inn did not *know* me, although but four years had elapsed since my

departure. I was at the time of life, too, when a year or two make a great change. It was with a most anxious and trembling heart that I asked if Roger Alison was alive. 'Oh yes,' said the landlord quickly; 'do you bring any news of his son Billy? The poor old soul is almost killed with fear and anxiety about him.' 'I have seen the young man you speak of, I believe,' said I. 'Oh then,' cried the landlord, 'I must go instantly and tell old Roger.' I cried, 'Stop!' from a mixture of feelings, but the friendly landlord was off. The way between the inn and my father's house was short. I ran to the window, and gazed in the direction. In a few minutes I saw my good father hurrying towards me as fast as his limbs could carry him. He did not know me. 'Oh, sir, you have seen my son! Where is my poor boy?' 'Father! do you not know me?' We sank into each other's arms, and had scarcely parted from that embrace, when my mother also entered the room. My father had entreated and desired her to stay at home, till he brought her the tidings which might have come, but she could not remain, and now made her way into the room, exclaiming: 'I must see the gentleman who has seen my son.' I stepped forward, crying: 'My dearest mother!' and she immediately fainted away.

Soon after, escorted by all the neighbours, who had gathered about the inn door, I again re-entered the house where I was born. Hitherto, not a word had escaped my lips about Sally, but as soon as I was alone with my father and mother, I asked for their opposite neighbours. My father answered that Mr and Mrs Whitroe had that day gone to a little distance from the town on a visit. Sally was not mentioned, but there was an expression in the countenances of my parents which went to my very heart. They told me no more, till, being able to bear suspense no longer, I asked for Sally. 'Oh! William,' exclaimed my mother, 'have you then heard nothing of that poor lost girl?' 'Lost!' I cried, starting to my feet; '*lost!*—how? where?—tell me at once—*put me out of suspense!*' 'Be calm, my dear William,' said

my father; 'your mother has spoken rashly. Sit down, and I will tell you the whole.'

My father now began thus:—'From that hour when you left us, my son, Sally Whitroe was inconsolable. She took to her bed, and refused all nourishment, or at least would not take enough to sustain life in any one. I need scarcely say, William, that both her parents and your mother and I had seen how much you were attached to each other, and often had we rejoiced in private over the hope of seeing you united. Her father and myself had each been left with some little patrimonies, and we had added to its amount; and the thought that you, our only children would enjoy our means when we were gone, was very pleasing to us. We were not surprised at the effect of your departure on Sally, but her condition was very alarming to her parents. At length, when our inquiries were so far successful as to reveal to us that you had gone from Poole to the Newfoundland fishing, the tidings were communicated to Sally. She started from her bed. "Oh! thank God," she said, "is my dear William heard of at last?" I assured her that such was the case, and that you would surely come back when the fishing ended, or at least write to us. [How my heart smote me for my cruelty as my father said this!] Sally recovered rapidly after this period, and was soon able to go about; but there was still a painful degree of anxiety about her looks and manner. Her parents thought they would please her and do her good by giving up the business which they pursued, and which brought her into too much stir and noise. "Can you do this without losing money and hurting your interests?" was the good girl's question to her father. "We can, Sally," said he, "and I have often thought of it before." "Then," replied Sally, "it will gratify me much. I wish to have a little leisure to improve myself, and acquire a few accomplishments, for I know well that William will be improving himself *where*ever he is, and I would make myself worthy of him —*if* indeed he ever come back to me."

'*In* truth, my dear son, all the poor girl's thoughts were

still about you. Her parents commenced the linen-draper business, and Sally devoted herself to the cultivation of her mind, and the acquisition of many little female accomplishments. Every day she came and sat for an hour with your mother and me, talking about you, and you only. At last she heard of a young lady, of respectable family, who was going to France to complete her education at a convent. Sally expressed a strong wish to accompany her, and Mr Whitroe was prevailed upon to agree to her wish. Within six months after you left us, she and her companion set out for Monteville, in Normandy, and they were accompanied thither by Mrs Whitroe and by your mother, who thought the journey would do her health good. Sally's last parting words to your mother were, to send the intelligence of your arrival to her immediately, or whatever tidings might come from you.

'Great was our disappointment, my dear William, when the captain of the Newfoundland fishing-vessel, on being inquired at, told us that you had left him, and gone to Virginia. We dared not tell the truth to Sally, but wrote to her that you had written to say that you were going to stay abroad some time longer for self-improvement. We, moreover, said that you had sent kind messages to her, and that your wish was to make yourself deserving of *her*. This deception we had to repeat during the two years that she was away. At the end of that time she returned, bringing with her a Miss Simon, a young lady of Plymouth, who had been her friend abroad. Alas! Sally was not long, as we had feared, in asking us to permit her to read the letters of her "dear William." The question afflicted us so much, that it was vain to think of longer concealing the truth. "I feared this," said Sally with tears; but after a time she comforted us, saying: "I am assured we shall yet see him again."

'Sally had improved herself so much, that she was regarded as a most accomplished girl, and people in the neighbourhood, who had never noticed her before, were *now happy to have* her in their circle. A young clergy-

man proposed for her, but, my dear William, Sally told him "her heart was with you;" and when he said you were probably dead, she replied, that "her affections, then, were with you in the grave." After the departure of her friend, Miss Simon, she spent her whole time in some quiet employments, till she received a summons to go to Plymouth, according to a promise made, and be her friend's bridemaid, on her union with Captain Toulcher, an officer in the army. She went to Plymouth accordingly, but she did not return. In place of herself there came a letter from her to her parents, announcing that Captain Toulcher had received a company in a regiment then serving in North America; that Mrs Toulcher was going with him, and that she had resolved to accompany them, for she was sure that she would find you in that country, and be the happy means of restoring you to your parents. Mr and Mrs Whitroe were at first greatly distressed, but they could not remedy the matter, as Sally had sailed immediately on writing. Her father, therefore, sent after her a letter of credit on certain merchants in New York. We have not yet heard from her, as all this happened but a short time back.'

My father here closed his narration. I was so deeply impressed with Sally's constancy, that I was for starting immediately in pursuit of her. But a little reflection made me more patient. Besides, Mr and Mrs Whitroe came to me, and treated me like a beloved son. At the entreaties of all, I agreed to stay till a letter came from Sally. The interval I employed in writing to Miss Reade, telling her the whole story, and engaging her to find out and be kind to my Sally. When the latter at length wrote, announcing her arrival in New York, I again bade adieu to my parents and friends. Thinking it dishonourable in an English seaman to be an idle spectator in an English ship, I engaged with the captain of this vessel to work my passage out, and here I am on my way to New York.

I was delighted with the spirited handsome fellow, who *thus* told me his story, and I thought to myself, that it was

no wonder two fine girls should have loved him so. In America, I afterwards learned, he found and married his constant Sally. As for Ruth Reade, a creature so kind-hearted as she could not but be happy in life, though her first affections were not rewarded as they deserved.

[The above story is transcribed, with only some alterations in language, from a manuscript volume, written by a gentleman who was engaged as a British officer in the American war of independence.]

ADVENTURE OF A CANADIAN TRADER.

In the month of November 1771, David Ramsay, a merchant who had emigrated from Scotland to the Canadas, and had devoted himself to the employment of trading with the Indians, set out on one of his customary expeditions, for the prosecution of this profitable but precarious traffic. Accompanied only by a younger brother newly come from the mother-country, a lad of about sixteen years old, Ramsay launched his small boat, laden with a variety of Indian goods, upon Lake Erie, along which he coasted until he reached the mouth of a river which falls into it, at a distance of 150 miles from Fort Erie. He ascended this stream a considerable way, before fixing on a spot to winter in, according to his usual custom on such occasions. The place he ultimately selected was in the bounds of a well-frequented hunting-ground, where he thought he would be in the way to make exchanges with the Indians for their furs and skins. Near to this spot was the residence of a single Pawnee family, consisting of one man, with his two squaws and two children. From these people Ramsay met with an amicable reception, and immediately began to build a *loghouse for the* shelter of himself and his brother, *with their goods.* With great labour he succeeded in

constructing a strong hut of piled logs, the interior of which he divided into two rooms, the innermost intended for holding the goods, and for sleeping in. A strong partition, with a low door in it, separated the two apartments, and gave a promise of security to the persons and property of the inmates.

It was late in December ere Ramsay completed his task, and the river on whose banks he had fixed his location was firmly frozen up for the season. Just at this time, three Indians of the Chippeway nation came to the place, and built a hut near to that of the trader, as a residence for themselves during the winter hunt. Ramsay soon saw reason to fear both these men and his Pawnee neighbours. They were not at the pains, indeed, to conceal their mischievous feelings towards him; and as it was impossible for him to alter his position till the spring again opened up the navigation, he found it necessary to adopt a conciliatory, or rather submissive, system with them, as he was but too much at their mercy. He was obliged to give them rum when they demanded it, and to credit them with whatever goods they chose to ask. All this did not satisfy them, and they gave him open hints of their inclination to treat him as the St Dusky Indians had recently treated another Englishman, who had 'made private property of his goods,' and had been put to death in consequence.

Ramsay became convinced that he and his poor brother must fall a sacrifice to these savages, and a circumstance occurred in January which only strengthened this conviction. Two Indian youths arrived at the hut of the Pawnee, on their way from Detroit to Niagara, and about the neck of one of them hung a broad belt of wampum, eight or nine inches long, which the trader knew to be the emblem—the fiery cross—of Indian war. The Indians noticed his attention to the belt, and laughingly told him that it was the belt of *peace;* a remark which confirmed *him in his* suspicion, that a general war with the whites *was in* agitation, on the plea of which the savages were *sure to fall* on him at once. He accordingly became still

more on his guard, kept his muskets always loaded, and fixed a sharp strong iron spear to a pole, by way of a defensive weapon. The return of the Pawnee from escorting the two youths on a part of their way to Niagara, brought on the crisis which the trader had apprehended. The three Chippeways and the Pawnee approached his hut with all the formalities of Indian warfare, and commanded him to deliver up to them blankets, ammunition, and rum. Ramsay, a man of intrepid heart and powerful frame, answered them from his little castle with a direct and firm refusal; adding, that they had already got from him much more than they would ever pay, or ever intended to pay. 'War will come with the leaves of spring,' cried one of the savages scornfully, 'and then will you be sufficiently paid.' However, the resistance of Ramsay seemed to be unexpected by them. Uttering conjointly one of their frightful yells, they retired to some distance to consult together. They did not venture on further measures, either then or afterwards, but advanced day after day in the same manner, pouring forth the most violent threats, and using every means to intimidate Ramsay into submission. The dauntless trader gave them ever the same firm reply.

Some time in February, one of the Chippeways, to whom Ramsay had done some favour formerly, came privately to him, and said that the Chippeways were going away, and that he could not leave the place without informing the trader, that the Pawnee and his squaws were resolved to take his life and goods. Ramsay at first thought there was some *finesse* here; but the three Chippeways did go away, and came back no more. After this time, the Pawnee squaws approached almost daily to his hut, with cords round their waists, and tomahawks stuck in them, as if to take a prisoner. These seem to have been merely menaces. About the middle of March, when the moon was nearly full, one of the squaws came to Ramsay, and begged for a cup of rum, declaring that two of *the family* were ill. He gave her a small cupful. *On the same night*, about twelve o'clock, one of the

children came to the hut, and by the like entreaties moved the trader to give away a similar quantity a second time. Expecting to be troubled no more, Ramsay composed himself to rest, but was again aroused by the voices of the two Pawnee children, beseeching for admittance. One of these children was a girl nearly twelve years old, and the other a boy of lesser age. On asking the girl why she made the request, she said that the Pawnee was threatening to kill and eat her brother, and *he never broke his word!* Ramsay knew not what to think of this; but he considered internally that the children could scarcely do him any harm, and permitted them to come into the inner room, where they lay down on the floor to sleep.

Even under these precarious circumstances the trader fell asleep. He was awakened, about two in the morning, by repeated strokes on the partition-door, and springing up, saw through the chinks of the logs that a blazing fire had been kindled in the outer apartment, beside which stood the two squaws, while the Pawnee was planted before the partition-door, striking at it with an axe, with all his might. Ramsay called to him to desist instantly, otherwise he would fire upon him. The savage paid no attention, but, with a powerful blow, split open the greater part of the door. Seizing the spear-headed pole, Ramsay made a thrust at the other's breast through the aperture. The lunge had not force enough to hurt the Pawnee, who, with another heavy blow, broke open the door altogether. The trader saw that the next fall of the axe would be upon his own head, and there being now nothing between them, he drove the spear into the breast of the Indian with such force, that the effort brought him down upon the floor of the outer apartment, above the body of his mortally wounded foe. Before he could recover his feet, he received a violent stroke from one of the squaws with a heavy stick or bar of wood. Had it alighted on his *head*, it would have stunned him fatally, but it struck his *shoulder*; and ere the blow could be repeated, he had *regained* his weapon, and dealt his assailant a thrust, which

brought her to the ground. Turning round, he had just time to avoid by a spring the long glittering knife which the other squaw had raised to plunge into his unprotected back. A third time he made a lunge with the deadly spear, and his third assailant fell on the floor beside the others. The almost entire nakedness of their bodies, and the thick coarse nature of the weapon, rendered the strokes, which were in the chest, most fatal. They all died within a short time after the infliction of their wounds, which had itself been the work of a few seconds.

The bright moonlight looked in on a bloody scene that night in the little hut of the wilds. Ramsay, who had acted under the momentary and pressing impulse of self-defence in every successive stroke he gave, looked on the three bleeding bodies for a time in a sort of stupor. When the groans of the dying ceased, the only sounds that broke on the stillness of the scene were the weeping voices of the Indian children. A remembrance of the necessity for removing all evidences of the catastrophe before any other Indians could possibly come to the spot, aroused the trader from his trance. Before daylight, he had dug a pit, and interred the three bodies. A heavy snow then falling, hid all marks of blood and other traces out of doors, while those inside the hut were removed by other means. In the course of the succeeding day, Ramsay dismantled the Pawnee hut, and conveyed its mats, &c., across the ice to a retired valley, where he set to work, and raised a new hut of small size, for the reception of his brother and the Indian children. His chief motive for this, was to insure his brother's safety, and we may also suppose that he was unwilling to give any Indian visitors an opportunity of examining the children. When he left the new hut, he charged his brother, if he heard the report of firearms from the other loghouse, to quit the place, and make the best of his way to the white settlements.

No human being, however, came near Ramsay, and on the *4th of April* the ice began to break up. With all *possible speed,* the trader hauled his boat to the river,

and having embarked his goods, began to descend towards Lake Erie, with his brother and the young Indians. The latter he could not think of deserting, and he reflected, moreover, that they might be useful as witnesses in justifying him before the colonial tribunals. Lake Erie was full of ice, and the course of the little party, after their entrance on it, was perilous and painful. On the 17th of April, Ramsay saw a canoe with two Indians. Believing war to have begun between the whites and Red Men, he prepared for an attack, but on their approach he recognised one of the men to be a Chippeway with whom he had passed a winter formerly. On being spoken to, this Indian said that he was hunting along the shore with his companion, and that no others were with them. They said that 'they would visit him when he got ashore.' After parting with them, the trader spoke to the girl. 'Do you wish to see the *ground red* again?' said he. 'I have seen enough of blood,' replied the young Indian. Encouraged by her answer, Ramsay requested her to say nothing of the past catastrophe, and she promised to do so. Next day the trader effected a landing, and constructed a rude temporary hut or tent, as the ice was too heavy on the lake to permit him yet to proceed with prudence towards Fort Erie. His brother and the two children were out collecting wood for fuel, when four Chippeway men, with two squaws and several young children, landed from two canoes, and made for the hut. The appearance of two additional men, contrary to what those in the boat had told him, confirmed Ramsay in the belief that *war* had been begun. He concealed a knife in his belt as they approached, and threw on his blanket-coat to hide it. When the party came up, they unceremoniously helped themselves to the contents of a pot which was on the fire, and asked for rum. Ramsay said he never drew rum himself, but when his companion came with the children from the woods, he would give them some. When his brother did come with the children, he could *not* avoid giving them the rum. The Indians asked to *whom* the two children belonged. The bold trader's

heart beat quick at the question. He answered that they were the children of a white man and an Indian mother. 'Girl,' said one of the men, 'are you the child of a white man?' The girl, whether from revengeful feelings, or from mere want of guile, at once replied: 'No!'

Ramsay heard in this word the knell of fate to himself and his brother. Resolving instantaneously to make an appeal to the justice of the Indians, he sprang to his feet, drew his knife, and struck a tree by his side with it, uttering at the same time one of those prefatory cries or yells by which the Red orators invoke attention to their harangues. 'You know me,' he began, addressing one of the Chippeways, and using the Indian style of discourse, as well as their language; 'I have lived with you. I have been by your side in the hunt, and have slept with you by the hearth. Did I ever harm you, or any of the Red sons of my Great Father?' The Chippeway filled up the pause with a 'No.' 'I came peacefully and confidingly among the Indians to buy from them their furs, and to give them blankets in exchange, that the snows might not chill them and their squaws. I came to give them powder, that they might have plenty of venison in their lodges. I came to give them everything that could render their lives comfortable. Do I speak a lie?' In the same manner as formerly, the Chippeway replied in the negative, and Ramsay went on to disclose the whole truth respecting the death of the Pawnees, describing the gifts he had made them, their ingratitude, and the assault they had finally perpetrated by night, with all its consequences. At intervals in his speech, the trader appealed in their own fashion to his hearers, saying: 'Are you angry?' The Chippeways uniformly responded: 'No;' and when the story was told, they applauded Ramsay's conduct. 'You are brave,' said they; 'you have done right. The Pawnees are wicked men—they are dogs!'

Notwithstanding these expressions, Ramsay, being persuaded that war had been declared, still thought that the Chippeways could not be friendly to him, whatever *they might think* of his behaviour to the Pawnees. He

therefore resolved to embark immediately on the la
preferring that course, although the sun had now nea
set, to the risk of passing a night with the Chippewa
As he was preparing to enter the boat, he missed
two children, and asked the squaws where they we
'They are gone to the woods,' was the answer. T
trader sent his brother to look for them, and in the me
time he himself stood leaning on his fusee, keeping
careful look about him. The four Chippeways came
to him at this moment, and entered into familiar conv
sation with him; but when he turned his eye for
instant in the direction where he looked for his broth
the Indians rushed upon him simultaneously, disarm
him, and pinioned his arms above the elbow. They th
led him back to the fire, and one of them struck him
violent blow in the face, which caused a severe bleed
from the nose and mouth, and made him indeed beli
his jaw to be broken. He spoke not a word, but
with downcast eyes till he heard the moanings of
brother, who on his return had also been seized
bound. The love of an elder brother for a younger
is a pure and beautiful feeling. The boy was to Ram
a memorial of home, a sacred deposit committed to
charge by a tender mother. He exclaimed: 'You
men! do not hurt a harmless boy. I am your capti
Dispose of me as you will, but do not injure the b
The Indians made no reply, but placed the lad on
opposite side of the fire from his brother, and across
flickering light the two looked their last farewells,
they then thought, to each other.

The sun had by this time set. The Indians demand
rum from Ramsay, and the boy was temporarily unbou
in order to get it from the boat. Two of the savag
went with him, and brought back a small kettleful, whi
they began to drink immediately. The other two India
however, would not taste it, but compelled Ramsay,
pain of instant death, to drink as much as the othe
Meanwhile, one of the squaws patrolled round the pa
with a watchful eye, while the other woman freque

told the trader to 'pray, for his hours were few.' The men, too, entertained him with the repeated announcement, that he would be burned to-morrow on the fire before him. In this manner passed the time, till the kettle, which held little less than half a gallon, was emptied by the two Indians and Ramsay. The savages again requested to have it filled, and the boy went a second time to the boat. He did not bring it quite full, and when the angry Indians demanded the cause, the trader said the boy did not understand the Indian tongue well, but if they would let him give the lad directions in his native speech, he would fill it up. The Indians assented, and Ramsay, aware that they knew some English, cried to his brother: 'Fill it full, and *slip a gully into ilka ane o' your hose when ye're there!*' The boy understood well; but while he was looking for the knives, the patrolling squaw, who had followed and watched him, exclaimed in screaming tones: 'Kill your prisoner! The boy is searching for weapons!' Two knives were instantly raised for execution, when Ramsay cried: 'The squaw is mistaken. Let me call the boy, and you may search him.' He then loudly called to his brother, telling him again in Scotch to leave the knives, or 'gullies.' Happily, the boy could not find them, and this danger passed by. The same two Indians began to the second kettle, and became deeply intoxicated. With brandished knives, they compelled Ramsay to take cup for cup with them. In spite of the danger of his situation, the liquor took its effect upon him, and about twelve o'clock, as he thought, he fell asleep.

In after-life he had never any recollection of the dreadful scene that attended his awakening. The younger Ramsay, who could not sleep, related that the two sober Indians sat apart in consultation for some time after David seemed to fall into a slumber. At length one of them moved stealthily across to Ramsay, and the boy saw the knife raised, ready for the stab, in the Indian's hand. *But the assassin seemed to have stumbled on the foot of Ramsay*, or otherwise disturbed him, for the boy

saw his brother make a rapid clutch with his hand, and seize the arm or hand of the Indian in which the knife was. The struggle between them had not lasted a moment, when the boy, by one powerful effort, slipped his arms from the cords with which the drunken men had bound them, and darting to the side of the other sober Indian, who was intent only on watching for Ramsay's death-groan, snatched the knife from his hand. The boy was in another instant at the side of his brother, and had divided his bonds. Ramsay, as we have said, was a powerful man. He had now the additional strength of madness; for desperation, the sudden awakening, and the wild draughts of liquor he had taken, made him little else than a maniac. He wrested the knife from the Indian the instant his arms were free, wounded him, and would have killed him on the spot had not the man fled. Ramsay, without the delay of a second, flew upon the other sober Indian ere he could get a new weapon, and passed the knife into his heart. The noise by this time had awakened the intoxicated men. Ramsay bounded upon them like a wild beast, and struck them down one after another, ere they could gather their faculties or think of resistance. The awful state of excitement in which the trader's mind was, may be guessed from the fact, that he killed one of the children also. The squaws fled from the spot with the others. Incapable of thought himself, Ramsay was led hurriedly to the boat by his brother. But the tale of blood was not yet complete. The first Indian, having returned and possessed himself of a knife, followed the trader to the boat. A struggle took place on the edge of the water, which was there knee-deep. Both men fell into it, and from that grapple the Indian never rose. His blood dyed the waters of his native Erie.

The brothers reached Fort Erie on the 4th of May, after a most painful passage, for they never again approached the shore. Ramsay immediately told his story to the officers of the fort, and delivered himself up into their hands. He was soon after sent with his brother

to Niagara, to be examined in presence of a Chippeway chief, and several principal warriors of the nation. The 'patrolling' squaw and the Pawnee girl were present. The result was an acquittal by the Chippeway warriors. But, as colonial justice demanded a more regular trial, Ramsay was sent to Montreal, where he suffered an imprisonment of several months. He was finally liberated and assoilzied, no accuser appearing against him.

The scene of these bloody incidents is no longer the habitation of Red Men. Chippeway and Pawnee hunt the moose no more on the shores of Lake Erie.

[We derive the foregoing from the same manuscript volume to which we were indebted for *A Seaman's Tale.*]

LAW, THE PROJECTOR.

Now and then, in the common course of events, we find obscure men, but of enlarged conceptions, bringing themselves into notice by the mightiness of their projects, and if not attaining a high degree of honour, at least gaining no small share of permanent notoriety. John Law, who flourished at the beginning of last century, was one of these extraordinary individuals.

Law, who was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, was distinguished in youth for his power of arithmetical calculation, but this might not have been of consequence in advancing his fortunes, but for an accidental circumstance. Having killed a person in a duel, he fled from Britain to France, a country much more congenial to his habits. He afterwards returned to his native country, but finding no opening for his schemes, he went back to Paris, which henceforth became the scene of his exploits. Law's genius took the direction of financiering. He had notions about national credit and paper-money of the most extravagant kind. There was nothing in the way

of national aggrandisement that a well-managed apparatus of paper issue could not accomplish. With these ideas in his head, he contrived, after a few years' delay, to gain the favour of the Duke of Orleans, at the time regent of France, and by that personage was permitted to set up a joint-stock bank in Paris, in May 1716. This concern was prosperous, and increased his credit as a projector. It soon appeared that the bank was but the first of a series of gigantic financial and commercial undertakings, such as had never before entered into the conception of any human being. Unquestionably, the consent of the regent to the progressive development of these plans was founded on the belief, instilled into his mind by Law, that the government of France might be freed through them of the enormous load of debt then pressing upon it, and which absorbed one-half of the national revenues for the mere payment of interest.

Ample proof of the complete understanding between the regent and Law, is presented in the history of the great project which the latter set on foot, with the duke's approval, in the year following the commencement of the bank. He had long entertained the notion, that a rich field for commercial enterprise was to be found in the yet uncolonised and but partially explored regions on the banks of the Mississippi, and particularly in the district of Louisiana, which, having been visited and so named by a French voyager, was held upon that footing to belong to France. An impression prevailed that this country was full of magnificent mines, and rich in all respects beyond description. Law, accordingly, persuaded the regent to establish a great company for the purpose of trading to this part of the world, and to give numerous privileges to the body, along with the sovereignty of Louisiana, under certain conditions preservative of the king's nominal superiority. This was the too famous Mississippi Scheme. The funds of the West Indian Company, as it was called, were to consist of a capital of 100,000,000 livres, to be raised in shares of 500 livres each. And now the company repaid in part their obligations to the regent, by

taking the subscriptions in government paper, or *billets d'etat*, which, on account of the miserable way in which the interest was paid by the state, bore in the market at that time scarcely a fourth of their ostensible value. The consequence was, that the depreciated government paper rose to full credit with the people, who from that moment began to place implicit confidence in Law, and to thirst universally for a share in his wonderful projects, and the profits which promised to follow from them. But before the eagerness for participating in his speculations rose to its full extent, he had incorporated with the Mississippi Scheme others of even tenfold magnitude. He prevailed on the government to take his bank into its own hands, and became director-general of the establishment, under its new form of the Royal Bank. This appears to have been effected chiefly for the purpose of having the state's guarantee for an enormous issue of paper-money, amounting to 1,000,000,000 livres. In December 1718, and in May 1719, our projector got a further transfer of the charter and privileges, first of the Senegal Company, and then of the China and India Companies; out of which, in conjunction with the West Indian Company, a great 'Company of the Indies' was formed, with the exclusive right of trading to the 'four quarters of the world.' Existing claims were of course paid by the new body. In the course of 1719, the public revenues, also, which were usually called *farms*, and had been long in the hands of contractors or farmers-general, were transferred to the management of the Company of the Indies. The company, on their part, took upon themselves vast obligations, and one, among others, to lend the king or government the enormous sum of 15,000 millions of livres. Separate funds were raised in succession for all the company's purposes, in the shape of actions or shares, amounting to 600,000 in all, of which 200,000 were at the rate of 500 livres each; 50,000 at 550 livres; 50,000 at 1000 livres; and 300,000 at 5000 livres. To pay the *interest of this* enormous total, the company, it was said, *had an annual* income of above 80,000,000 livres, and

they at least boldly declared themselves able to pay an annual dividend of 200 livres a share.

This great company, supported by the whole credit of government, engrossing such immense sources of revenue, and possessed of such extensive property, became gradually the object of the most absorbing interest to all France. The ample profits which it seemed to promise, excited the cupidity of the people to an extraordinary extent, and a system of trafficking in shares commenced, which has no parallel in the annals of speculation or stock-jobbing. The rage for shares actually raised them to more than sixty times their original value, judging of that value by the former price of the *billets d'etat*, or purchase-money, in the market. Almost all the original proprietors made splendid fortunes at the very outset, and the knowledge of this led to the wildest bidding on each new creation of shares. Clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen, princes, and even females of every class, were alike seized with the stock-jobbing frenzy. The negotiations for the sale and purchase of shares were at first carried on in the Rue Quinquempoix, which was besieged by such crowds, that houses, rented at 800 livres a year, actually yielded from 6000 to 16,000 livres a month. The eagerness of the speculators to commit bargains to writing was such, that a hump-backed man made 150,000 livres in a few days, by letting out his hump as a writing-desk. A murder, which took place in the Rue Quinquempoix, caused the paper traffic to be transferred to the Place Vendome. 'The superb hotels of which that magnificent square (or rather octogon) consisted, not being calculated for the establishment of offices for transacting business, a number of tents were for that purpose pitched in the area. Of these, some served for the accommodation of the stock-jobbers, others were destined for places of refreshment, and a third set was occupied by gamesters playing at quadrille, and drawing lotteries of jewels. All the world flocked to this spot, ladies of the highest quality delighted to walk there of an evening, and the concourse was so great, that the

famous fair of Beaucaire appeared a desert in comparison. The business was productive of so much noise and disturbance, that the chancellor complained he was prevented from attending to the causes in the Chancery, which is situated in the Place Vendome. Mr Law then agreed with the Prince of Carignan for the purchase of the Hôtel de Soissons, at the enormous price, as is said, of 1,400,000 livres; and in the gardens belonging to that edifice, about 600 pavilions, each rated at 500 livres a month, were disposed in regular order, beautifully interspersed with trees and fountains. To oblige the brokers to make use of them, an ordonnance was issued, prohibiting, under severe penalties, any bargain for stock to be concluded, except in one of these pavilions. Mr Law,' continues his biographer, 'now blazed a meteor of unequalled splendour, having arrived at a pitch of power and consequence that required a strength of intellect almost supernatural to be able to support it undazzled. He saw himself perpetually followed by, and his levee constantly crowded with, princes, dukes, and peers, maréchals and prelates, who all humbled themselves before his shrine with the utmost submission, while he treated them at times in a style of consummate haughtiness. The Baron de Pollnitz observes in his memoirs, that he has seen dukes and peers of France waiting in Mr Law's ante-chambers like the meanest subjects, and that, at last, there was no getting near him without feeing the Swiss porters for entrance at the gate, the lackeys for admittance into the ante-chamber, and the valets for the privilege of access to his presence-chamber or closet.'

The influence and authority of Law were rendered still more extensive by his appointment, on the 5th of January 1720, to the office of comptroller-general of the French finances, preparatorily to which he had formally adopted the Catholic faith. In plain language, he became prime minister of the country. By this time, his operations began to be a subject of alarm to the British government, who began to court his favour in various underhand ways. There is evidence that the Prince

of Wales himself sent over a confidential person, to secure for him a share in the profits of the great stock-jobbing affair. The British ministry are also said to have offered, in order to propitiate Law, to bring his wife's brother, commonly called the Earl of Banbury, into the House of Lords, from which a charge of illegitimacy, brought against his father, the third earl, had hitherto excluded him. Lady Catherine Law shared largely in the adulation lavished on her husband during his hour of success, and is reported to have shewn much insolence to ladies of rank, speaking usually of duchesses as 'the most tiresome animals in the world.' Her children, a son and a daughter, might have been married into the first families in Europe; and the father, in his adversity, assumed some merit to himself for not permitting this to take place. Miss Law's hand was sought by the Prince of Tarente, and other suitors of scarcely inferior rank.

All this splendour was doomed speedily to disappear. A constant drain of the specie of the kingdom had been going on since the commencement of the speculating mania. Those who had made large fortunes in paper, secured themselves by converting their wealth into gold and silver, which they either hoarded up, or sent out of the kingdom. Many of the same parties, also, filled their houses with such prodigious quantities of plate, as must have tended materially to reduce the amount of the metallic currency. The fabrication of notes, meanwhile, was proceeding at an enormous rate, upwards of 2000 millions of livres being struck off between December 1719 and May 1720. Thus the stability of the system, and the prosperity, in truth, of the country, came to depend on the maintenance of the paper credit, which the comptroller-general endeavoured to secure by a succession of arbitrary edicts, one of which declared the bank-notes to be legally current at five per cent. above the specie. But in spite of all his endeavours, he and his plans began to lose credit with the French regent, chiefly through the secret influence of persons envious of the successful adventurer. *His* proceedings were represented as particularly detri-

mental, on account of the disparity of value which they created between the paper and metallic currencies. By such representations, the regent was induced to take a step which at once and for ever ruined the paper credit, and brought the whole gigantic system to the ground, with a crash which may be said to have shaken all Europe. On the 21st of May 1720, an edict was issued, announcing that 'a progressive reduction of the India Company's actions, and of bank-notes, was to take place from that day till the 1st of December, when the bank-notes should remain fixed at *one-half* of their present value, and the actions at four-ninths.' This edict in an instant lifted the film from the eyes of all France. The hands of the people were filled with paper, the value of which they now saw could be utterly annihilated by a word from the mouth of authority. A run commenced upon the bank, which compelled the government to post soldiers around it, to prevent the very edifice from being pulled down by the infuriated applicants. Seditious libels appeared everywhere, attacking the regent for overturning the credit to which he himself had given existence. Alarmed by these proceedings, he hastily summoned the parliament, and revoked the fatal decree six days after its promulgation. Nothing could restore the credit of the paper-money with the public. The bank was shut for a time on various pretences, but as soon as reopened, it was again besieged by such crowds of people, that in one day (the 9th of July) *twenty* persons perished in the streets by suffocation. The mob also surrounded the hotel of Law, and compelled the man whom they had lately idolised, and had saluted in the streets with the *vives* which are seldom given but to royalty, to hide himself for weeks in the houses of friends. On the mind of the projector, the first symptoms of disorder are said to have produced a dreadful impression. Lord Stair describes him as being incapable of sleep, and as subject to such fits of frenzy, as to be found sometimes dancing in his shirt around the chairs of his bedroom, 'seemingly quite out of his wits.' But he struggled hard, by tongue, pen,

and act, to maintain his system, though all his efforts, as well as those of the regent, who deeply regretted the edict of the 21st of May, proved utterly fruitless. From the consequences of the delusion, France did not recover for many years. By the regent's dealings with Law, the national debt had been almost annihilated; but the creditors had been paid in *paper*, and when that became valueless, they were ruined by thousands. The delusion which caused this wide-spread misery presents, on the whole, a valuable lesson, being a striking example of a fallacious theory carried out to its fullest extent, and on the grandest possible scale.

Law resigned all his offices in December 1720, and retired to a country-seat, which he quitted soon afterwards for Brussels, carrying with him only 800 louis-d'ors, the wreck of his once magnificent fortune. This, and other circumstances, prove that there was a degree of disinterestedness in the views of this remarkable man, for which he has not usually received credit from posterity. His latter days were spent in poverty, and he died at Venice in 1729, before he had completed his fifty-eighth year. Several descendants of the Law family are still living in France. One of the projector's grand-nephews arrived at high military and diplomatic distinction in the service of Napoleon and the Bourbons, and died some years ago a marshal and peer of France.

THE TWIN CHIEFS:

A TALE OF THE SABINE.

THE river Sabine is the boundary between the United States and Texas. It empties itself into the Sabine Bay, which opens into the Gulf of Mexico, and is surrounded by low marshy lands, which form an extensive uninhabitable district, the haunt of innumerable flocks of swans, wild geese, ducks, pelicans, cranes, and every species of water-fowl. At the mouth of the bay, as the traveller enters from the gulf, the sides of the river have their bottom covered with mud several feet deep, rendering it dangerous to attempt to land, although it is the only part where any bluff offers a landing-place; it may be accomplished, however, at high-water, in small flat-bottomed skiffs. Here you have an extensive view of swamp, covered with coarse grass and rushes, unbroken by woodland of any description. The tide flows over it, and it would require a coat-of-mail to venture on an investigation of its peculiarities, for the mosquitoes are insufferable; and after in vain attempting to battle them off from your face and hands, you return to your boat covered as thickly as if a swarm of bees had settled on you; nor will you find common cloth garments a sufficient protection against them.

About 100 miles up the river, there is a small Indian village, where the remnants of a large tribe have settled. They date the commencement of their fall from the first arrival of the white man, and will tell you that their race have become degenerate in every respect since that period. They have diminished in their size as well as numbers. They were strong as the hard oak, erect as the cypress, as numerous as the leaves of the forest; now they are weak as women, bent like old age, and few as the stars at summer's twilight. They were a race of

warriors, who set even the Camanchen at defiance, and whose ancestors slept in their graves unmolested; they are no longer fit for war, and the crow follows the white man's ploughshare, croaking with delight as it devours the worms that have fattened on the dead bodies of their forefathers.

Dilka, the chief's wife, had twin sons, who were so equal in their skill, and so equally beloved, that at their father's death it was difficult to determine which should succeed him; nor were they willing to submit to the decision of their tribe, but each declined in favour of his brother. It was therefore decided, that they should act together with equal authority—an arrangement which was rendered highly advantageous from the great number of their people—both in war and peace. Their hunting-grounds extended from the sea-coast to the Rocky Mountains, and the feats of Dilka's sons were whispered by their foes with dread—were sung by the friendly tribes with praise. They were seldom seen apart, unless their duty required it, nor was an angry word ever known to have passed between them: when they practised with the bow together, none would express more delight or warmer eulogies than the defeated brother.

It would be useless for me to make any comment on the perfect symmetry of the form in which nature had moulded these sons of the forest. But it was a sight truly beautiful to see them standing alone beneath some lofty pine, offering up their thoughts to the Great Spirit. One day, when they had descended with a party to fish at the lower part of the river, where the lake was visible, they saw a white object afloat upon its bosom, and long they stood gazing as it increased in size. It was unlike a bird, or anything they had seen before. The blast of surprise was given from the horn of the buffalo, and party after party came hurrying down the river in their canoes, gathering around their chiefs with the spear, the war-club, tomahawk, and bow. A thrilling anxiety filled the bosoms of all, as their attention was drawn to the

object. Not a word was spoken; and as the vessel approached, for it was a schooner, they prepared for an attack, readily perceiving that, although the thing was not alive, there were living beings on it. Overtures of peace were offered by the strangers, who came with glittering presents in their hands. The gaudy display of red and yellow cloth, of blankets, beads, and gilded ornaments, attracted the notice of the less wary, who, with uncontrollable delight, disguised their well-proportioned limbs in useless trumpery, strutting with vain conceit. Hitherto the deer-skin, prepared by themselves, and much better calculated for their pursuits, much more durable too, had sufficed. Their friendly visitors brought them the luxuries of their own country, but they also at the same time brought their vices. The chiefs became friendly with the captain, returned his presents a hundredfold, visited his wigwam of the big waters, displayed their own exploits, and saw with wonder the sailors spring from rope to rope; lost their natural courage at the sound of the fusee, and felt the condescension in one to them possessing the power of a god becoming familiar with them. They tasted their different preparations of food, and cooked for them the buffalo and venison, which they do in a peculiar manner. They likewise tasted the sweet wines and ardent spirits. At first, like children, they refused the draught, but soon they yielded to persuasion and example. They tasted, and their love of it increased with what they took. Next came drunkenness, and all the wild insanity of the maniac. Then followed, as the fatal draught was more eagerly consumed, strange nausea, desperate confusion, and an unmanly cry as the earth seemed receding, whirling, sinking beneath them. At length nature relieved the stomach of its unwholesome burden, and sound senseless sleep came on. How could the wary Indian now protect himself against a foe? The morning came, and with it, as they awoke, a parching thirst, a nervous dread, a cowardice they never yet had felt, a dejected spirit, and a downcast look—a combination, too, of such miseries as make the very heart

shudder within the breast—such as no single one, nor all the natural diseases, if combined, ever could produce. The captain, well accustomed to such feelings, soon gave them relief, by inducing them to take fresh stimulants; thus establishing as a habit, what perhaps would never have of itself returned—a constant desire for intoxicating drinks. In such times as these, the brothers would begin to feel a jealousy if the captain did not bestow his favours and attention equally on them. It was then that selfishness overcame the nobler feelings of the heart. They were induced, not with any ill intent, but to amuse their friends, to try their strength against each other, and a severe trial it was. Two such athletic forms, so equally matched in strength and skill, could not well contend without great danger. A fist-fight between two boys is not likely to prove of a very serious nature, while one blow from the pugilist will readily terminate the life of his opponent; and in this instance, both were severely hurt, without any decision being possible as to their superiority. Formerly, the regret of each would have been that he had hurt the other; now, this feeling was reversed. They struggled against each other as if they had been struggling against a deadly foe. And when at length exhausted, they joined their friends; the glass went round again and again, until the same mad feeling rendered their passions ungovernable. Each boasted of his superiority over the other, and many attempts they made to get together, but were separated by the captain, who tried to reconcile them in vain, until they became helpless from excess.

The vessel left them, having previously disposed of all the wine and spirits they could spare, or rather were willing to part with, together with a fusee, some ammunition, and several trifling things. The greater number of the Indians had been sent up to their head-quarters with the different presents as they were made to them, and the chieftains, after parting with the white men reluctantly, commenced the indulgence of their dissipation. One soon fell from his seat senseless, from taking larger draughts, now that they were alone, and without the restraint imposed by the

presence of strangers. The other became by degrees more furious as he drank. He called up every point of their previous contention ; declared that the tribe should have but one chief as they had but one gun ; that he was stronger and braver than his brother ; that he could beat him ; and in this manner working himself into a frenzy, at last fell upon his brother as he lay helpless, and murdered him, lacerating his throat dreadfully with a knife which he had received from the captain. This was effected before any interference could be offered by those around, who fled instantly from fear on seeing it accomplished, and runners started to communicate the fact to the elders. The rapidity with which they travel, and the distance they can go at one journey, are almost incredible. After the perpetration of his crime, the chieftain rose and drunk deeply from a jug of pure rum that stood near him. Then observing that all the Indians had left him, he tried to blow his horn ; this he found himself unable to do ; he shouted, he tried to raise the warwhoop, but the echo from the opposite bank mocked his vain attempt. Taking his gun and as much spirits with him as he could carry, he wandered he knew not whither.

The elders of the tribe were appalled at such dreadful tidings, for the prophet, an ingenious man, as all the Indian prophets are, seeing the strong attachment between the brothers, prophesied that their tribe should never be overcome until the twin chiefs quarrelled. A council was immediately called, and set off to the place where the murder was committed. They found the body, but the murderer was nowhere to be seen ; and while some were sent in search of him, others set themselves to decide upon his punishment. They had laws for almost every offence, but they always considered twins as sacred ; and for any one to have killed a twin, the most severe punishment they could invent was inflicted. But this was a still greater crime, and of a more revolting nature, *besides betraying* his tribe to the enemy, for they looked *upon the prophecy* as certain. After two days, the

council broke up; the criminal had been discovered, and brought in.

He was found sitting amongst the rushes with a haggard countenance, his eyes bloodshot and swollen; the mud and water covered his legs, the gun and vessel of spirits lay beside him. He was singing, shouting, and throwing his arms about in a wild distracted manner; the blood of his victim had dried upon his breast and shoulder. As they approached him, he pointed the gun at them; it had been too long in the water, and would not go off; he threw it down, and erecting himself with difficulty, commenced giving his orders in a tone of authority. Seeing no one inclined to obey him, he stooped down, took up the vessel, and was in the act of finishing its contents, when he was in a moment surrounded and secured. They dragged him to the spot where his murdered brother lay, but he had become by this time insensible; the sentence of the council was, nevertheless, put into immediate execution. The trunk of a large tree was fixed deep in the earth, on the very spot where the murder was committed; to this he was fastened naked, with the dead body of his victim bound to his side; his arm around its waist, its hand upon his heart, their heads secured cheek to cheek; and thus, for four-and-twenty days, he was condemned to be kept. Not a single thing was allowed to be removed from the place, nor any alterations more than were necessary to put the trunk in the ground. Two sentinels were placed to watch him, in such a position that he could not see them, and these were twice in the day to give him water. For many hours he remained unconscious of his situation; nor was it until, from the burning sunbeams falling on his head, his fever increased, and the salivary glands, exhausted by the poisonous liquor, which caused the stomach to require an extra quantity in its own defence, refused to yield one single drop to moisten his parched tongue and throat, that he opened his eyes in search of water, asking for it at the same time; finding himself confined, he struggled to be set at liberty, and called on his brother to assist him. The water was

held to his lips; and, as it refreshed him, while looking down, his eye fell upon the ghastly wound that rested on his shoulder. The truth, with all its horrors, burst upon him. The violent struggle that he made against his bonds forced the blood from his nostrils; no cry of terror could escape his lips, and the next moment he fainted. When he recovered, the effects of intoxication had completely ceased, and he sent forth loud cries for assistance; shout after shout rang through the air, until his voice became feeble and hoarse; he could not move his eye from the horrid spectacle, but kept it involuntarily fixed on it, like one who watches the movements of a foe while standing face to face with him. The turkey-buzzards now hovered over them, attracted by the smell of the dead body; and, oh! how he welcomed their appearance! They, like all other carrion birds, commence with the eye, and it would indeed be a blessing for him to lose his sight. Just as the welcome bird was venturing near, an invidious arrow pierced its body, and it fell near enough to them to be a warning to others. The lake that brought the cause of all this tragic scene, lay smooth and wide before him; what heavy curses fell from his lips against the white man! Had the captain been chained there instead of his brother, he could have borne it with delight. Again his eye fell on his victim, and another loud, long, piercing, straining scream, was followed by the wild laugh of an idiot; then came tears and fiendish execrations, convulsive shudders and spasmodic gasps for breath, mixed with hysteric sobs, as he struggled in vain; the body moving as he moved, the hand pressing more closely on his heart the more he strove to liberate himself, while the wound, as the body decayed, became distended more and more from his violent efforts.

Three days had he remained in this situation, when the sentinels, who had already tasted the pernicious beverage, were unable longer to withstand the temptation, for everything had been left as it was when the murder was committed. The war-cry had gone through the land, and the remainder of the tribe had left the spot;

the sentinels, to whose integrity the whole nation might have been intrusted, had been tainted by the vices, subsequent to the abuse of the luxuries of life; they broached the spirits, and soon became intoxicated: in this state they liberated the criminal, and fell immediately beneath his hand.

In the following year, about the same season, when the sky was beautifully clear, the weather mild, the surface of the lake but gently ruffled by the golden ripple that came dancing from the west, the white sails of the schooner were seen gracefully spread, reflecting from their concave form the red rays of the evening sun as she approached her former moorings. This is strange, thought the captain, as they drew near; very strange. He had been watching for the smoke from their fires, which had directed him on a former occasion, but now no smoke was visible. We surely were expected, he muttered to himself.

He was expected!

When the vessel was brought to anchor, seeing no canoes come out to welcome him, he conceived the Indians to have changed their fishing-ground to some other spot, and determined to go on shore, to ascertain if any traces of them might be left. He took two men and the mate with him in the boat, and, landing at the accustomed place, proceeded to the camp. He saw, to his astonishment, everything as he had left it, but the trunk of the dead tree in the centre. As he approached nearer, he discovered a skeleton fastened to it, so as to be swinging to and fro in the breeze; two other skeletons lay upon the ground, beside which sat a tall, gray-headed Indian. In his hand he held part of a raw fish, which he was devouring, without apparently noticing their approach. His eye was glassy and wild. When the captain spoke, he made no answer, nor even turned his gaze away from some object on which it seemed fixed. But when the captain approached within a couple of yards, at one bound the Indian sprang upon him with the cry of a *hyæna*, and fixing his teeth and fingers firm in his throat,

forced him to the ground. In vain the men tried to remove his hold: it was the iron grasp of death. When they did succeed in tearing them apart, both were dead, and the men discovered in the features of the gray-headed Indian their once friendly chief, who seemed to have prolonged a miserable life, merely sustained by an Indian's revenge.

Other traders soon contrived to visit the village of the tribe in the interior, and to introduce, with other luxuries of civilisation, the use of ardent spirits. The ancient and virtuous habits of the Indians were now depraved; they were unable to compete with their enemies, returned from their hunting-expeditions in disgrace, and, as their feeble remnant now tell you, THEIR NATION IS NO MORE.

THE OX'S MINUET:

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

IN 1770, the reputation of the German composer, Joseph Haydn, had spread over all Europe. He had visited Paris and London, and in both cities had been greatly cherished and admired. But he was glad to return again to Vienna, on leaving which he had wept like a child. The house which he occupied in the Austrian capital was a modest one, and was situated in the suburbs; but it was a house honoured and resorted to by all the great lords of the court, who would fain have possessed the character at least of being connoisseurs in music, and patrons of its professors. There, too, did poor artists often find counsel and aid in their distresses. Born of humble parents himself, Haydn was ever mindful of the wants of the obscure and humble followers of his art. Generous, virtuous, sensitive, and simple as a child, Joseph Haydn ought to have been perfectly happy in his

course through the world; but this was not exactly the case. When very young, he had wedded one whose personal attractions made a strong impression on him. Unfortunately, her spirit and temperament proved to be of a very inferior order, and for thirty years the great musician underwent much domestic discomfort in consequence. Yet he was a faithful husband, and even loved his wife to the last with all the strength of his first and boyish affection.

On his return from London to Vienna, Haydn found his wife the same being that he had left her—morose, obstinate, imperious, and quarrelsome. All that the poor composer could do, was to fly to his little study, and in that retreat seek consolation in the pursuit of his beloved art. One afternoon, after a storm of the ordinary kind had passed over his domestic horizon, Haydn fled to his sanctum, and had forgotten his troubles awhile over his harpsichord, when his domestic brought him information, that a man wished to speak with him on an affair of pressing moment.

'Let him enter,' said Haydn.

'Pray, pardon—excuse me,' said a stout jolly-looking personage as he entered the room, holding a heavy purse of florins in his hand, and attired in the habit of a cattle-dealer or butcher. 'You are famous, sir,' continued this individual, 'for being the grandest composer of minuets in all Austria, or any where else in truth; and as I am going to have my daughter married to-morrow, I come to ask you to oblige me by making one on purpose for the nuptials.'*

'My good friend,' said the musician, 'you embarrass me by this request. I have made few or no minuets, as you seem to have been told; the few trifles of that nature which have been composed by me would not do for dancing to. They are things rather written for artists, *and are* more learned than lively.'

* When the minuet was a favourite dance, a piece of new music, *suitable for* it, was a thing in as high esteem and request as a fine *waltz is at* present in the world of fashion.

'So much the better,' replied the stout cattle-merchant; 'that is the very thing I want. My son-in-law, that is to be, is famous upon the clarinet, and my little girl is clever at the harpsichord; so you see, Master Haydn, that your grand music won't go like pearls to swine. And then, to own the truth to you, I am as proud as an emperor, though I be no more than a butcher to my trade. I heard your beautiful mass on the birthday of our gracious sovereign, Joseph II., and I said to myself: "This composer is the man who shall make a minuet for the wedding of my little girl, or my name is not Hermann of Rorhau!"'

'Of Rorhau!' cried Haydn. 'What! are you from that little village of Hungary?'

'Not a doubt of it,' returned the visitor; 'and what then?'

'I was born there,' exclaimed the simple and warm-hearted composer; 'I was born at Rorhau, and for forty years I have not seen it! Embrace me, my friend, my dear fellow-countryman!' The tears ran down the composer's cheeks. In embracing Hermann, he felt as if he clasped in his arms all whom he had loved in boyhood, when, poor and needy, he had sung in the village choir, to gain a morsel of food for his widowed mother.

'And you are from Rorhau!' repeated Haydn, dwelling affectionately upon the recollections called up. 'Come, sit down, I beg of you, and let us chat of our native place—that place which one loves for ever, whatever may have been the toils there endured!' Hermann's heart was as much touched as that of his celebrated compatriot. He sat down, though only after some pressing, and talked of Rorhau with the musician. Finally, they came back to the minuet, and Hermann departed, happy in the promise given to him, that he should have the desired music sent to him as soon as possible.

Sensitive as a child, Haydn yet felt a glow of pleasure from the recent recognition, and disposed himself with a cheerful heart to commence the epithalamial minuet. But great was his surprise, on turning to his harpsichord

the confidant of all his cares and joys, to find lying upon it the purse which Hermann had held in his hand on entering the room. The purse had these words attached to it on a piece of paper: 'Hermann, butcher, Street of St Etienne, to the greatest composer of Germany.' Haydn was equally surprised and delighted at the delicacy which had prompted the manner of bestowing this gift. But calling his domestic, the composer ordered him to be ready in an hour to take back the purse, with the desired music, to the house of the butcher. Being then left alone, he proceeded to the composition of the minuet.

Often had Haydn written at the command of kings, but he had seldom felt himself so inspired as when throwing on paper the musical ideas destined to grace the nuptials of the butcher's daughter. The air which he produced was fresh and lively, and smacked of the rural simplicity of the composer's native scenes. But ere the piece was quite finished, the soothing ecstacy of spirit, under the influence of which the musician laboured, was dispelled by the entrance of his wife. Her presence put to flight the familiar genius of his art, and discord took place of the harmony that had floated for a time around him.

'What is this that your servant Franz tells me?' said Madame Haydn, with an accent indicative of a latent storm; 'you are about to send away a sum which you have justly acquired, being given to you for work to be done.'

'My dear,' said Haydn gently, 'do not fret at this. Be more just. Is a miserable little minuet worth a heavy purse of florins? It would be robbery almost to take it.'

'Always the same!' cried Madame Haydn; 'you will never be worth a copper coin, and your fine generosity will bring you to'——

'The Temple of Fame!' interposed Haydn with a smile.

'The hospital, rather—you weak, simple creature!'

'Come now, my dear,' said Haydn, 'speak no more on *this* trifling matter, but leave me to finish the piece. I *have* promised, and you know I never break my word. *There* I am religiously faithful; and to you, my dear *Elizabeth*'——

Madame Haydn, ill tempered as she was, sometimes could not resist the tender pleading of her husband, whose ill health made him often an object of pity, and who had preserved for her, as has been said, all the affection of a lover, in spite of her usage of him. But on this occasion she was determined to stick to her point; and, accordingly, she coldly repulsed his conciliatory advances, and reiterated her demand that he should keep the purse of Hermann. The composer would not yield to this, and reading his determination in his usually gentle features, Madame Haydn became but the more enraged, and proceeded to measures by which she might at least punish her husband's contumacy, if she could not gain her point about the purse.

The cabinet of Haydn, like those of many other great men, was a place not distinguished for order. The composer, indeed, loved to have his scraps all lying loosely about him, blotted with the magic symbols which were to afford a fund of melody to posterity for ever and ever. His cabinet was, in fact, a scene of great confusion, and Madame Haydn knew well that one sure way to put her husband almost beside himself, was to attempt to put things into a different condition. In this tender point she now attacked him. Seizing a broom, the sceptre with which she governed her household, she began to sweep the room into order. The first consequence of this step was, that a cloud of dust was raised, which brought on her poor husband a severe cough, and compelled him momentarily to fly the apartment. Profiting by his absence, she swept together the manuscripts which lay on the table and on the floor—in short, here and there and everywhere; and one little scrap, reckless of what it might contain, she tossed into the fire. Alas! it was the new minuet for the wedding of Hermann's little girl!

Haydn entered the room immediately afterwards, and, attracted by the blaze, looked at the fire, where he on the instant *recognised* his yet unfinished minuet, just expiring *in the flames. A giddiness seized him; he uttered a cry of anguish, and fell upon the sofa.* His wife waited on

till she saw him recover, and then, conscious that she had inflicted sufficient punishment, fled to her own region of the household.

Haydn was in great distress about the lost minuet. He could not re-write it from memory, and the hour was advancing at which he had promised to send it. The scene just related had made him ill, and had incapacitated him for a new effort, even had there been time for it. Under these circumstances, he bethought him of some minuets which he had sent to his publisher shortly before, and despatched his servant to bring these back to him. Luckily they had not yet been published, and the manuscripts were got. Haydn then selected the best, and partly remembering the late piece, gave this one some new and perfecting touches, and then sent off the remodelled minuet to Hermann, along with the purse of florins. After this, Haydn was a little more at ease.

The minuet sent to the butcher, though perhaps not quite equal to the burned one, was yet a charming composition, being at once lively, elegant, and original. Hermann, on receiving the precious manuscript, embraced it with delight, and immediately gave it to a copyist to have the parts separately set down. The butcher's intended son-in-law, who was really a musical amateur of no mean skill, had got some performers of ability engaged for the wedding, and these he assembled on the evening that the minuet was brought home, and had it played most delightfully. But it was at the wedding assemblage that Hermann's triumph reached its height. There the minuet excited the most rapturous applause.

'It is Haydn's!' cried the jolly butcher in a perfect transport; 'it was for me—for me, his countryman—that he composed this wonderful minuet!'

'Haydn for ever!' cried the guests.

'Let us go on the instant and thank him for the honour *he has* done us,' said the son-in-law.

'*I* have thought of this already, my son,' replied Hermann; 'and, what is more, have prepared a surprise for *my* countryman. I left him a purse before, but he has sent